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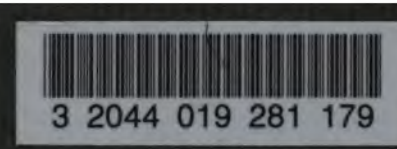
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MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES:

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," &c.

VOL. IV.

THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS.
MEN'S WIVES.
A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.
THE HISTORY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH AND THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS.*

FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSION.

PREFACE.

GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE.

Omnium Club, May 20, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have always been considered the third-best whist-player in Europe, and (though never betting more than five pounds) have for many years past added considerably to my yearly income by my skill in the game until the commencement of the present season, when a French gentleman, Monsieur Lalouette, was admitted to the club where I usually play. His skill and reputation were so great, that no men of the club were inclined to play against us two of a side; and the consequence has been, that we have been in a manner pitted against one another. By a strange turn of luck (for I cannot admit the idea of his superiority), Fortune, since the Frenchman's arrival, has been almost constantly against me, and I have lost two-and-thirty nights in the course of a couple of score of nights' play.

Everybody knows that I am a poor man; and so much has Lalouette's luck drained my finances, that only last week I was obliged to give him that famous grey cob on which you have seen me riding in the Park (I can't afford a thorough-bred, and hate a

* The "Fitz-Boodle Papers" are printed from *Fraser's Magazine* for the year 1842.

cocktail),—I was, I say, forced to give him up my cob in exchange for four ponies which I owed him. Thus, as I never walk, being a heavy man whom nobody cares to mount, my time hangs heavily on my hands; and as I hate home, or that apology for it—a bachelor's lodgings, and as I have nothing earthly to do now until I can afford to purchase another horse, I spend my time in sauntering from one club to another, passing many rather listless hours in them before the men come in.

You will say, Why not take to backgammon, or *écarté*, or amuse yourself with a book? Sir (putting out of the question the fact that I do not play upon credit), I make a point never to play before candles are lighted; and as for books, I must candidly confess to you I am not a reading man. 'Twas but the other day that some one recommended me to read your Magazine after dinner, saying it contained an exceedingly witty article upon—I forget what—I give you my honour, sir, that I took up the work at six, meaning to amuse myself till seven, when Lord Trumpington's dinner was to come off, and egad! in two minutes I fell asleep, and never woke till midnight. Nobody ever thought of looking for me in the library, where nobody ever goes; and so ravenously hungry was I, that I was obliged to walk off to Crockford's for supper.

What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid? I have met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it. Sir, I actually asked one of these fellows, "What was the nick to seven?" and he stared in my face, and said he didn't know. He was hugely overdressed in satin, rings, chains, and so forth; and at the beginning of dinner was disposed to be rather talkative and pert; but my little sally silenced *him*, I promise you, and got up a good laugh at his expense, too. "Leave George alone," said little Lord Cinqbars, "I warrant he'll be a match for any of you literary fellows." Cinqbars is no great wiseacre; but, indeed, it requires no great wiseacre to know *that*.

What is the simple deduction to be drawn from this truth? Why this,—that a man to be amusing and well-informed, has no

need of books, at all, and had much better go to the world and to men for his knowledge. There was Ulysses, now, the Greek fellow engaged in the Trojan war, as I dare say you know; well, he was the cleverest man possible, and how? from having seen men and cities, their manners noted and their realms surveyed, to be sure: so have I—I have been in every capital, and can order a dinner in every language in Europe.

My notion, then, is this. I have a great deal of spare time on my hands, and as I am told you pay a handsome sum to persons writing for you, I will furnish you occasionally with some of my views upon men and things; occasional histories of my acquaintance, which I think may amuse you; personal narratives of my own; essays, and what not. I am told that I do not spell correctly. This, of course, I don't know; but you will remember that Richelieu and Marlborough could not spell, and, egad! I am an honest man, and desire to be no better than they. I know that it is the matter, and not the manner, which is of importance. Have the goodness, then, to let one of your understrappers correct the spelling and the grammar of my papers; and you can give him a few shillings in my name for his trouble.

Begging you to accept the assurance of my high consideration, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

P.S. By the way, I have said in my letter that I found *all* literary persons vulgar and dull. Permit me to contradict this with regard to yourself. I met you once at Blackwall, I think it was, and really did not remark anything offensive in your accent or appearance.

BEFORE commencing the series of moral disquisitions, &c., which I intend, the reader may as well know who I am, and what my past course of life has been. To say that I am a Fitz-Boodle is to say at once that I am a gentleman. Our family has held the estate of Boodle ever since the reign of Henry II.; and it is out of no ill-will to my elder brother, or unnatural desire for his death,

but only because the estate is a very good one, that I wish heartily it was mine: I would say as much of Chatsworth or Eaton Hall.

I am not, in the first place, what is called a ladies' man, having contracted an irrepressible habit of smoking after dinner, which has obliged me to give up a great deal of the dear creatures' society; nor can I go much to country-houses for the same reason. Say what they will, ladies do not like you to smoke in their bed-rooms; their silly little noses scent out the odour upon the chintz, weeks after you have left them. Sir John has been caught coming to bed particularly merry and redolent of cigar-smoke. Young George, from Eton, was absolutely found in the little green-house puffing an Havanna; and when discovered, they both lay the blame upon Fitz-Boodle. "It was Mr. Fitz-Boodle, mamma," says George, "who offered me the cigar, and I did not like to refuse him." "That rascal Fitz seduced us, my dear," says Sir John, "and kept us laughing until past midnight." Her ladyship instantly sets me down as a person to be avoided. "George," whispers she to her boy, "promise me, on your honour, when you go to town, not to know that man." And when she enters the breakfast room for prayers, the first greeting is a peculiar expression of countenance and inhaling of breath, by which my lady indicates the presence of some exceedingly disagreeable odour in the room. She makes you the faintest of courtesys, and regards you, if not with a "flashing eye," as in the novels, at least with a "distended nostril." During the whole of the service, her heart is filled with the blackest gall towards you; and she is thinking about the best means of getting you out of the house.

What is this smoking that it should be considered a crime? I believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as of a rival. They speak of it as of some secret, awful vice that seizes upon a man, and makes him a Pariah from genteel society. I would lay a guinea that many a lady who has just been kind enough to read the above lines lays down the book, after this confession of mine that I am a smoker, and says, "Oh, the vulgar wretch!" and passes on to something else.

The fact is, that the cigar *is* a rival to the ladies, and their conqueror, too. In the chief pipe-smoking nations they are kept in subjection. While the chief, Little White Belt, smokes, the

women are silent in his wigwam; while Mahomet Ben Jawbrahim causes volumes of odorous incense of Latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations, but only add to the delight of them by tinkling on a dulcimer and dancing before him. When Professor Strumpff of Göttingen takes down No. 13 from the wall, with a picture of Beatrice Cenci upon it, and which holds a pound of canaster, the Frau Professorin knows that for two hours Hermann is engaged, and takes up her stockings, and knits in quiet. The constitution of French society has been quite changed within the last twelve years; an ancient and respectable dynasty has been overthrown; an aristocracy which Napoleon could never master has disappeared: and from what cause? I do not hesitate to say,—*from the habit of smoking.* Ask any man whether, five years before the revolution of July, if you wanted a cigar at Paris, they did not bring you a roll of tobacco with a straw in it? Now, the whole city smokes; society is changed; and be sure of this, ladies, a similar combat is going on in this country at present between cigar-smoking and you. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world, and see that your adversary has overcome it. Germany has been puffing for threescore years; France smokes to a man. Do you think you can keep the enemy out of England? Pshaw! look at his progress. Ask the club-houses, Have they smoking-rooms, or not? Are they not obliged to yield to the general want of the age, in spite of the resistance of the old women on the committees? I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop lolling out of the Athenæum with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat.

But as in all great causes and in promulgating of new and illustrious theories, their first propounders and exponents are generally the victims of their enthusiasm, of course the first preachers of smoking have been martyrs, too; and George Fitz-Boodle is one. The first gasman was ruined; the inventor of steam-engine printing became a pauper. I began to smoke in days when the task was one of some danger, and paid the penalty of my crime. I was flogged most fiercely for my first cigar; for being asked to dine one Sunday evening with a half-pay colonel of dragoons (the gallant, simple, humorous Shortcut—Heaven bless him!—I have

had many a guinea from him who had so few), he insisted upon my smoking in his room at the Salopian, and the consequence was, that I became so violently ill as to be reported intoxicated upon my return to Slaughter-house School, where I was a boarder, and I was whipped the next morning for my peccadillo. At Christ-Church, one of our tutors was the celebrated lamented Otto Rose, who would have been a bishop under the present government, had not an immoderate indulgence in water-gruel cut short his elegant and useful career. He was a good man, a pretty scholar and poet (the episode upon the discovery of eau de Cologne, in his prize poem on "The Rhine," was considered a masterpiece of art, though I am not much of a judge myself upon such matters), and he was as remarkable for his fondness for a tuft as for his nervous antipathy to tobacco. As ill-luck would have it, my rooms (in Tom Quad) were exactly under his; and I was grown by this time to be a confirmed smoker. I was a baronet's son (we are of James's first creation), and I do believe our tutor could have pardoned any crime in the world but this. He had seen me in a tandem, and at that moment was seized with a violent fit of sneezing—(sternutatory paroxysm, he called it), at the conclusion of which I was a mile down the Woodstock Road. He had seen me in pink, as we used to call it, swaggering in the open sunshine across a grass-plat in the court; but spied out opportunely a servitor, one Todhunter by name, who was going to morning chapel with his shoe-string untied, and forthwith sprung towards that unfortunate person, to set him an imposition. Everything, in fact, but tobacco he could forgive. Why did cursed fortune bring him into the rooms over mine? The odour of the cigars made his gentle spirit quite furious; and one luckless morning, when I was standing before my "oak," and chanced to puff a great *bouffée* of Varinas into his face, he forgot his respect for my family altogether (I was the second son, and my brother a sickly creature *then*,—he is now sixteen stone in weight, and has a half-score of children); gave me a severe lecture, to which I replied rather hotly, as was my wont. And then came demand for an apology; refusal on my part; appeal to the dean; convocation; and rustication of George Savage Fitz-Boodle.

My father had taken a second wife (of the noble house of Flint-

skinner), and Lady Fitz-Boodle detested smoking, as a woman of her high principles should. She had an entire mastery over the worthy old gentleman, and thought I was a sort of demon of wickedness. The old man went to his grave with some similar notion,—Heaven help him! and left me but the wretched twelve thousand pounds secured to me on my poor mother's property.

In the army, my luck was much the same. I joined the ——th Lancers, Lieut.-Col. Lord Martingale, in the year 1817. I only did duty with the regiment for three months. We were quartered at Cork, where I found the Irish doodheen and tobacco the pleasantest smoking possible; and was found by his lordship one day upon stable duty, smoking the shortest, dearest, little, dumpy clay-pipe in the world.

"Cornet Fitz-Boodle," said my lord, in a towering passion, "from what blackguard did you get that pipe?"

I omit the oaths which garnished invariably his lordship's conversation.

"I got it, my lord," said I, "from one Terence Mullins, a jingle-driver, with a packet of his peculiar tobacco. You sometimes smoke Turkish, I believe; do try this. Isn't it good?" And in the simplest way in the world I puffed a volume into his face. "I see you like it," said I, so coolly, that the men, and I do believe the horses, burst out laughing.

He started back—choking almost, and recovered himself only to vent such a storm of oaths and curses, that I was compelled to request Capt. Rawdon (the captain on duty) to take note of his lordship's words; and unluckily could not help adding a question which settled my business. "You were good enough," I said, "to ask me, my lord, from what blackguard I got my pipe; might I ask from what blackguard you learned your language?"

This was quite enough. Had I said "from what *gentleman* did your lordship learn your language?" the point would have been quite as good, and my lord Martingale would have suffered in my place: as it was, I was so strongly recommended to sell out by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief, that being of a good-natured disposition, never knowing how to refuse a friend, I at once threw up my hopes of military distinction, and retired into civil life.

My lord was kind enough to meet me afterwards, in a field in the Glaumire Road, where he put a ball into my leg. This I returned to him some years later with about twenty-three others —black ones—when he came to be balloted for at a club of which I have the honour to be a member.

Thus by the indulgence of a simple and harmless propensity,—of a propensity which can inflict an injury upon no person or thing except the coat and the person of him who indulges in it,—of a custom honoured and observed in almost all the nations of the world,—of a custom which far from leading a man into any wickedness or dissipation to which youth is subject, on the contrary, begets only benevolent silence and thoughtful good-humoured observation, I found at the age of twenty all my prospects in life destroyed. I cared not for woman in those days; the calm smoker has a sweet companion in his pipe: I did not drink immoderately of wine; for though a friend to trifling potations, to excessively strong drinks tobacco is abhorrent; I never thought of gambling, for the lover of the pipe has no need of such excitement; but I was considered a monster of dissipation in my family, and bade fair to come to ruin.

"Look at George," my mother-in-law said to the genteel and correct young Flintskinners; "he entered the world with every prospect in life, and see in what an abyss of degradation his fatal habits have plunged him! At school he was flogged and disgraced, he was disgraced and rusticated at the University, he was disgraced and expelled from the army! He might have had the living of Boodle (her ladyship gave it to one of her nephews), but he would not take his degree; his papa would have purchased him a troop —nay, a lieutenant-colonelcy some day, but for his fatal excesses. And now as long as my dear husband will listen to the voice of a wife who adores him—never, never shall he spend a shilling upon so worthless a young man. He has a small income from his mother (I cannot but think that the first Lady Fitz-Boodle was a weak and misguided person); let him live upon his mean pittance as he can, and I heartily pray we may not hear of him in gaol!"

My brother, after he came to the estate, married the ninth daughter of our neighbour, Sir John Spreadeagle; and Boodle

Hall has seen a new little Fitz-Boodle with every succeeding spring. The dowager retired to Scotland with a large jointure and a wondrous heap of savings. Lady Fitz is a good creature, but she thinks me something diabolical, trembles when she sees me, and gathers all her children about her, rushes into the nursery whenever I pay that little seminary a visit, and actually slapped poor little Frank's ears one day when I was teaching him to ride upon the back of a Newfoundland dog.

"George," said my brother to me the last time I paid him a visit to the old hall, "don't be angry, my dear fellow, but Maria is in a—hum—in a delicate situation, expecting her—hum—(the eleventh)—and do you know you frighten her? It was but yesterday you met her in the Rookery, you were smoking that enormous German pipe, and when she came in she had an hysterical seizure, and Drench says that in her situation it's dangerous; and I say, George, if you go to town you'll find a couple of hundred at your banker's;" and with this the poor fellow shook me by the hand, and called for a fresh bottle of claret.

Since then he told me, with many hesitations, that my room at Boodle Hall had been made into a second nursery. I see my sister-in-law in London twice or thrice in the season, and the little people, who have almost forgotten to call me Uncle George.

It's hard, too, for I am a lonely man, after all, and my heart yearns to them. The other day I smuggled a couple of them into my chambers, and had a little feast of cream and strawberries to welcome them. But it had like to have cost the nursery-maid (a Swiss girl that Fitz-Boodle hired somewhere in his travels) her place. My step-mamma, who happened to be in town, came flying down in her chariot, pounced upon the poor thing and the children in the midst of the entertainment; and when I asked her, with rather a bad grace to be sure, to take a chair and a share of the feast,—

"Mr. Fitz Boodle," said she, "I am not accustomed to sit down in a place that smells of tobacco like an ale-house—an ale-house inhabited by a *serpent*, sir! A *serpent!* do you understand me? who carries his poison into his brother's own house, and purshues

his eenfamous designs before his brother's own children. Put on Miss Maria's bonnet this instant. Mamsell, ontondy-voo? *Metty le bonny à mamsell*: and I shall take care, mamsell, that you return to Switzerland to-morrow. I've no doubt you are a relation of Courvoisier: *oui, oui, Courvoisier; vous comprenny.* and you shall certainly be sent back to your friends."

With this speech, and with the children and their maid sobbing before her, my lady retired; but for once my sister-in-law was on my side, not liking the meddlement of the elder lady.

I know, then, that from indulging in that simple habit of smoking, I have gained among the ladies a dreadful reputation. I see that they look coolly upon me, and darkly at their husbands when they arrive at home in my company. Men, I observe, in consequence, ask me to dine much oftener at the club, or the Star and Garter at Richmond, or at Lovegrove's, than in their own houses; and with this sort of arrangement I am fain to acquiesce; for, as I said before, I am of an easy temper, and can at any rate take my cigar-case out after dinner at Blackwall, when my lady or the duchess are not by. I know, of course, the best *men* in town; and as for ladies' society, not having it (for I will have none of your pseudo-ladies, such as sometimes honour bachelors' parties,—actresses, couturières, opera-dancers, and so forth)—as for ladies' society, I say, I cry pish! 'tis not worth the trouble of the complimenting, and the bother of pumps and black silk stockings.

Let any man remember what ladies' society was when he had an opportunity of seeing them among themselves, as What-d'ye-call'em does in Thesmophoriazu—(I beg pardon, I was on the verge of a classical allusion, which I abominate)—I mean at that period of his life, when the intellect is pretty acute, though the body is small—namely, when a young gentleman is about eleven years of age, dining at his father's table during the holidays, and is requested by his papa to quit the dinner-table when the ladies retire from it.

Corbleu! I recollect their whole talk as well as if it had been whispered but yesterday; and can see, after a long dinner, the yellow summer sun throwing long shadows over the lawn before the dining-room windows, my poor mother and her company of

ladies, sailing away to the music-room in old Boodle Hall. The Countess Dawdley was the great Lady in our county, a portly lady who used to love crimson satin in those days, and birds of paradise. She was flaxen-haired, and the Regent once said she resembled one of King Charles's beauties.

When Sir John Todcaster used to begin his famous story of the exciseman (I shall not tell it here, for very good reasons), my poor mother used to turn to Lady Dawdley, and give that mystic signal at which all females rise from their chairs. Tufthunt the curate would spring from his seat, and be sure to be the first to open the door for the retreating ladies; and my brother Tom and I, though remaining stoutly in our places, were speedily ejected from them by the governor's invariable remark, "Tom and George, if you have had *quite* enough of wine, you had better go and join your mamma." Yonder she marches, Heaven bless her! through the old oak hall (how long the shadows of the antlers are on the wainscot, and the armour of Rollo Fitz-Boodle looks in the sunset as if it were emblazoned with rubies)—yonder she marches, stately and tall, in her invariable pearl-coloured tabinet, followed by Lady Dawdley, blazing like a flamingo; next comes Lady Emily Tufthunt (she was Lady Emily Skinflinter), who will not for all the world take precedence of rich, vulgar, kind, good-humoured Mrs. *Colonel* Grogwater, as she would be called, with a yellow little husband from Madras, who first taught me to drink sangaree. He was a new arrival in our county, but paid nobly to the hounds, and occupied hospitably a house which was always famous for its hospitality—Sievely Hall (poor Bob Cullender ran through seven thousand a year before he was thirty years old). Once when I was a lad, Colonel Grogwater gave me two gold mohurs out of his desk for whist-markers, and I'm sorry to say I ran up from Eton and sold them both for seventy-three shillings at a shop in Cornhill. But to return to the ladies who are all this while kept waiting in the hall, and to their usual conversation after dinner.

Can any man forget how miserably flat it was? Five matrons sit on sofas, and talk in a subdued voice:—

First lady (*mysteriously*). "My dear Lady Dawdley, do tell me about poor Susan Tuckett."

Second lady. "All three children are perfectly well, and I assure you as fine babies as I ever saw in my life. I made her give them Daffy's Elixir the first day; and it was the greatest mercy that I had some of Frederick's baby-clothes by me; for you know I had provided Susan with sets for one only, and really——"

Third lady. "Of course one couldn't; and for my part I think your ladyship is a great deal too kind to these people. A little gardener's boy dressed in Lord Dawdley's frocks, indeed! I recollect that one at his christening had the sweetest lace in the world!"

Fourth lady. "What do you think of this, ma'am—Lady Emily, I mean? I have just had it from Howell and James: —guipure, they call it. Isn't it an odd name for lace? And they charge me, upon my conscience, four guineas a yard!"

Third lady. "My mother, when she came to Skinflinter, had lace upon her robe that cost sixty guineas a yard, ma'am! 'Twas sent from Malines direct by our relation, the Count d'Araignay."

Fourth lady (aside). "I thought she would not let the evening pass without talking of her Malines lace and her Count d'Araignay. Odious people! they don't spare their backs, but they pinch their ——"

Here Tom upsets a coffee-cup over his white jean trousers, and another young gentleman bursts into a laugh, saying, "By Jove, that's a good 'un!"

"George, my dear," says mamma, "had not you and your young friend better go into the garden? But mind, no fruit, or Dr. Glauber must be called in again immediately!" and we all go, and in ten minutes I and my brother are fighting in the stables.

If instead of listening to the matrons and their discourse, we had taken the opportunity of attending to the conversation of the misses, we should have heard matter not a whit more interesting.

First Miss. "They were all three in blue crape; you never saw anything so odious. And I know for a certainty that they wore those dresses at Muddlebury, at the archery-ball, and I daresay they had them in town."

Second Miss. "Don't you think Jemima decidedly crooked? And those fair complexions they freckle so, that really Miss Blanch ought to be called Miss Brown."

Third Miss. "He, he, he!"

Fourth Miss. "Don't you think Blanch is a pretty name?"

First Miss. "La! do you think so, dear? Why, it's my second name!"

Second Miss. "Then I'm sure Captain Travers thinks it a *beautiful* name!"

Third Miss. "He, he, he!"

Fourth Miss. "What was he telling you at dinner that seemed to interest you so?"

First Miss. "O law, nothing!—that is, yes! Charles—that is,—Captain Travers, is a sweet poet, and was reciting to me some lines that he had composed upon a faded violet:—

'The odour from the flower is gone,
That like thy——'

like thy something, I forget what it was; but his lines are sweet, and so original too! I wish that horrid Sir John Todcaster had not begun his story of the exciseman, for Lady Fitz-Boodle always quits the table when he begins."

Third Miss. "Do you like those tufts that gentlemen wear sometimes on their chins?"

Second Miss. "Nonsense, Mary!"

Third Miss. "Well, I only asked, Jane. Frank thinks, you know, that he shall very soon have one, and puts bear's-grease on his chin every night."

Second Miss. "Mary, nonsense!"

Third Miss. "Well, only ask him. You know he came to our dressing-room last night and took the pomatum away; and he says that when boys go to Oxford they always ——"

First Miss. "Oh, heavens! have you heard the news about the Lancers? Charles—that is Captain Travers, told it me!"

Second Miss. "Law! they won't go away before the ball I hope!"

First Miss. "No, but on the 15th they are to shave their

mustachios! He says that Lord Tufto is in a perfect fury about it!"

Second Miss. "And poor George Beardmore, too!" &c.

Here Tom upsets the coffee over his trousers, and the conversations end. I can recollect a dozen such, and ask any man of sense whether such talk amuses him?

Try again to speak to a young lady while you are dancing—what we call in this country—a quadrille. What nonsense do you invariably give and receive in return! No, I am a woman-scorner, and don't care to own it. I hate young ladies! Have I not been in love with several, and has any one of them ever treated me decently? I hate married women! Do they not hate me? and, simply because I smoke, try to draw their husbands away from my society? I hate dowagers! Have I not cause? Does not every dowager in London point to George Fitz-Boodle as to a dissolute wretch whom young and old should avoid?

And yet do not imagine that I have not loved. I have, and madly, many, many times! I am but eight-and-thirty,* not past the age of passion, and may very likely end by running off with an heiress—or a cook-maid (for who knows what strange freaks Love may choose to play in his own particular person? and I hold a man to be a mean creature who calculates about checking any such sacred impulse as lawful love)—I say, though despising the sex in general for their conduct to me, I know of particular persons belonging to it who are worthy of all respect and esteem, and as such I beg leave to point out the particular young lady who is perusing these lines. Do not, dear madam, then imagine that if I knew you I should be disposed to sneer at you. Ah, no! Fitz-Boodle's bosom has tenderer sentiments than from his way of life you would fancy, and stern by rule is only too soft by practice. Shall I whisper to you the story of one or two of my attachments? All terminating fatally (not in death, but in disappointment, which, as it occurred, I used to imagine a thousand times more bitter than death, but from which one recovers somehow more readily than from the other-named complaint)—all, I say, terminating wretchedly to myself, as if some fatality pursued my desire to become a domestic character.

* He is five-and-forty, if he is a day old.—O. Y.

My first love—no, let us pass *that* over. Sweet one! thy name shall profane no hireling page. Sweet, sweet memory! Ah, ladies; those delicate hearts of yours have too felt the throb;—and between the last *ob* in the word throb and the words now written, I have passed a delicious period of perhaps an hour, perhaps a minute, I know not how long, thinking of that holy first love and of her who inspired it. How clearly every single incident of the passion is remembered by me! and yet 'twas long, long since; I was but a child then—a child at school—and, if the truth must be told L—ra R—ggl—s (I would not write her whole name to be made one of the Marquess of Hertford's executors) was a woman full thirteen years older than myself; at the period of which I write she must have been at least five-and-twenty. She and her mother used to sell tarts, hard-bake, lollipops, and other such simple comestibles, on Wednesdays and Saturdays (half-holidays) at a private school where I received the first rudiments of a classical education. I used to go and sit before her tray for hours, but I do not think the poor girl ever supposed any motive led me so constantly to her little stall beyond a vulgar longing for her tarts and her ginger-beer. Yes, even at that early period my actions were mis-represented, and the fatality which has oppressed my whole life began to show itself,—the purest passion was mis-interpreted by her and my school-fellows, and they thought I was actuated by simple gluttony. They nicknamed me Alicompayne.

Well, be it so. Laugh at early passion ye who will; a high-born boy madly in love with a lowly ginger-beer girl! She married afterwards, took the name of Latter, and now keeps with her old husband a turnpike, through which I often ride; but I can recollect her bright and rosy of a sunny summer afternoon, her red cheeks shaded by a battered straw bonnet, her tarts and ginger-beer upon a neat white cloth before her, mending blue worsted stockings until the young gentlemen should interrupt her by coming to buy.

Many persons will call this description low; I do not envy them their gentility, and have always observed through life (as, to be sure, every other *gentleman* has observed as well as myself) that it is your *parvenu* who stickles most for what he calls the genteel,

and has the most squeamish abhorrence for what is frank and natural. Let us pass at once, however, as all the world must be pleased, to a recital of an affair which occurred in the very best circles of society as they are called, viz., my next unfortunate attachment.

It did not occur for several years after that simple and platonic passion just described, for though they may talk of youth as the season of romance, it has always appeared to me that there are no beings in the world so entirely unromantic and selfish as certain young English gentlemen from the age of fifteen to twenty. The oldest Lovelace about town is scarcely more hard-hearted and scornful than they; they ape all sorts of selfishness and *rouerie;* they aim at excelling at cricket, at billiards, at rowing, and drinking, and set more store by a red coat and a neat pair of top-boots than by any other glory. A young fellow staggers into college-chapel of a morning, and communicates to all his friends that he was "*so cut* last night," with the greatest possible pride. He makes a joke of having sisters and a kind mother at home who loves him; and if he speaks of his father, it is with a knowing sneer to say that he has a tailor's and a horse-dealer's bill that will surprise "the old governor." He would be ashamed of being in love. I, in common with my kind, had these affectations, and my perpetual custom of smoking added not a little to my reputation as an accomplished *roué.* What came of this custom in the army and at college, the reader has already heard. Alas! in life it went no better with me, and many pretty chances I had went off in that accursed smoke.

After quitting the army in the abrupt manner stated, I passed some short time at home, and was tolerated by my mother-in-law, because I had formed an attachment to a young lady of good connections and with a considerable fortune, which was really very nearly becoming mine. Mary M'Alister was the only daughter of Colonel M'Alister, late of the Blues, and Lady Susan his wife. Her ladyship was no more; and, indeed, of no family compared to ours (which has refused a peerage any time these two hundred years), but being an earl's daughter and a Scotch woman, Lady Emily Fitz-Boodle did not fail to consider her highly. Lady Susan was daughter of the late Admiral Earl of Marlingspike and

Baron Plumduff. The colonel, Miss M'Alister's father, had a good estate, of which his daughter was the heiress, and as I fished her out of the water upon a pleasure party, and swam with her to shore, we became naturally intimate, and Colonel M'Alister forgot, on account of the service rendered to him, the dreadful reputation for profligacy which I enjoyed in the county.

Well, to cut a long story short, which is told here merely for the moral at the end of it, I should have been Fitz-Boodle M'Alister at this minute most probably, and master of four thousand a-year, but for the fatal cigar-box. I bear Mary no malice in saying that she was a high-spirited little girl, loving, before all things, her own way; nay, perhaps, do not from long habit and indulgence in tobacco-smoking appreciate the delicacy of female organisations which were oftentimes most painfully affected by it. She was a keen-sighted little person, and soon found that the world had belied poor George Fitz-Boodle, who, instead of being the cunning monster people supposed him to be, was a simple, reckless, good-humoured, honest fellow, marvellously addicted to smoking, idleness, and telling the truth. She called me Orson, and I was happy enough on the 14th February, in the year 18—(it's of no consequence), to send her such a pretty little copy of verses about Orson and *Valentine*, in which the rude habits of the savage man were shown to be overcome by the polished graces of his kind and brilliant conqueror, that she was fairly overcome, and said to me, "George Fitz-Boodle, if you give up smoking for a year I will marry you."

I swore I would, of course, and went home and flung four pounds of Hudson's cigars, two meerschaum pipes that had cost me ten guineas at the establishment of Mr. Gattie at Oxford, a tobacco-bag that Lady Fitz-Boodle had given me *before* her marriage with my father (it was the only present that I ever had from her or any member of the Skinflinter family), and some choice packets of Varinas and Syrian, into the lake in Boodle Park. The weapon amongst them all which I most regretted was—will it be believed?—the little black doodheen which had been the cause of the quarrel between Lord Martingale and me. However, it went along with the others. I would not allow my groom to have so much as a cigar, lest I should be tempted hereafter; and the

consequence was that a few days after many fat carps and tenches in the lake (I must confess 'twas no bigger than a pond) nibbled at the tobacco, and came floating on their backs on the top of the water quite intoxicated. My conversion made some noise in the county, being emphasised as it were by this fact of the fish. I can't tell you with what pangs I kept my resolution; but keep it I did for some time.

With so much beauty and wealth, Mary M'Alister had of course many suitors, and among them was the young Lord Dawdley, whose mamma has previously been described in her gown of red satin. As I used to thrash Dawdley at school, I thrashed him in after life in love, and he put up with his disappointment pretty well, and came after a while and shook hands with me, telling me of the bets that there were in the county where the whole story was known, for and against me. For the fact is, as I must own, that Mary M'Alister, the queerest, frankest of women, made no secret of the agreement, or the cause of it.

"I did not care a penny for Orson," she said, "but he would go on writing me such dear pretty verses that at last I couldn't help saying yes. But if he breaks his promise to me, I declare, upon my honour, I'll break mine, and nobody's heart will be broken either."

This was the perfect fact, as I must confess, and I declare that it was only because she amused me and delighted me, and provoked me, and made me laugh very much, and because, no doubt, she was very rich, that I had any attachment for her.

"For Heaven's sake, George," my father said to me, as I quitted home to follow my beloved to London, "remember that you are a younger brother and have a lovely girl and four thousand a-year within a year's reach of you. Smoke as much as you like, my boy, after marriage," added the old gentleman, knowingly (as if *he*, honest soul, after his second marriage, dared drink an extra pint of wine without my lady's permission!) "but eschew the tobacco-shops till then."

I went to London resolving to act upon the paternal advice, and oh! how I longed for the day when I should be married, vowing in my secret soul that I would light a cigar as I walked out of St. George's Hanover Square.

Well, I came to London, and so carefully avoided smoking that I would not even go into Hudson's shop to pay his bill, and as smoking was not the fashion then among young men as (thank Heaven!) it is now, I had not many temptations from my friends' examples in my clubs or elsewhere; only little Dawdley began to smoke as if to spite me. He had never done so before, but confessed—the rascal!—that he enjoyed a cigar now, if it were but to mortify me. But I took to other and more dangerous excitements, and upon the nights when not in attendance upon Mary M'Alister, might be found in very dangerous proximity to a polished mahogany table, round which claret-bottles circulated a great deal too often, or, worse still, to a table covered with green cloth and ornamented with a couple of wax-candles and a couple of packs of cards, and four gentlemen playing the enticing game of whist. Likewise, I came to carry a snuff-box, and to consume in secret huge quantities of rappee.

For ladies' society I was even then disinclined, hating and despising small-talk, and dancing, and hot routs, and vulgar scrambles for suppers. I never could understand the pleasure of acting the part of lackey to a dowager, and standing behind her chair, or bustling through the crowd for her carriage. I always found an opera too long by two acts, and have repeatedly fallen asleep in the presence of Mary M'Alister herself, sitting at the back of the box shaded by the huge beret of her old aunt, Lady Betty Plumduff; and many a time has Dawdley, with Miss M'Alister on his arm, wakened me up at the close of the entertainment in time to offer my hand to Lady Betty, and lead the ladies to their carriage. If I attended her occasionally to any ball or party of pleasure, I went, it must be confessed, with clumsy ill-disguised, ill-humour. Good heavens! have I often and often thought in the midst of a song, or the very thick of a ball-room, can people prefer this to a book and a sofa, and a dear, dear cigar-box, from thy stores, O charming Mariana Woodville! Deprived of my favourite plant, I grew sick in mind and body, moody, sarcastic, and discontented.

Such a state of things could not long continue, nor could Miss M'Alister continue to have much attachment for such a sullen, ill-conditioned creature as I then was. She used to make me wild

with her wit and her sarcasm, nor have I ever possessed the readiness to parry or reply to those fine points of woman's wit, and she treated me the more mercilessly as she saw that I could not resist her.

Well, the polite reader must remember a great fête that was given at B—— House, some years back, in honour of his Highness the Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, who was then in London on a visit to his illustrious relatives. It was a fancy ball, and the poems of Scott being at that time all the fashion, Mary was to appear in the character of the "Lady of the Lake," old M'Alister making a very tall and severe-looking harper; Dawdley, a most insignificant Fitzjames; and your humble servant a stalwart manly Roderick Dhu. We were to meet at B—— House, at twelve o'clock, and as I had no fancy to drive through the town in my cab dressed in a kilt and philibeg, I agreed to take a seat in Dawdley's carriage, and to dress at his house in May-Fair. At eleven I left a very pleasant bachelors' party, growling to quit them and the honest, jovial claret bottle, in order to scrape and cut capers like a harlequin from the theatre. When I arrived at Dawdley's, I mounted to a dressing-room, and began to array myself in my cursed costume.

The art of costuming was by no means so well understood in those days as it has been since, and mine was out of all correctness. I was made to sport an enormous plume of black ostrich feathers, such as never was worn by any Highland chief, and had a huge tiger-skin sporran to dangle like an apron before innumerable yards of plaid petticoat. The Tartan cloak was outrageously hot and voluminous; it was the dog-days, and all these things I was condemned to wear in the midst of a crowd of a thousand people!

Dawdley sent up word as I was dressing, that his dress had not arrived, and he took my cab, and drove off in a rage to his tailor.

There was no hurry, I thought, to make a fool of myself; so having put on a pair of plaid trews, and very neat pumps with shoe-buckles, my courage failed me as to the rest of the dress, and taking down one of his dressing-gowns, I went down stairs to the study, to wait until he should arrive.

The windows of the pretty room were open, and a snug sofa

with innumerable cushions, drawn towards one of them. A great tranquil moon was staring into the chamber, in which stood, amidst books and all sorts of bachelors' lumber, a silver tray with a couple of tall Venice glasses, and a bottle of Maraschino bound with straw. I can see now the twinkle of the liquor in the moonshine, as I poured it into the glass; and I swallowed two or three little cups of it, for my spirits were downcast. Close to the tray of Maraschino stood—must I say it?—a box, a mere box of cedar, bound rudely together with pink paper, branded with the name of "HUDSON" on the side, and bearing on the cover the arms of Spain. I thought I would just take up the box, and look in it.

Ah, Heaven! there they were—a hundred and fifty of them, in calm, comfortable rows, lovingly side by side, they lay with the great moon shining down upon them—thin at the tip, full in the waist, elegantly round and full, a little spot here and there shining upon them—beauty spots upon the cheek of Silva. The house was quite quiet. Dawdley always smoked in his room;—I had not smoked for four months and eleven days.

* * * * *

When Lord Dawdley came into the study, he did not make any remarks; and, oh, how easy my heart felt! He was dressed in his green and boots, after Westall's picture, correctly.

"It's time to be off, George," said he; "they told me you were dressed long ago. Come up, my man, and get ready."

I rushed up into the dressing-room, and madly dashed my head and arms into a pool of eau de Cologne. I drank, I believe, a tumbler-full of it. I called for my clothes, and, strange to say, they were gone. My servant brought them, however, saying that he had put them away—making some stupid excuse. I put them on not heeding them much, for I was half tipsy with the excitement of the ci—, of the smo——, of what had taken place in Dawdley's study, and with the Maraschino and the eau de Cologne I had drunk.

"What a fine odour of lavender water!" said Dawdley, as we rode in the carriage.

I put my head out of the window and shrieked out a laugh; but made no other reply.

"What's the joke, George?" said Dawdley; "did I say any thing witty?"

"No," cried I, yelling still more wildly; "nothing more witty than usual."

"Don't be severe, George," said he, with a mortified air; and we drove on to B—— House.

* * * * *

There must have been something strange and wild in my appearance, and these awful black plumes, as I passed through the crowd; for I observed people looking and making a strange nasal noise (it is called sniffing, and for which I have no other more delicate term), and making way as I pushed on; but I moved forward very fiercely, for the wine, the Maraschino, the eau de Cologne, and the—the excitement had rendered me almost wild; and at length I arrived at the place where my lovely Lady of the Lake and her Harper stood. How beautiful she looked,—all eyes were upon her as she stood blushing. When she saw me, however, her countenance assumed an appearance of alarm. "Good heavens, George!" she said, stretching her hand to me; "what makes you look so wild and pale?" I advanced, and was going to take her hand, when she dropped it with a scream.

"Ah—ah—ah!" she said; "Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you've been smoking!"

There was an immense laugh from four hundred people round about us, and the scoundrelly Dawdley joined in the yell. I rushed furiously out, and as I passed hurtled over the fat Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel.

"Es riecht hier ungeheuer stark von Tabak!" I heard his highness say, as I madly flung myself through the aides-de-camp.

The next day Mary M'Alister, in a note full of the most odious good sense and sarcasm, reminded me of our agreement; said that she was quite convinced that we were not by any means fitted for one another, and begged me to consider myself henceforth quite free. The little wretch had the impertinence to send me a dozen boxes of cigars, which, she said, would console me for my lost love; as she was perfectly certain that I was not mercenary, and that I loved tobacco better than any woman in the world.

I believe she was right, though I have never to this day been able to pardon the scoundrelly stratagem by which Dawdley robbed me of a wife and won one himself. As I was lying on his sofa, looking at the moon and lost in a thousand happy contemplations, Lord Dawdley, returning from the tailor's, saw me smoking at my leisure. On entering his dressing-room, a horrible treacherous thought struck him. "I must not betray my friend," said he; "but in love all is fair, and he shall betray himself." There were my tartans, my cursed feathers, my tiger-skin sporran, upon the sofa.

He called up my groom; he made the rascal put on all my clothes, and, giving him a guinea and four cigars, bade him lock himself into the little pantry and smoke them *without taking the clothes off*. John did so, and was very ill in consequence, and so when I came to B—— House, my clothes were redolent of tobacco, and I lost lovely Mary M'Alister.

I am godfather to one of Lady Dawdley's boys, and hers is the only house where I am allowed to smoke unmolested; but I have never been able to admire Dawdley, a sly *sournois*, spiritless, lily-livered fellow, that took his name off all his clubs the year he married.

FITZ-BOODLE'S PROFESSIONS.

BEING APPEALS TO THE UNEMPLOYED YOUNGER SONS OF THE NOBILITY.

FIRST PROFESSION.

THE fair and honest proposition which I put forth at the end of my last (and first) appeal to the British public, and in which I offered to communicate privately with parents and guardians, relative to two new and lucrative professions which I had discovered, has, I find from the publisher, elicited not one single inquiry from those personages, who I can't but think are very little careful of their children's welfare to allow such a chance to be thrown away. It is not for myself I speak, as my conscience proudly tells me; for though I actually gave up Ascot in order to be in the way should any father of a family be inclined to treat with me regarding my discoveries, yet I am grieved, not on my own account, but on theirs, and for the wretched penny-wise policy that has held them back.

That they must feel an interest in my announcement is unquestionable. Look at the way in which the public prints of all parties have noticed my appearance in the character of a literary man! Putting aside my personal narrative, look at the offer I made to the nation,—a choice of no less than two new professions! Suppose I had invented as many new kinds of butcher's meat; does any one pretend that the world, tired as it is of the perpetual recurrence of beef, mutton, veal, cold beef, cold veal, cold mutton, hashed ditto, would not have jumped eagerly at the

delightful intelligence that their old, stale, stupid meals were about to be varied at last?

Of course people would have come forward. I should have had deputations from Mr. Gibletts and the fashionable butchers of this world; petitions would have poured in from Whitechapel salesmen; the speculators panting to know the discovery; the cautious with stock in hand eager to bribe me to silence and prevent the certain depreciation of the goods which they already possessed. I should have dealt with them, not greedily or rapaciously, but on honest principles of fair barter. "Gentlemen," I should have said, or rather, "Gents," which affectionate diminutive is, I am given to understand, at present much in use among commercial persons, "Gents, my researches, my genius, or my good fortune, have brought me to the valuable discovery about which you are come to treat. Will you purchase it outright, or will you give the discoverer an honest share of the profits resulting from your speculation? My position in the world puts *me* out of the power of executing the vast plan I have formed, but 'twill be a certain fortune to him who engages in it; and why should not I, too, participate in that fortune?"

Such would have been my manner of dealing with the world, too, with regard to my discovery of the new professions. Does not the world want new professions? Are there not thousands of well-educated men panting, struggling, pushing, starving, in the old ones? Grim tenants of chambers looking out for attorneys who never come?—wretched physicians practising the stale joke of being called out of church until people no longer think fit even to laugh or to pity? Are there not hoary-headed midshipmen, antique ensigns growing mouldy upon fifty years' half-pay? Nay, are there not men who would pay anything to be employed rather than remain idle? But such is the glut of professionals, the horrible cut-throat competition among them, that there is no chance for one in a thousand, be he ever so willing, or brave, or clever: in the great ocean of life he makes a few strokes, and puffs, and sputters, and sinks, and the innumerable waves overwhelm him and he is heard of no more.

Walking to my banker's t'other day—and I pledge my sacred honour this story is true—I met a young fellow whom I had

known *attaché* to an embassy abroad, a young man of tolerable parts, unwearied patience, with some fortune, too, and, moreover, allied to a noble Whig family, whose interest had procured him his appointment to the legation at Krähwinkel, where I knew him. He remained for ten years a diplomatic character; he was the working-man of the legation: he sent over the most diffuse translations of the German papers for the use of the Foreign Secretary; he signed passports with most astonishing ardour; he exiled himself for ten long years in a wretched German town, dancing attendance at court-balls and paying no end of money for uniforms. And for what? At the end of the ten years—during which period of labour he never received a single shilling from the government which employed him (rascally spendthrift of a government, *va!*),—he was offered the paid *attachéship* to the court of H. M. the King of the Mosquito Islands, and refused that appointment a week before the Whig ministry retired. Then he knew that there was no further chance for him, and incontinently quitted the diplomatic service for ever, and I have no doubt will sell his uniform a bargain. The government had *him* a bargain certainly, nor is he by any means the first person who has been sold at that price.

Well, my worthy friend met me in the street and informed me of these facts with a smiling countenance,—which I thought a master-piece of diplomacy. Fortune had been belabouring and kicking him for ten whole years, and here he was grinning in my face: could Monsieur de Talleyrand have acted better? "I have given up diplomacy," said Protocol, quite simply and good-humouredly, "for between you and me, my good fellow, it's a very slow profession; sure perhaps, but slow. But though I gained no actual pecuniary remuneration in the service, I have learned all the languages in Europe, which will be invaluable to me in my new profession—the mercantile one—in which directly I looked out for a post. I found one."

"What! and a good pay?" said I.

"Why, no; that's absurd, you know. No young men, strangers to business, are paid much to speak of. Besides, I don't look to a paltry clerk's pay. Some day, when thoroughly acquainted with the business (I shall learn it in about seven years), I shall

go into a good house with my capital and become junior partner."

"And meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile I conduct the foreign correspondence of the eminent house of Jam, Ram, and Johnson; and very heavy it is, I can tell you. From nine till six every day, except foreign post days, and then from nine till eleven; dirty dark court to sit in; snobs to talk to,—great change, as you may fancy."

"And you do all this for nothing?"

"I do it to learn the business;" and so saying Protocol gave me a knowing nod and went his way.

Good Heavens! I thought, and is this a true story? Are there hundreds of young men in a similar situation at the present day, giving away the best years of their youth for the sake of a mere windy hope of something in old age, and dying before they come to the goal? In seven years he hopes to have a business, and then to have the pleasure of risking his money? He will be admitted into some great house as a particular favour, and three months after the house will fail. Has it not happened to a thousand of our acquaintance? I thought I would run after him and tell him about the new professions that I have invented.

"Oh! ay! those you wrote about in *Fraser's Magazine*. Egad! George, Necessity makes strange fellows of us all. Who would ever have thought of you *spelling*, much more writing?"

"Never mind that. Will you, if I tell you of a new profession that, with a little cleverness and instruction from me, you may bring to a most successful end—will you, I say, make me a fair return?"

"My dear creature," replied young Protocol, "what nonsense you talk! I saw that very humbug in the Magazine. You say you have made a great discovery—very good; you puff your discovery—very right; you ask money for it—nothing can be more reasonable; and then you say that you intend to make your discovery public in the next number of the Magazine. Do you think I will be such a fool as to give you money for a thing which I can have next month for nothing? Good-bye, George, my boy; the *next* discovery you make I'll tell you how to get a better price

for it;" and with this the fellow walked off, looking supremely knowing and clever.

This tale of the person I have called Protocol is not told without a purpose, you may be sure. In the first place, it shows what are the reasons that nobody has made application to me concerning the new professions, namely, because I have passed my word to make them known in this Magazine, which persons may have for the purchasing, stealing, borrowing, or hiring, and, therefore, they will never think of applying personally to me. And, secondly, his story proves also my assertion, viz. that all professions are most cruelly crowded at present, and that men will make the most absurd outlay and sacrifices for the smallest chance of success at some future period. Well, then, I will be a benefactor to my race, if I cannot be to one single member of it, whom I love better than most men. What I have discovered I will make known; there shall be no shilly-shallying work here, no circumlocution, no bottle-conjuring business. But oh! I wish for all our sakes that I had had an opportunity to impart the secret to one or two persons only; for, after all, but one or two can live in the manner I would suggest. And when the discovery is made known, I am sure ten thousand will try. The rascals! I can see their brass plates gleaming over scores of doors. Competition will ruin my professions, as it has all others.

It must be premised that the two professions are intended for gentlemen, and gentlemen only—men of birth and education. No others could support the parts which they will be called upon to play.

And, likewise, it must be honestly confessed that these professions have, to a certain degree, been exercised before. Do not cry out at this and say it is no discovery! I say it *is* a discovery. It is a discovery, if I show you—a gentleman—a profession which you may exercise without derogation or loss of standing, with certain profit, nay, possibly with honour, and of which until the reading of this present page, you never thought but as of a calling beneath your rank and quite below your reach. Sir, I do not mean to say that I create a profession. I cannot create gold;

when discovered, I find the means of putting it in your
do I or do I not deserve credit?

you sneer contemptuously when I mention to you the
UCTIONEER. "Is this all," you say, "that this fellow
nd prates about? An auctioneer forsooth! he might as
ve 'invented' chimney-sweeping?"

such thing. A little boy of seven, be he ever so low of
an do this as well as you. Do you suppose that little
Master Montague made a better sweeper than the lowest-
hummy that yearly commemorates his release? No, sir.
e might have been ever so much a genius or a gentleman,
have been able to make his trade respectable.

all such trades as can be rendered decent the aristocracy
pted one by one. At first they followed their profession
, flouting all others as unworthy, and thinking it ungentle-
e to know how to read or write. They did not go into the
in very early days till the money to be got from the
was strong enough to tempt them. It is but of later
hat they have condescended to go to the bar, and since the
ime only that we see some of them following trades. I
n English lord's son who is, or was, a wine-merchant (he
ve been a bankrupt for what I know). As for bankers,
partners in banking-houses have four balls to their coro-
nd I have no doubt that another sort of banking, viz. that
ed by gentlemen who lend small sums of money upon
ed securities, will be one day followed by the noble order,
t they may have four balls on their coronets and carriages,
ree in front of their shops.

the nobles come peoplewards as the people, on the other
ise and mingle with the nobles. With the *plebs*, of course,
oodle, in whose veins flows the blood of a thousand kings,
ve nothing to do; but, watching the progress of the world,
possible to deny that the good old days of our race are
away. We want money still as much as ever we did; but
not go down from our castles with horse and sword and
fat merchants—no, no, confounded new policemen and the
ourts prevent that. Younger brothers cannot be pages to
ouses, as of old they were, serving gentle dames without

disgrace, handing my lord's rose-water to wash, or holding his stirrup as he mounted for the chase. A page, forsooth! A pretty figure would George Fitz-Boodle, or any other man of fashion cut, in a jacket covered with sugar-loafed buttons and handing in penny-post notes on a silver tray. The *plebs* have robbed us of *that* trade among others, nor, I confess, do I much grudge them their *trouvaille*. Neither can we collect together a few scores of free lances, like honest Hugh Calverly in the Black Prince's time, or brave Harry Butler of Wallenstein's dragoons, and serve this or that prince, Peter the Cruel or Henry of Trastamare, Gustavus or the Emperor, at our leisure; or, in default of service, fight and rob on our own gallant account, as the good gentlemen of old did. Alas! no. In South America or Texas, perhaps, a man might have a chance that way; but in the ancient world no man can fight except in the king's service (and a mighty bad service that is too), and the lowest European sovereign, were it Baldomero Espartero himself, would think nothing of seizing the best born Condottiere chief that ever drew sword, and shooting him down like the vulgarest deserter.

What, then, is to be done? We must discover fresh fields of enterprise—of peaceable and commercial enterprise in a peaceful and commercial age. I say, then, that the auctioneer's pulpit has never yet been ascended by a scion of the aristocracy, and am prepared to prove that they might scale it, and do so with dignity and profit.

For the auctioneer's pulpit is just the peculiar place where a man of social refinement, of elegant wit, of polite perceptions, can bring his wit, his eloquence, his taste, and his experience of life, most delightfully into play. It is not like the bar, where the better and higher qualities of a man of fashion find no room for exercise. In defending John Jorrocks in an action of trespass, for cutting down a stick in Sam Snooks's field, what powers of mind do you require?—powers of mind, that is, which Mr. Serjeant Snorter, a butcher's son with a great loud voice, a sizer at Cambridge, a wrangler, and so forth, does not possess as well as yourself? Snorter has never been in decent society in his life. He thinks the bar-mess the most fashionable assemblage in Europe, and the jokes of "grand day" the *ne plus ultra* of wit.

Snorter lives near Russell Square, eats beef and Yorkshire-pudding, is a judge of port-wine, is in all social respects your inferior. Well, it is ten to one but in the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks, before mentioned, he will be a better advocate than you; he knows the law of the case entirely, and better probably than you. He can speak long, loud, to the point, grammatically —more grammatically than you, no doubt, will condescend to do. In the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks he is all that can be desired. And so about dry disputes, respecting real property, he knows the law; and, beyond this, has no more need to be a gentleman than my body-servant has—who, by the way, from constant intercourse with the best society, *is* almost a gentleman. But this is apart from the question.

Now, in the matter of auctioneering, this, I apprehend, is not the case, and assert that a high-bred gentleman, with good powers of mind and speech, must, in such a profession, make a fortune. I do not mean in all auctioneering matters. I do not mean that such a person should be called upon to sell the good-will of a public-house or discourse about the value of the beer-barrels, or bars with pewter fittings, or the beauty of a trade doing a stroke of so many hogsheads a week. I do not ask a gentleman to go down and sell pigs, ploughs, and cart-horses, at Stoke Pogis; or to enlarge at the Auction Rooms, Wapping, upon the beauty of the Lively Sally, schooner. These articles of commerce or use can be better appreciated by persons in a different rank of life to his.

But there are a thousand cases in which a gentleman only can do justice to the sale of objects which the necessity or convenience of the genteel world may require to change hands. All articles, properly called, of taste should be put under his charge. Pictures, —he is a travelled man, has seen and judged the best galleries of Europe, and can speak of them as a common person cannot. For, mark you, you must have the confidence of your society, you must be able to be familiar with them, to plant a happy *mot* in a graceful manner, to appeal to my lord or the duchess in such a modest, easy, pleasant way as that her grace should not be hurt by your allusion to her—nay, amused (like the rest of the company) by the manner in which it was done.

What is more disgusting than the familiarity of a snob? What more loathsome than the swaggering quackery of some present holders of the hammer? There was a late sale, for instance, which made some noise in the world (I mean the late Lord Gimcrack's, at Dilberry Hill). Ah! what an opportunity was lost there! I declare solemnly that I believe, but for the absurd quackery and braggadocia of the advertisements, much more money would have been bid; people were kept away by the vulgar trumpeting of the auctioneer, and could not help thinking the things were worthless that were so outrageously lauded.

They say that sort of Bartholomew-fair advocacy (in which people are invited to an entertainment by the medium of a hoarse yelling beef-eater, twenty-four drums, and a jack-pudding turning head over heels) is absolutely necessary to excite the public attention. What an error! I say that the refined individual so accosted is more likely to close his ears, and, shuddering, run away from the booth. Poor Horace Waddlepoodle! to think that thy gentle accumulation of *bricabrac* should have passed away in such a manner! by means of a man who brings down a butterfly with a blunderbuss, and talks of a pin's head through a speaking trumpet! Why, the auctioneer's very voice was enough to crack the Sèvres porcelain and blow the lace into annihilation. Let it be remembered that I speak of the gentleman in his public character merely, meaning to insinuate nothing more than I would by stating that Lord Brougham speaks with a northern accent, or that the voice of Mr. Shiel is sometimes unpleasantly shrill.

Now the character I have formed to myself of a great auctioneer is this. I fancy him a man of first-rate and irreproachable birth and fashion. I fancy his person so agreeable that it must be a pleasure for ladies to behold and tailors to dress it. As a private man he must move in the very best society, which will flock round his pulpit when he mounts it in his public calling. It will be a privilege for vulgar people to attend the hall where he lectures; and they will consider it an honour to be allowed to pay their money for articles, the value of which is stamped by his high recommendation. Nor can such a person be a mere fribble, or any loose hanger-on of fashion imagine he may assume the

character. The gentleman auctioneer must be an artist above all, adoring his profession; and adoring it, what must he not know? He must have a good knowledge of the history and language of all nations; not the knowledge of the mere critical scholar, but of the lively and elegant man of the world. He will not commit the gross blunders of pronunciation that untravelled Englishmen perpetrate; he will not degrade his subject by coarse eulogy, or sicken his audience with vulgar banter. He will know where to apply praise and wit properly; he will have the tact only acquired in good society, and know where a joke is in place, and how far a compliment may go. He will not outrageously and indiscriminately laud all objects committed to his charge, for he knows the value of praise; that diamonds, could we have them by the bushel, would be used as coals; that, above all, he has a character of sincerity to support; that he is not merely the advocate of the person who employs him, but that the public is his client too, who honours him and confides in him. Ask him to sell a copy of Raffaelle for an original; a trumpery modern Brussels counterfeit for real old Mechlin; some common French forged crockery for the old delightful, delicate, Dresden china; and he will quit you with scorn, or order his servant to show you the door of his study.

Study, by the way,—no, "study" is a vulgar word; every word is vulgar which a man uses to give the world an exaggerated notion of himself or his condition. When the wretched bagman, brought up to give evidence before Judge Coltman, was asked what his trade was, and replied that "he represented the house of Dobson and Hobson," he showed himself to be a vulgar, mean-souled wretch, and was most properly reprimanded by his lordship. To be a bagman is to be humble, but not of necessity vulgar. Pomposity is vulgar, to ape a higher rank than your own is vulgar, for an ensign of militia to call himself captain is vulgar, or for a bagman to style himself the "representative" of Dobson and Hobson. The honest auctioneer, then, will not call his room his study; but his "private room," or his office, or whatever may be the phrase commonly used among auctioneers.

He will not for the same reason call himself (as once in a momentary feeling of pride and enthusiasm for the profession I

thought he should)—he will not call himself "an advocate," but an auctioneer. There is no need to attempt to awe people by big titles: let each man bear his own name without shame. And a very gentlemanlike and agreeable, though exceptional position (for it is clear that there cannot be more than two of the class), may the auctioneer occupy.

He must not sacrifice his honesty, then, either for his own sake or his client's in any way, nor tell fibs about himself or them. He is by no means called upon to draw the long bow in their behalf; all that his office obliges him to do—and let us hope his disposition will lead him to do it also—is to take a favourable, kindly, philanthropic view of the world; to say what can fairly be said by a good-natured and ingenious man in praise of any article for which he is desirous to awaken public sympathy. And how readily and pleasantly may this be done! I will take upon myself, for instance, to write an eulogium upon So-and-so's last novel, which shall be every word of it true; and which work, though to some discontented spirits it might appear dull, may be shown to be really amusing and instructive,—nay, *is* amusing and instructive,—to those who have the art of discovering where those precious qualities lie.

An auctioneer should have the organ of truth large; of imagination and comparison, considerable; of wit, great; of benevolence, excessively large.

And how happy might such a man be and cause others to be! He should go through the world laughing, merry, observant, kind-hearted. He should love everything in the world, because his profession regards everything. With books of lighter literature (for I do not recommend the genteel auctioneer to meddle with heavy antiquarian and philological works) he should be elegantly conversant, being able to give a neat history of the author, a pretty sparkling kind criticism of the work, and an appropriate eulogium upon the binding, which would make those people read who never read before; or buy, at least, which is his first consideration. Of pictures we have already spoken. Of china, of jewellery, of gold-headed canes, valuable arms, picturesque antiquities, with what eloquent *entraînement* might he not speak! He feels every one of these things in his heart. He has all the tastes

of all the fashionable world. Dr. Meyrick cannot be more enthusiastic about an old suit of armour than he; Sir Harris Nicolas not more eloquent regarding the gallant times in which it was worn, and the brave histories connected with it. He takes up a pearl necklace with as much delight as any beauty who was sighing to wear it round her own snowy throat, and hugs a china monster with as much joy as the oldest duchess could do. Nor must he affect these things; he must feel them. He is a glass in which all the tastes of fashion are reflected. He must be every one of the characters to whom he addresses himself—a genteel Goethe or Shakespeare, a fashionable world-spirit.

How can a man be all this and not be a gentleman; and not have had an education in the midst of the best company—an insight into the most delicate feelings, and wants, and usages? The pulpit oratory of such a man would be invaluable; people would flock to listen to him from far and near. He might out of a single tea-cup cause streams of world-philosophy to flow, which would be drunk in by grateful thousands; and draw out of an old pincushion points of wit, morals, and experience, that would make a nation wise.

Look round, examine THE ANNALS OF AUCTIONS, as Mr. Robins remarks, and (with every respect for him and his brethren) say, is there in the profession SUCH A MAN? Do we want such a man? Is such a man likely or not likely to make an immense fortune? Can we get such a man except out of the very best society, and among the most favoured there?

Everybody answers "No!" I knew you would answer no. And now, gentlemen who have laughed at my pretension to discover a profession, say, have I not? I have laid my finger upon the spot where the social deficit exists. I have shown that we labour under a want; and when the world wants, do we not know that a man will step forth to fill the vacant space that Fate has left for him? Pass we now to the

SECOND PROFESSION.

THIS profession, too, is a great, lofty, and exceptional one, and discovered by me considering these things, and deeply musing upon the necessities of society. Nor let honourable gentlemen imagine that I am enabled to offer them in this profession, more than any other, a promise of what is called future glory, deathless fame, and so forth. All that I say is, that I can put young men in the way of making a comfortable livelihood, and leaving behind them, not a name, but, what is better, a decent maintenance to their children. Fitz-Boodle is as good a name as any in England. General Fitz-Boodle, who, in Marlborough's time, and in conjunction with the famous Van Slaap, beat the French in the famous action of Vischzouchee, near Mardyk, in Holland, on the 14th of February, 1709, is promised an immortality upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey; but he died of apoplexy, deucedly in debt, two years afterwards: and what after that is the use of a name?

No, no; the age of chivalry is passed. Take the twenty-four first men who come into the club, and ask who they are, and how they made their money? There's Woolsey-Sackville; his father was Lord Chancellor, and sat on the woolsack, whence he took his title: his grandfather dealt in coal-sacks, and not in wool-sacks,—small coal-sacks, dribbling out little supplies of black diamonds to the poor. Yonder comes Frank Leveson, in a huge broad-brimmed hat, his shirt cuffs turned up to his elbows. Leveson is as gentlemanly a fellow as the world contains, and if he has a fault, is perhaps too finikin. Well, you fancy him related to the Sutherland family: nor, indeed, does honest Frank deny it; but *entre nous*, my good sir, his father was an attorney, and his grandfather a bailiff in Chancery Lane, bearing a name still older than that of Leveson, namely, Levy. So it is that this confounded equality grows and grows, and has laid the good old nobility by the heels. Look at that venerable Sir Charles Kitely, of Kitely Park: he is interested about the Ashantees, and is just come

from Exeter Hall. Kitely discounted bills in the City in the year 1787, and gained his baronetcy by a loan to the French princes. All these points of history are perfectly well known; and do you fancy the world cares? Psha! Profession is no disgrace to a man: be what you like, provided you succeed. If Mr. Fauntleroy could come to life with a million of money, you and I would dine with him: you know we would; for why should we be better than our neighbours?

Put, then, out of your head the idea that this or that profession is unworthy of you: take any that may bring you profit, and thank him that puts you in the way of being rich.

The profession I would urge (upon a person duly qualified to undertake it) has, I confess, at the first glance, something ridiculous about it; and will not appear to young ladies so romantic as the calling of a gallant soldier blazing with glory, gold lace, and vermilion coats; or a dear delightful clergyman, with a sweet blue eye, and a pocket-handkerchief scented charmingly with lavender-water. The profession I allude to *will*, I own, be to young women disagreeable, to sober men trivial, to great stupid moralists unworthy.

But mark my words for it, that in the religious world (I have once or twice, by mistake no doubt, had the honour of dining in "serious" houses, and can vouch for the fact, that the dinners there are of excellent quality), in the serious world, in the great mercantile world, among the legal community (notorious feeders), in every house in town (except some half-dozen which can afford to do without such aid), the man I propose might speedily render himself indispensable.

Does the reader now begin to take? Have I hinted enough for him that he may see with eagle glance the immense beauty of the profession I am about to unfold to him? We have all seen Gunter and Chevet; Fregoso, on the Puerta del Sol (a relation of the ex-minister Calomarde), is a good purveyor enough for the benighted olla-eaters of Madrid; nor have I any fault to find with Guimard, a Frenchman, who has lately set up in the Toledo, at Naples, where he furnishes people with decent food. It has given me pleasure, too, in walking about London—in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and elsewhere, to see fournisseurs and comestible

merchants newly set up. Messrs. Morell have excellent articles in their warehouses; Fortnum and Mason are known to most of my readers.

But what is not known, what is wanted, what is languished for in England is *a dinner-master*,—a gentleman who is not a provider of meat or wine, like the parties before named, who can have no earthly interest in the price of troufled turkeys or dry champagne beyond that legitimate interest which he may feel for his client, and which leads him to see that the latter is not cheated by his tradesman. For the dinner-giver is almost naturally an ignorant man. How in mercy's name can Mr. Sergeant Snorter, who is all day at Westminster, or in chambers, know possibly the mysteries, the delicacy, of dinner-giving? How can Alderman Pogson know anything beyond the fact that venison is good with currant-jelly, and that he likes lots of green fat with his turtle? Snorter knows law, Pogson is acquainted with the state of the tallow-market; but what should he know of eating, like you and me, who have given up our time to it? (I say *me* only familiarly, for I have only reached so far in the science as to know that I know nothing.) But men there are, gifted individuals, who have spent years of deep thought—not merely intervals of labour, but hours of study every day—over the gormandising science,—who, like alchemists, have let their fortunes go, guinea by guinea, into the all-devouring pot,—who, ruined as they sometimes are, never get a guinea by chance but they will have a plate of peas in May with it, or a little feast of ortolans, or a piece of Glo'ster salmon, or one more flask from their favourite claret-bin.

It is not the ruined gastronomist that I would advise a person to select as his *table-master;* for the opportunities of peculation would be too great in a position of such confidence—such complete abandonment of one man to another. A ruined man would be making bargains with the tradesmen. They would offer to cash bills for him, or send him opportune presents of wine, which he could convert into money, or bribe him in one way or another. Let this be done, and the profession of table-master is ruined. Snorter and Pogson may almost as well order their own dinners, as be at the mercy of a "gastronomic agent" whose faith is not beyond all question.

A vulgar mind, in reply to these remarks regarding the gastronomic ignorance of Snorter and Pogson, might say, "True, these gentleman know nothing of household economy, being occupied with other more important business elsewhere. But what are their wives about? Lady Pogson in Harley Street has nothing earthly to do but to mind her poodle, and her mantuamaker's and house-keeper's bills. Mrs. Snorter in Bedford Place, when she has taken her drive in the Park with the young ladies, may surely have time to attend to her husband's guests and preside over the preparations of his kitchen, as she does worthily at his hospitable mahogany." To this I answer, that a man who expects a woman to understand the philosophy of dinner-giving, shows the strongest evidence of a low mind. He is unjust towards that lovely and delicate creature, woman, to suppose that she heartily understands and cares for what she eats and drinks. No; taken as a rule, women have no real appetites. They are children in the gormandising way; loving sugar, sops, tarts, trifles, apricot-creams, and such gewgaws. They would take a sip of Malmsey, and would drink currant-wine just as happily, if that accursed liquor were presented to them by the butler. Did you ever know a woman who could lay her fair hand upon her gentle heart and say on her conscience that she preferred dry sillery to sparkling champagne? Such a phenomenon does not exist. They are not made for eating and drinking; or, if they make a pretence to it, become downright odious. Nor can they, I am sure, witness the preparations of a really great repast without a certain jealousy. They grudge spending money (ask guards, coachmen, inn-waiters, whether this be not the case). They will give their all, Heaven bless them! to serve a son, a grandson, or a dear relative, but they have not the heart to pay for small things magnificently. They are jealous of good dinners, and no wonder. I have shown in a former discourse how they are jealous of smoking, and other personal enjoyments of the male. I say, then, that Lady Pogson or Mrs. Snorter can never conduct their husbands' table properly. Fancy either of them consenting to allow a calf to be stewed down into gravy for one dish, or a dozen hares to be sacrificed to a single *purée* of game, or the best Madeira to be used for a sauce, or half-a-dozen of champagne to boil a ham in. They will be for bringing a

bottle of Marsala in place of the old particular, or for having the ham cooked in water. But of these matters—of kitchen philosophy—I have no practical or theoretic knowledge; and must beg pardon if, only understanding the goodness of a dish when cooked, I may have unconsciously made some blunder regarding the preparation.

Let it, then, be set down as an axiom, without further trouble of demonstration, that a woman is a bad dinner-caterer; either too great and simple for it, or too mean—I don't know which it is; and gentlemen accordingly as they admire or contemn the sex, may settle that matter their own way. In brief, the mental constitution of lovely woman is such that she cannot give a great dinner. It must be done by a man. It can't be done by an ordinary man, because he does not understand it. Vain fool! and he sends off to the pastrycook in Great Russell Street or Baker Street, he lays on a couple of extra waiters (green-grocers in the neighbourhood), he makes a great pother with his butler in the cellar, and fancies he has done the business.

Bon Dieu! Who has not been at those dinners?—those monstrous exhibitions of the pastrycook's art? Who does not know those made dishes with the universal sauce to each, fricandeaux, sweet-breads, damp dumpy cutlets, &c., seasoned with the compound of grease, onions, bad port wine, cayenne-pepper, currie-powder (Warren's blacking, for what I know, but the taste is always the same)—there they lie in the old corner-dishes, the poor wiry Moselle and sparkling Burgundy in the ice-coolers, and the old story of white and brown soup, turbot, little smelts, boiled turkey, saddle of mutton, and so forth? "Try a little of that fricandeau," says Mrs. Snorter, with a kind smile; "you'll find it, I think, very nice;" be sure it has come in a green tray from Great Russell Street. "Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you have been in Germany," cries Snorter, knowingly; "taste the hock, and tell me what you think of *that*."

How should he know better, poor benighted creature; or she, dear good soul that she is? If they would have a leg of mutton, and an apple pudding, and a glass of sherry and port (or simple brandy and water called by its own name) after dinner, all would be very well; but they must shine, they must dine as their neigh-

bours. There is no difference in the style of dinners in London; people with five hundred a-year treat you exactly as those of five thousand. They *will* have their Moselle or hock, their fatal side-dishes brought in the green trays from the pastrycooks.

Well, there is no harm done; not as regards the dinner-givers at least, though the dinner-eaters may have to suffer somewhat; it only shows that the former are hospitably inclined, and wish to do the very best in their power,—good honest fellows! If they do wrong, how can they help it? they know no better.

And now, is it not as clear as the sun at noon-day, that A WANT exists in London for a superintendent of the table—a gastronomic agent—a dinner-master, as I have called him before? A man of such a profession would be a metropolitan benefit; hundreds of thousands of people of the respectable sort, people in white waistcoats, would thank him daily. Calculate how many dinners are given in the City of London, and calculate the numbers of benedictions that "the Agency" might win.

And as no doubt the observant man of the world has remarked, that the freeborn Englishman of the respectable class is, of all others, the most slavish and truckling to a Lord; that there is no fly-blown peer but he is pleased to have him at his table, proud beyond measure to call him by his surname (without the lordly prefix); and that those lords whom he does not know, he yet (the free-born Englishman) takes care to have their pedigrees and ages by heart from his world-bible, the Peerage: as this is an indisputable fact, and as it is in this particular class of Britons that our agent must look to find clients, I need not say it is necessary that the agent should be as high-born as possible, and that he should be able to tack, if possible, an honourable or some other handle to his respectable name. He must have it on his professional card—

The Honourable George Gormand Gobbleton,

Apician Chambers, Pall Mall.

Or,

> Sir Augustus Carver Cramley Cramley,
>
> Amphytrionic Council Office, Swallow Street.

Or in some such neat way, Gothic letters on a large handsome crockery-ware card, with possibly a gilt coat of arms and supporters, or the blood-red hand of baronetcy duly displayed; depend on it plenty of guineas will fall in it, and that Gobbleton's supporters will support him comfortably enough.

For this profession is not like that of the auctioneer, which I take to be a far more noble one, because more varied and more truthful; but in the Agency case, a little humbug at least is necessary. A man cannot be a successful agent by the mere force of his simple merit or genius in eating and drinking. He must of necessity impose upon the vulgar to a certain degree. He must be of that rank which will lead them naturally to respect him, otherwise they might be led to jeer at his profession; but let a noble exercise it, and bless your soul, all the court-guide is dumb!

He will then give out in a manly and somewhat pompous address what has before been mentioned, namely, that he has seen the fatal way in which the hospitality of England has been perverted hitherto, *accaparéd* by a few cooks with green trays. (He must use a good deal of French in his language, for that is considered very gentlemanlike by vulgar people.) He will take a set of chambers in Carlton Gardens, which will be richly though severely furnished, and the door of which will be opened by a French valet (he *must* be a Frenchman, remember), who will say, on letting Mr. Snorter or Sir Benjamin Pogson in, that "*Milor* is at home." Pogson will then be shown into a library furnished with massive book-cases, containing all the works on cookery and wines (the titles of them) in all the known languages in the world. Any books, of course, will do, as you will have them handsomely bound, and keep them under plate glass. On a side-

table will be little sample-bottles of wines, a few troufles on a white porcelain saucer, a prodigious strawberry or two, perhaps, at the time when such fruit cost much money. On the library will be busts marked Ude, Carême, Béchamel, in marble (never mind what heads, of course); and, perhaps, on the clock should be a figure of the Prince of Condé's cook killing himself because the fish had not arrived in time; there may be a wreath of *immortels* on the figure to give it a more decidedly Frenchified air. The walls will be of a dark rich paper, hung round with neat gilt frames, containing plans of *menus* of various great dinners, those of Cambacérès, Napoleon, Louis XIV., Louis XVIII., Heliogabalus if you like, each signed by the respective cook.

After the stranger has looked about him at these things, which he does not understand in the least, especially the troufles, which look like dirty potatoes, you will make your appearance, dressed in a dark dress, with one handsome enormous gold chain, and one large diamond ring; a gold snuff-box, of course, which you will thrust into the visitor's paw before saying a word. You will be yourself a portly grave man, with your hair a little bald and grey. In fact, in this as in all other professions, you had best try to look as like Canning as you can.

When Pogson has done sneezing with the snuff, you will say to him, "Take a *fauteuil*; I have the honour of addressing Mr. Pogson, I believe?" And then you will explain to him your system.

This, of course, must vary with every person you address. But let us lay down a few of the heads of a plan which may be useful, or may be modified infinitely, or may be cast aside altogether, just as circumstances dictate. After all *I* am not going to turn gastronomic agent, and speak only for the benefit perhaps of the very person who is reading this.

SYNOPSIS OF THE GASTRONOMIC AGENCY OF THE HONOURABLE GEORGE GOBBLETON.

The Gastronomic Agent having traversed Europe, and dined with the best society of the world, has been led naturally, as a patriot, to turn his thought homeward, and cannot but deplore

the lamentable ignorance regarding gastronomy displayed in a country for which Nature has done almost everything.

But it is ever singularly thus. Inherent ignorance belongs to man; and The Agent, in his Continental travels, has always remarked, that the countries most fertile in themselves were invariably worse tilled than those more barren. The Italians and the Spaniards leave their fields to Nature, as we leave our vegetables, fish, and meat. And, Heavens! what richness do we fling away,—what dormant qualities in our dishes do we disregard,—what glorious gastronomic crops (if The Agent may be permitted the expression), what glorious gastronomic crops do we sacrifice, allowing our goodly meats and fishes to lie fallow! "Chance," it is said by an ingenious historian, who, having been long a secretary in the East India House, must certainly have had access to the best information upon Eastern matters; "Chance," it is said by Mr. Charles Lamb, "which burnt down a Chinaman's house, with a litter of sucking pigs that were unable to escape from the interior, discovered to the world the excellence of roast pig." Gunpowder, we know, was invented by a similar fortuity. [The reader will observe that my style in the supposed character of a Gastronomic Agent is purposely pompous and loud.] So, 'tis said, was printing,—so glass. We should have drunk our wine poisoned with the villainous odour of the borachio, had not some Eastern merchants, lighting their fires in the Desert, marked the strange composition which now glitters on our sideboards, and holds the costly produce of our vines.

We have spoken of the natural riches of a country. Let the reader think but for one moment of the gastronomic wealth of our country of England, and he will be lost in thankful amazement as he watches the astonishing riches poured out upon us from Nature's bounteous cornucopia! Look at our fisheries!—the trout and salmon tossing in our brawling streams; the white and full breasted turbot struggling in the mariner's net; the purple lobster lured by hopes of greed into his basket-prison, which he quits only for the red ordeal of the pot. Look at white-bait, great Heavens!—look at white-bait, and a thousand frisking, glittering, silvery things beside, which the nymphs of our native streams bear kindly to the deities of our kitchens—our kitchens such as they are.

And though it may be said, that other countries produce the freckle-backed salmon and the dark broad-shouldered turbot; though trout frequent many a stream besides those of England, and lobster sprawl on other sands but ours; yet, let it be remembered, that our native country possesses those altogether, while other lands only know them separately; that, above all, white-bait is peculiarly our country's,—our city's own! Blessings and eternal praises be on it, and, of course, on brown bread and butter! And the Briton should further remember, with honest pride and thankfulness, the situation of his capital, of London: the lordly turtle floats from the sea into the stream, and from the stream to the city; the rapid fleets of all the world *se donnent rendezvous* in the docks of our silvery Thames; the produce of our coasts and provincial cities, east and west, is borne to us on the swift lines of lightning railroads. In a word—and no man but one who, like The Agent, has travelled Europe over, can appreciate the gift—there is no city on earth's surface so well supplied with fish as London!

With respect to our meats, all praise is supererogatory. Ask the wretched hunter of *chevreuil*, the poor devourer of *rehbraten*, what they think of the noble English haunch, that, after bounding in the Park of Knole or Windsor, exposes its magnificent flank upon some broad silver platter at our tables? It is enough to say of foreign venison, that *they are obliged to lard it.* Away! ours is the palm of roast; whether of the crisp mutton that crops the thymy herbage of our downs, or the noble ox who revels on lush Althorpian oil-cakes. What game is like to ours? Mans excels us in poultry, 'tis true; but 'tis only in merry England that the partridge has a flavour, that the turkey can almost *se passer de truffes*, that the jolly juicy goose can be eaten as he deserves.

Our vegetables, moreover, surpass all comment; Art (by the means of glass) has wrung fruit out of the bosom of Nature, such as she grants to no other clime. And if we have no vineyards on our hills, we have gold to purchase their best produce. Nature, and enterprise that masters Nature, have done everything for our land.

But, with all these prodigious riches in our power, is it not painful to reflect how absurdly we employ them? Can we say

that we are in the habit of dining well? Alas, no! and The Agent, roaming o'er foreign lands, and seeing how, with small means and great ingenuity and perseverance, great ends were effected, comes back sadly to his own country, whose wealth he sees absurdly wasted, whose energies are misdirected, and whose vast capabilities are allowed to lie idle. * * * [Here should follow what I have only hinted at previously, a vivid and terrible picture of the degradation of our table.] * * * O, for a master spirit, to give an impetus to the land, to see its great power directed in the right way, and its wealth not squandered or hidden, but nobly put out to interest and spent!

The Agent dares not hope to win that proud station—to be the destroyer of a barbarous system wallowing in abusive prodigality —to become a dietetic reformer—the Luther of the table.

But convinced of the wrongs which exist, he will do his humble endeavour to set them right, and to those who know that they are ignorant (and this is a vast step to knowledge) he offers his counsels, his active co-operation, his frank and kindly sympathy. The Agent's qualifications are these:—

1. He is of one of the best families in England; and has in himself, or through his ancestors, been accustomed to good living for centuries. In the reign of Henry V., his maternal great-great-grandfather, Roger de Gobylton [*the name may be varied, of course, or the king's reign, or the dish invented*], was the first who discovered the method of roasting a peacock whole, with his tail-feathers displayed; and the dish was served to the two kings at Rouen. Sir Walter Cramley, in Elizabeth's reign, produced before her majesty, when at Killingworth Castle, mackerel with the famous *gooseberry sauce*, &c.

2. He has, through life, devoted himself to no other study than that of the table: and has visited to that end the courts of all the monarchs of Europe: taking the receipts of the cooks, with whom he lives on terms of intimate friendship, often at enormous expense to himself.

3. He has the same acquaintance with all the vintages of the Continent; having passed the autumn of 1811 (the comet year) on the great Weinberg of Johannisberg; being employed similarly at Bordeaux, in 1834; at Oporto, in 1820; and at Xeres de la

Frontera, with his excellent friends, Duff, Gordon, and Co., the year after. He travelled to India and back in company with fourteen pipes of Madeira (on board of the Samuel Snob, East Indiaman, Captain Scuttler), and spent the vintage season in the island, with unlimited powers of observation granted to him by the great houses there.

4. He has attended Mr. Groves of Charing Cross, and Mr. Giblett of Bond Street, in a course of purchases of fish and meat; and is able at a glance to recognise the age of mutton, the primeness of beef, the firmness and freshness of fish of all kinds.

5. He has visited the parks, the grouse-manors, and the principal gardens of England, in a similar professional point of view.

The Agent then, through his subordinates, engages to provide gentlemen who are about to give dinner-parties—

1. With cooks to dress the dinners; a list of which gentlemen he has by him, and will recommend none who are not worthy of the strictest confidence.

2. With a *menu* for the table, according to the price which the Amphitryon chooses to incur.

3. He will, through correspondences with the various fournisseurs of the metropolis, provide them with viands, fruit, wine, &c., sending to Paris, if need be, where he has a regular correspondence with Messrs. Chevet.

4. He has a list of dexterous table-waiters (all answering to the name of John for fear of mistakes, the butler's name to be settled according to pleasure), and would strongly recommend that the servants of the house should be locked in the back-kitchen or servants' hall during the time the dinner takes place.

5. He will receive and examine all the accounts of the fournisseurs,—of course pledging his honour as a gentleman not to receive one shilling of paltry gratification from the tradesmen he employs, but to see that the bills are more moderate, and their goods of better quality, than they would provide to any person of less experience than himself.

6. His fee for superintending a dinner will be five guineas: and The Agent entreats his clients to trust *entirely* to him and his subordinates for the arrangement of the repast,—*not to think* of

inserting dishes of their own invention, or producing wine from their own cellars, as he engages to have it brought in the best order, and fit for immediate drinking. Should the Amphitryon, however, desire some particular dish or wine, he must consult The Agent, in the first case by writing, in the second, by sending a sample to The Agent's chambers. For it is manifest that the whole complexion of a dinner may be altered by the insertion of a single dish; and, therefore, parties will do well to mention their wishes on the first interview with The Agent. He cannot be called upon to recompose his bill of fare, except at great risk to the *ensemble* of the dinner and enormous inconvenience to himself.

7. The Agent will be at home for consultation from ten o'clock until two,—earlier, if gentlemen who are engaged at early hours in the City desire to have an interview; and be it remembered that a *personal interview* is always the best: for it is greatly necessary to know not only the number but the character of the guests whom the Amphitryon proposes to entertain,—whether they are fond of any particular wine or dish, what is their state of health, rank, style, profession, &c.

8. At two o'clock, he will commence his rounds; for as the metropolis is wide, it is clear that he must be early in the field in some districts. From 2 to 3, he will be in Russell Square and the neighbourhood; 3 to 3¾, Harley Street, Portland Place, Cavendish Square, and the environs; 3¾ to 4¼, Portman Square, Gloucester Place, Baker Street, &c.; 4¼ to 5, the new district about Hyde Park Terrace; 5 to 5¾ St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. He will be in Grosvenor Square by 6, and in Belgrave Square, Pimlico, and its vicinity, by 7. Parties there are requested not to dine until 8 o'clock; and The Agent, once for all, peremptorily announces that he will NOT go to the palace, where it is utterly impossible to serve a good dinner.

TO TRADESMEN.

Every Monday evening during the season the Gastronomic Agent proposes to give a series of trial-dinners, to which the principal gourmands of the metropolis, and a few of The Agent's

most respectable clients, will be invited. Covers will be laid for *ten* at nine o'clock precisely. And as The Agent does not propose to exact a single shilling of profit from their bills, and as his recommendation will be of infinite value to them, the tradesmen he employs will furnish the weekly dinner gratis. Cooks will attend (who have acknowledged characters) upon the same terms. To save trouble, a book will be kept where butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, &c., may inscribe their names in order, taking it by turns to supply the trial-table. Wine merchants will naturally compete every week promiscuously, sending what they consider their best samples, and leaving with the hall-porter tickets of the prices. Confectionery to be done out of the house. Fruiterers, market-men, as butchers and poulterers. The Agent's *maître d'hôtel* will give a receipt to each individual for the articles he produces; and let all remember that The Agent is a *very keen judge*, and woe betide those who serve him or his clients ill!

GEORGE GORMAND GOBBLETON.

Carlton Gardens, June 10, 1842.

Here I have sketched out the heads of such an address as I conceive a gastronomic agent might put forth; and appeal pretty confidently to the British public regarding its merits and my own discovery. If this be not a profession—a new one—a feasible one—a lucrative one,—I don't know what is. Say that a man attends but fifteen dinners daily, that is seventy-five guineas, or five hundred and fifty pounds weekly, or fourteen thousand three hundred pounds for a season of six months: and how many of our younger sons have such a capital even? Let, then, some unemployed gentleman with the requisite qualifications come forward. It will not be necessary that he should have done all that is stated in the prospectus; but, at any rate, let him *say* he has: there can't be much harm in an innocent fib of that sort; for the gastronomic agent must be a sort of dinner-pope, whose opinions cannot be supposed to err.

And as he really will be an excellent judge of eating and drinking, and will bring his whole mind to bear upon the question, and will speedily acquire an experience which no person out of the profession can possibly have; and as, moreover, he will be an

honourable man, not practising upon his client in any way, or demanding sixpence beyond his just fee, the world will gain vastly by the coming forward of such a person,—gain in good dinners, and absolutely save money; for what is five guineas for a dinner of sixteen! The sum may be *gaspillé* by a cook-wench, or by one of those abominable before-named pastrycooks, with their green trays.

If any man take up the business, he will invite me, of course, to the Monday dinners. Or does ingratitude go so far as that a man should forget the author of his good fortune? I believe it does. Turn we away from the sickening theme!

And now, having concluded my professions, how shall I express my obligations to the discriminating press of this country for the unanimous applause which hailed my first appearance? It is the more wonderful, as I pledge my sacred word, I never wrote a document before much longer than a laundress's bill, or the acceptance of an invitation to dinner. But enough of this egotism; thanks for praise conferred sound like vanity; gratitude is hard to speak of, and at present it swells the full heart of

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

MEN'S WIVES.

MEN'S WIVES.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK BERRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIGHT AT SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

I AM very fond of reading about battles, and have most of Marlborough's and Wellington's at my fingers' end, but the most tremendous combat I ever saw, and one that interests me to think of more than Malplaquet or Waterloo (which, by the way, has grown to be a downright nuisance, so much do men talk of it after dinner, prating most disgustingly about "the Prussians coming up," and what not), I say the most tremendous combat ever known was that between Berry and Biggs, the gown-boy, which commenced in a certain place called Middle Briars, which is situated in the midst of the cloisters that run along the side of the play-ground of Slaughter House School, near Smithfield, London. It was there, madam, that your humble servant had the honour of acquiring, after six years' labour, that immense fund of classical knowledge which in after life has been so exceedingly useful to him.

The circumstances of the quarrel were these:—Biggs, the gown-boy (a man who, in those days, I thought was at least seven feet high, and was quite thunder-struck to find in after life that he measured no more than five feet four), was what we called

"second cock" of the school; the first cock was a great, big, good-humoured, lazy, fair-haired fellow, Old Hawkins by name, who, because he was large and good-humoured, hurt nobody. Biggs, on the contrary, was a sad bully; he had half-a-dozen fags, and beat them all unmercifully. Moreover, he had a little brother, a boarder in Potky's house, whom, as a matter of course, he hated and maltreated worse than any one else.

Well, one day, because young Biggs had not brought his brother his hoops, or had not caught a ball at cricket, or for some other equally good reason, Biggs the elder so belaboured the poor little fellow, that Berry, who was sauntering by, and saw the dreadful blows which the elder brother was dealing to the younger with his hocky-stick, felt a compassion for the little fellow (perhaps he had a jealousy against Biggs, and wanted to try a few rounds with him, but that I can't vouch for); however, Berry passing by, stopped and said, "Don't you think you have thrashed the boy enough, Biggs?" He spoke this in a very civil tone, for he never would have thought of interfering rudely with the sacred privilege that an upper boy at a public school always has of beating a junior, especially when they happen to be brothers.

The reply of Biggs, as might be expected, was to hit young Biggs with the hocky-stick twice as hard as before, until the little wretch howled with pain. "I suppose it's no business of yours, Berry," said Biggs, thumping away all the while, and laid on worse and worse.

Until Berry (and, indeed, little Biggs) could bear it no longer, and the former, bouncing forward, wrenched the stick out of old Biggs' hands, and sent it whirling out of the cloister window, to the great wonder of a crowd of us small boys, who were looking on. Little boys always like to see a little companion of their own soundly beaten.

"There!" said Berry, looking into Biggs' face, as much as to say, "I've gone and done it;" and he added to the brother, "Scud away, you little thief! I've saved you this time."

"Stop, young Biggs!" roared out his brother after a pause; "and I'll break every bone in your infernal, scoundrelly skin!"

Young Biggs looked at Berry, then at his brother, then came at his brother's order, as if back to be beaten again, but lost heart and ran away as fast as his little legs could carry him.

"I'll do for him another time," said Biggs. "Here, under boy, take my coat;" and we all began to gather round and formed a ring.

"We had better wait till after school, Biggs," cried Berry, quite cool, but looking a little pale. "There are only five minutes now, and it will take you more than that to thrash me."

Biggs upon this committed a great error; for he struck Berry slightly across the face with the back of his hand, saying, "You are in a funk." But this was a feeling which Frank Berry did not in the least entertain; for in reply to Biggs' back-hander, and as quick as thought, and with all his might and main—pong! he delivered a blow upon old Biggs' nose that made the claret spurt, and sent the second cock down to the ground as if he had been shot.

He was up again, however, in a minute, his face white and gashed with blood, his eyes glaring, a ghastly spectacle; and Berry, meanwhile, had taken his coat off, and by this time there were gathered in the cloisters, on all the windows, and upon each other's shoulders, one hundred and twenty young gentlemen at the very least, for the news had gone out through the play-ground of "a fight between Berry and Biggs."

But Berry was quite right in his remark about the propriety of deferring the business, for at this minute Mr. Chip, the second master, came down the cloisters going into school, and grinned in his queer way as he saw the state of Biggs' face. "Holloa, Mr. Biggs," said he, "I suppose you have run against a finger-post." That was the regular joke with us at school, and you may be sure we all laughed heartily, as we always did when Mr. Chip made a joke, or any thing like a joke. "You had better go to the pump, sir, and get yourself washed, and not let Dr. Buckle see you in that condition." So saying, Mr. Chip disappeared to his duties in the under school, whither all we little boys followed him.

It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, as every body knows, and boiled beef day at Slaughter House. I was in the same boarding

house with Berry, and we all looked to see whether he ate a good dinner, just as one would examine a man who was going to be hanged. I recollected, in after life, in Germany, seeing a friend who was going to fight a duel, eat five larks for his breakfast, and thought I had seldom witnessed greater courage. Berry ate moderately of the boiled beef—*boiled child* we used to call it at school, in our elegant, jocular way; he knew a great deal better than to load his stomach upon the eve of such a contest as was going to take place.

Dinner was very soon over, and Mr. Chip, who had been all the while joking Berry, and pressing him to eat, called him up into his study, to the great disappointment of us all, for we thought he was going to prevent the fight; but no such thing. The Rev. Edward Chip took Berry into his study, and poured him out two glasses of port wine, which he made him take with a biscuit, and patted him on the back, and went off. I have no doubt he was longing, like all of us, to see the battle, but *étiquette*, you know, forbade.

When we went out into the green, Old Hawkins was there—the great Hawkins, the cock of the school. I have never seen the man since, but still think of him as of something awful, gigantic, mysterious; he who could thrash every body, who could beat all the masters: how we longed for him to put in his hand and lick Buckle! He was a dull boy, not very high in the school, and had all his exercises written for him. Buckle knew this, but respected him, never called him up to read Greek plays; passed over all his blunders, which were many; let him go out of half-holidays into the town as he pleased; how should any man dare to stop him—the great, calm, magnanimous, silent Strength! They say he licked a Life-Guardsman; I wonder whether it was Shaw, who killed all those Frenchmen? no, it could not be Shaw, for he was dead *au champ d'honneur;* but he *would* have licked Shaw if he had been alive. A bargeman I know he licked, at Jack Randall's in Slaughter House Lane. Old Hawkins was too lazy to play at cricket; he sauntered all day in the sunshine about the green, accompanied by little Tippins, who was in the sixth form, laughed and joked at Hawkins eternally, and was the person who wrote all his exercises.

Instead of going into town this afternoon, Hawkins remained at Slaughter House, to see the great fight between the second and third cocks.

The different masters of the school kept boarding-houses (such as Potky's, Chip's, Wicken's, Pinney's and so on), and the play-ground, or "green," as it was called, although the only thing green about the place was the broken glass on the walls that separate Slaughter House from Wilderness Row and Goswell Street—(many a time have I seen Mr. Pickwick look out of his window in that street, though we did not know him then)—the play-ground, or green, was common to all. But if any stray boy from Potky's was found, for instance, in, or entering into, Chip's house, the most dreadful tortures were practised upon him, as I can answer in my own case.

Fancy, then, our astonishment at seeing a little three-foot wretch, of the name of Wills, one of Hawkins's fags (they were both in Potky's), walk undismayed amongst us lions at Chip's house, as the "rich and rare" young lady did in Ireland. We were going to set upon him and devour or otherwise maltreat him, when he cried out in a little, shrill, impertinent voice, "*Tell Berry I want him!*"

We all roared with laughter. Berry was in the sixth form, and Wills or any under boy would as soon have thought of "wanting" him, as I should of wanting the Duke of Wellington.

Little Wills looked round in an imperious kind of way. "Well," says he, stamping his foot, "do you hear? *Tell Berry that* HAWKINS *wants him!*"

As for resisting the law of Hawkins, you might as soon think of resisting immortal Jove. Berry and Tolmash, who was to be his bottle-holder, made their appearance immediately, and walked out into the green where Hawkins was waiting, and, with an irresistible audacity that only belonged to himself, in the face of nature and all the regulations of the place, was smoking a cigar. When Berry and Tolmash found him, the three began slowly pacing up and down in the sunshine, and we little boys watched them.

Hawkins moved his arms and hands every now and then, and was evidently laying down the law about boxing. We saw his

fists darting out every now and then with mysterious swiftness, hitting one, two, quick as thought, as if in the face of an adversary; now his left hand went up, as if guarding his own head, now his immense right fist dreadfully flapped the air, as if punishing his imaginary opponent's miserable ribs. The conversation lasted for some ten minutes, about which time gown-boys' dinner was over, and we saw these youths in their black, horned-button jackets and knee-breeches, issuing from their door in the cloisters. There were no hoops, no cricket-bats, as usual on a half-holiday. Who would have thought of play in expectation of such tremendous sport as was in store for us?

Towering among the gown-boys, of whom he was the head and the tyrant, leaning upon Bushby's arm, and followed at a little distance by many curious, pale, awe-stricken boys, dressed in his black silk stockings, which he always sported, and with a crimson bandanna tied round his waist, came Biggs. His nose was swollen with the blow given before school, but his eyes flashed fire. He was laughing and sneering with Bushby, and evidently intended to make minced meat of Berry.

The betting began pretty freely: the bets were against poor Berry. Five to three were offered—in ginger-beer. I took six to four in raspberry open tarts. The upper boys carried the thing farther still: and I know for a fact, that Swang's book amounted to four pound three (but he hedged a good deal), and Tittery lost seventeen shillings in a single bet to Pitts, who took the odds.

As Biggs and his party arrived, I heard Hawkins say to Berry, "For Heaven's sake, my boy, fib with your right, and *mind his left hand!*"

Middle Briars was voted to be too confined a space for the combat, and it was agreed that it should take place behind the under-school in the shade, whither we all went. Hawkins, with his immense silver hunting watch, kept the time; and water was brought from the pump close to Notley's the pastry-cook's, who did not admire fistycuffs at all on half-holidays, for the fights kept the boys away from his shop. Gutley was the only fellow in the school who remained faithful to him, and he sat on the counter—the great gormandising brute!—eating tarts the whole day.

This famous fight, as every Slaughter House man knows, lasted for two hours and twenty-nine minutes, by Hawkins's immense watch. All this time the air resounded with cries of "Go it, Berry!" "Go it, Biggs!" "Pitch into him!" "Give it him!" and so on. Shall I describe the hundred and two rounds of the combat?—No!—It would occupy too much space, and the taste for such descriptions has passed away.*

1st round. Both the combatants fresh, and in prime order. The weight and inches somewhat on the gown-boy's side. Berry goes gallantly in, and delivers a clinker on the gown-boy's jaw. Biggs makes play with his left. Berry down.

* * * * *

4th round. Claret drawn in profusion from the gown-boy's grog-shop. (He went down, and had his front tooth knocked out, but the blow cut Berry's knuckles a great deal.)

* * * * *

15th round. Chancery. Fibbing. Biggs makes dreadful work with his left. Break away. Rally. Biggs down. Betting still six to four on the gown-boy.

* * * * *

20th round. The men both dreadfully punished. Berry somewhat shy of his adversary's left hand.

* * * * *

29th to 42nd round. The Chipsite all this while breaks away from the gown-boy's left, and goes down on a knee. Six to four on the gown-boy, until the fortieth round, when the bets became equal.

* * * *

102nd and last round. For half-an-hour the men had stood up to each other, but were almost too weary to strike. The gown-boy's face hardly to be recognised, swollen and streaming with blood. The Chipsite in a similar condition, and still more punished about his side from his enemy's left hand. Berry gives a blow at his adversary's face, and falls over him as he falls.

* As it is very probable that many fair readers may not approve of the extremely forcible language in which the combat is depicted, I beg them to skip it and pass on to the next chapter, and to remember that it has been modelled on the style of the very best writers of the sporting papers.

The gown-boy can't come up to time. And thus ended the great fight of Berry and Biggs.

* * * * *

And what, pray, has this horrid description of a battle and a parcel of school-boys to do with *Men's Wives*.

What has it to do with *Men's Wives?*—A great deal more, madam, than you think for. Only read Chapter II., and you shall hear.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMBAT AT VERSAILLES.

I AFTERWARDS came to be Berry's fag, and, though beaten by him daily, he allowed, of course, no one else to lay a hand upon me, and I got no more thrashing than was good for me. Thus an intimacy grew up between us, and after he left Slaughter House and went into the dragoons, the honest fellow did not forget his old friend, but actually made his appearance one day in the play-ground in moustaches and a braided coat, and gave me a gold pencil-case and a couple of sovereigns. I blushed when I took them, but take them I did; and I think the thing I almost best recollect in my life, is the sight of Berry getting behind an immense bay cab-horse, which was held by a correct little groom, and was waiting near the school in Slaughter House Square. He proposed, too, to have me to Long's, where he was lodging for the time; but this invitation was refused on my behalf by Dr. Buckle, who said, and possibly with correctness, that I should get little good by spending my holiday with such a scapegrace.

Once afterwards he came to see me at Christ Church, and we made a show of writing to one another, and didn't, and always had a hearty mutual good-will; and though we did not quite burst into tears on parting, were yet quite happy when occasion threw us together, and so almost lost sight of each other. I heard lately that Berry was married, and am rather ashamed to say, that I was not so curious as even to ask the maiden name of his lady.

Last summer I was at Paris, and had gone over to Versailles

to meet a party, one of which was a young lady to whom I was tenderly * * * * * * . But, never mind. The day was rainy, and the party did not keep its appointment; and after yawning through the interminable palace picture-galleries, and then making an attempt to smoke a cigar in the palace-garden—for which crime I was nearly run through the body by a rascally sentinel—I was driven, perforce, into the great, bleak, lonely *Place* before the palace, with its roads branching off to all the towns in the world, which Louis and Napoleon once intended to conquer, and there enjoyed my favourite pursuit at leisure, and was meditating whether I should go back to Véfour's for dinner, or patronise my friend M. Duboux of the Hôtel des Réservoirs, who gives not only a good dinner, but as dear a one as heart can desire. I was, I say, meditating these things, when a carriage passed by. It was a smart, low calash, with a pair of bay horses and a postilion in a drab jacket, that twinkled with innumerable buttons, and I was too much occupied in admiring the build of the machine, and the extreme tightness of the fellow's inexpressibles, to look at the personages within the carriage, when the gentleman roared out "Fitz!" and the postilion pulled up, and the lady gave a shrill scream, and a little black-muzzled spaniel began barking and yelling with all his might, and a man with moustaches jumped out of the vehicle, and began shaking me by the hand.

"Drive home, John," said the gentleman; "I'll be with you, my love, in an instant—it's an old friend. Fitz, let me present you to Mrs. Berry."

The lady made an exceedingly gentle inclination of her black velvet bonnet, and said, "Pray, my love, remember that it is just dinner-time. However, never mind *me*." And with another slight toss and a nod to the postilion, that individual's white leather breeches began to jump up and down again in the saddle, and the carriage disappeared, leaving me shaking my old friend Berry by the hand.

He had long quitted the army, but still wore his military beard, which gave to his fair, pink face a fierce and lion-like look. He was extraordinarily glad to see me, as only men are glad who live in a small town, or in dull company. There is no destroyer of friendships like London, where a man has no time to think of his

neighbour, and has far too many friends to care for them. He told me in a breath of his marriage, and how happy he was, and straight insisted that I must come home to dinner, and see more of Angelica, who had invited me herself—didn't I hear her?

"Mrs. Berry asked *you*, Frank; but I certainly did not hear her ask *me!*"

"She would not have mentioned the dinner but that she meant me to ask you. I know she did," cried Frank Berry. "And, besides—hang it—I'm master of the house. So come you shall. No ceremony, old boy—one or two friends—snug family party—and we'll talk of old times over a bottle of claret."

There did not seem to me to be the slightest objection to this arrangement, except that my boots were muddy, and my coat of the morning sort. But as it was quite impossible to go to Paris and back again in a quarter of an hour, and as a man may dine with perfect comfort to himself in a frock-coat, it did not occur to me to be particularly squeamish, or to decline an old friend's invitation upon a pretext so trivial.

Accordingly we walked to a small house in the Avenue de Paris, and were admitted first into a small garden ornamented by a grotto, a fountain, and several nymphs in plaster of Paris, then up a mouldy, old, steep stair into a hall, where a statue of Cupid and another of Venus welcomed us with their eternal simper; then through a *salle-à-manger*, where covers were laid for six; and finally to a little saloon, where Fido the dog began to howl furiously according to his wont.

It was one of the old pavilions that had been built for a pleasure-house in the gay days of Versailles, ornamented with abundance of damp Cupids and cracked gilt cornices, and old mirrors let into the walls, and gilded once, but now painted a dingy, French white. The long, low windows looked into the court where the fountain played its ceaseless dribble, surrounded by numerous rank creepers and weedy flowers, but in the midst of which the statues stood with their bases quite moist and green.

I hate fountains and statues in dark, confined places: that cheerless, endless plashing of water is the most inhospitable sound ever heard. The stiff grin of those French statues, or ogling Canova Graces, is by no means more happy, I think, than the

smile of a skeleton, and not so natural. Those little pavilions in which the old *roués* sported, were never meant to be seen by daylight, depend on't. They were lighted up with a hundred wax-candles, and the little fountain yonder was meant only to cool their claret. And so, my first impression of Berry's place of abode was rather a dismal one. However, I heard him in the *salle-à-manger* drawing the corks which when off with a *cloop*, and that consoled me.

As for the furniture of the rooms appertaining to the Berrys, there was a harp in a leather case, and a piano, and a flute-box, and a huge tambour with a Saracen's nose just begun, and likewise on the table a multiplicity of those little gilt books, half sentimental and half religious, which the wants of the age and of our young ladies have produced in such numbers of late. I quarrel with no lady's taste in that way; but heigho! I had rather that Mrs. Fitz-Boodle should read *Humphrey Clinker!*

Besides these works, there was a *Peerage*, of course. What genteel family was ever without one?

I was making for the door to see Frank drawing the corks, and was bounced at by the amiable, little, black-muzzled spaniel, who fastened his teeth in my pantaloons, and received a polite kick in consequence, which sent him howling to the other end of the room, and the animal was just in the act of performing that feat of agility, when the door opened and madame made her appearance. Frank came behind her peering over her shoulder with rather an anxious look.

Mrs. Berry is an exceedingly white and lean person. She has thick eyebrows which meet rather dangerously over her nose, which is Grecian, and a small mouth with no lips—a sort of feeble pucker in the face, as it were. Under her eyebrows are a pair of enormous eyes, which she is in the habit of turning constantly ceiling-wards. Her hair is rather scarce and worn in bandeaux, and she commonly mounts a sprig of laurel, or a dark flower or two, which, with the sham-tour—I believe that is the name of the knob of artificial hair that many ladies sport—gives her a rigid and classical look. She is dressed in black, and has invariably the neatest of silk stockings and shoes; for forsooth her foot is a fine one, and she always sits with it before her, looking at it, stamping

it, and admiring it a great deal. "Fido," she says to her spaniel, "you have almost crushed my poor foot;" or, "Frank," to her husband, "bring me a foot-stool;" or, "I suffer so from cold in the feet," and so forth; but be the conversation what it will, she is always sure to put *her foot* into it.

She invariably wears on her neck the miniature of her late father, Sir George Catacomb, apothecary to George III.; and she thinks those two men the greatest the world ever saw. She was born in Baker Street, Portman Square, and that is saying almost enough of her. She is as long, as genteel, and as dreary, as that deadly-lively place, and sports, by way of ornament, her papa's hatchment, as it were, as every tenth Baker Street house has taught her.

What induced such a jolly fellow as Frank Berry to marry Miss Angelica Catacomb no one can tell. He met her, he says, at a ball at Hampton Court, where his regiment was quartered, and where, to this day, lives "her aunt Lady Pash." She alludes perpetually in conversation to that celebrated lady; and if you look in the *Baronetage* to the pedigree of the Pash family, you may see manuscript notes by Mrs. Frank Berry, relative to them and herself. Thus, when you see in print that Sir John Pash married Angelica, daughter of Graves Catacomb, Esq., in a neat hand you find written, *and sister of the late Sir George Catacomb, of Baker Street, Portman Square;* "A. B." follows of course. It is a wonder how fond ladies are of writing in books and signing their charming initials! Mrs. Berry's before-mentioned little gilt books are scored with pencil-marks, or occasionally at the margin with a !—note of interjection, or the words "*too true, A. B.*" and so on. Much may be learned with regard to lovely woman by a look at the book she reads in; and I had gained no inconsiderable knowledge of Mrs. Berry by the ten minutes spent in the drawing-room, while she was at her toilet in the adjoining bed-chamber.

"You have often heard me talk of George Fitz," says Berry, with an appealing look to madame.

"Very often," answered his lady, in a tone which clearly meant "a great deal too much." "Pray, sir," continued she, looking at my boots with all her might, "are we to have your company at dinner?"

"Of course you are, my dear; what else do you think he came for? You would not have the man go back to Paris to get his evening coat, would you?"

"At least, my love, I hope you will go and put on *yours*, and change those muddy boots. Lady Pash will be here in five minutes, and you know Dobus is as punctual as clock-work." Then turning to me with a sort of apology that was as consoling as a box on the ear, "We have some friends at dinner, sir, who are rather particular persons; but I am sure when they hear that you only came on a sudden invitation, they will excuse your morning dress.—Bah, what a smell of smoke!"

With this speech madame placed herself majestically on a sofa, put out her foot, called Fido, and relapsed into an icy silence. Frank had long since evacuated the premises, with a rueful look at his wife, but never daring to cast a glance at me. I saw the whole business at once; here was this lion of a fellow tamed down by a she Van Amburgh, and fetching and carrying at her orders a great deal more obediently than her little, yowling, black-muzzled darling of a Fido.

I am not, however, to be tamed so easily, and was determined in this instance not to be in the least disconcerted, or to show the smallest sign of ill-humour: so to *renouer* the conversation, I began about Lady Pash.

"I heard you mention the name of Pash, I think," said I; "I know a lady of that name, and a very ugly one it is too."

"It is most probably not the same person," answered Mrs. Berry, with a look which intimated that a fellow like me could never have had the honour to know so exalted a person.

"I mean old Lady Pash of Hampton Court. Fat woman—fair, ain't she—and wears an amethyst in her forehead, has one eye, a blond wig, and dresses in light green?"

"Lady Pash, sir, is MY AUNT," answered Mrs. Berry (not altogether displeased, although she expected money from the old lady; but you know we love to hear our friends abused when it can be safely done).

"Oh, indeed! she was a daughter of old Catacomb's of Windsor, I remember, the undertaker. They called her husband Callipash, and her ladyship Pishpash. So you see, madam, that I know the whole family!"

"Mr. Fitz-Simons!" exclaimed Mrs. Berry, rising, "I am not accustomed to hear nick-names applied to myself and my family; and must beg you, when you honour us with your company, to spare our feelings as much as possible. Mr. Catacomb had the confidence of his SOVEREIGN, sir, and Sir John Pash was of Charles II.'s creation. The one was my uncle, sir, the other my grandfather!"

"My dear madam, I am extremely sorry, and most sincerely apologise for my inadvertence. But you owe me an apology too; my name is not Fitz-Simons but Fitz-Boodle."

"What! of Boodle Hall—my husband's old friend; of Charles I.'s creation? My dear sir, I beg you a thousand pardons, and am delighted to welcome a person of whom I have heard Frank say so much. Frank (to Berry, who soon entered in very glossy boots and a white waistcoat), do you know, darling, I mistook Mr. Fitz-Boodle for Mr. Fitz-Simons—that horrid, Irish, horse-dealing person; and I never, never, never can pardon myself for being so rude to him."

The big eyes here assumed an expression that was intended to kill me outright with kindness—from being calm, still, reserved, Angelica suddenly became gay, smiling, confidential, and *folâtre*. She told me she had heard I was a sad creature, and that she intended to reform me, and that I must come and see Frank a great deal.

Now, although Mr. Fitz-Simons, for whom I was mistaken, is as low a fellow as ever came out of Dublin, and having been a captain in somebody's army, is now a black-leg and horse-dealer by profession; yet if I had brought him home to Mrs. Fitz-Boodle to dinner, I should have liked far better that that imaginary lady should have received him with decent civility, and not insulted the stranger within her husband's gates. And, although it was delightful to be received so cordially when the mistake was discovered, yet I found that *all* Berry's old acquaintances were by no means so warmly welcomed; for another old school-chum presently made his appearance, who was treated in a very different manner.

This was no other than poor Jack Butts, who is a sort of small artist and picture-dealer by profession, and was a day-boy at

Slaughter House when we were there, and very serviceable in bringing in sausages, pots of pickles, and other articles of merchandise, which we could not otherwise procure. The poor fellow has been employed, seemingly, in the same office of fetcher and carrier ever since; and occupied that post for Mrs. Berry. It was, "Mr. Butts, have you finished that drawing for Lady Pash's album?" and Butts produced it; and, "Did you match the silk for me at Delille's?" and there was the silk, bought, no doubt, with the poor fellow's last five francs; and, "Did you go to the furniture man in the Rue St. Jacques; and bring the canary-seed, and call about my shawl at that odious, dawdling Madame Fichet's; and have you brought the guitar-strings?"

Butts hadn't brought the guitar-strings; and thereupon Mrs. Berry's countenance assumed the same terrible expression which I had formerly remarked in it, and which made me tremble for Berry.

"My dear Angelica, though," said he with some spirit, "Jack Butts isn't a baggage-waggon, nor a Jack-of-all-trades, you make him paint pictures for your women's albums, and look after your upholsterer, and your canary-bird, and your milliners, and turn rusty because he forgets your last message."

"I did not turn *rusty*, Frank, as you call it elegantly. I'm very much obliged to Mr. Butts for performing my commissions —very much obliged. And as for not paying for the pictures to which you so kindly allude, Frank, *I* should never have thought of offering payment for so paltry a service; but I'm sure I shall be happy to pay if Mr. Butts will send me in his bill."

"By Jove, Angelica, this is too much!" bounced out Berry; but the little matrimonial squabble was abruptly ended, by Berry's French man flinging open the door and announcing Miladi Pash and Doctor Dobus, which two personages made their appearance.

The person of old Pash has been already parenthetically described. But quite different from her dismal niece in temperament, she is as jolly an old widow as ever wore weeds. She was attached somehow to the court, and has a multiplicity of stories about the princesses and the old king, to which Mrs. Berry never fails to call your attention in her grave, important

way. Lady Pash has ridden many a time to the Windsor hounds: she made her husband become a member of the four-in-hand club, and has numberless stories about Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir John Lade, and the old heroes of those times. She has lent a rouleau to Dick Sheridan, and remembers Lord Byron when he was a sulky, slim, young lad. She says Charles Fox was the pleasantest fellow she ever met with, and has not the slightest objection to inform you that one of the princesses was very much in love with her. Yet somehow she is only fifty-two years old, and I have never been able to understand her calculation. One day or other before her eye went out, and before those pearly teeth of hers were stuck to her gums by gold, she must have been a pretty-looking body enough. Yet in spite of the latter inconvenience, she eats and drinks too much every day, and tosses off a glass of maraschino with a trembling, pudgy hand, every finger of which twinkles with a dozen at least, of old rings. She has a story about every one of those rings, and a stupid one too. But there is always something pleasant, I think, in stupid family stories: they are good-hearted people who tell them.

As for Mrs. Muchit, nothing need be said of her: she is Pash's companion, she has lived with Lady Pash since the peace. Nor does my lady take any more notice of her than of the dust of the earth. She calls her "poor Muchit," and considers her a half-witted creature. Mrs. Berry hates her cordially, and thinks she is a designing toad-eater, who has formed a conspiracy to rob her of her aunt's fortune. She never spoke a word to poor Muchit during the whole of dinner, or offered to help her to any thing on the table.

In respect to Dobus, he is an old Peninsular man, as you are made to know before you have been very long in his company; and, like most army surgeons, is a great deal more military in his looks and conversation, than the combatant part of the forces. He has adopted the sham-Duke-of-Wellington air, which is by no means uncommon in veterans; and though one of the easiest and softest fellows in existence, speaks slowly and briefly, and raps out an oath or two occasionally, as it is said a certain great captain does. Besides the above, we sat down to table with Captain Goff, late of the —— Highlanders; the Rev. Lemuel

Whey, who preaches at St. Germains; little Cutler, and the Frenchman, who always *will* be at English parties on the Continent, and who, after making some frightful efforts to speak English, subsides and is heard of no more. Young married ladies and heads of families generally have him for the purpose of waltzing, and in return he informs his friends of the club or the *café* that he has made the conquest of a *charmante Anglaise*. Listen to me, all family men who read this! and never *let an unmarried Frenchman into your doors*. This lecture alone is worth the price of the whole paper. It is not that they do any harm in one case out of a thousand, Heaven forbid! but they mean harm. They look on our Susannahs with unholy, dishonest eyes. Hearken to two of the grinning rogues chattering together as they clink over the asphalte of the Boulevard with lacquered boots, and plastered hair, and waxed moustaches, and turned-down shirt-collars, and stays and goggling eyes, and hear how they talk of a good, simple, giddy, vain, dull, Baker Street creature, and canvass her points, and show her letters, and insinuate—never mind, but I tell you my soul grows angry when I think of the same; and I can't hear of an Englishwoman marrying a Frenchman, without feeling a sort of shame and pity for her.*

To return to the guests. The Rev. Lemuel Whey is a tea-party man, with a curl on his forehead and a scented pocket-handkerchief. He ties his white neckcloth to a wonder, and I believe sleeps in it. He brings his flute with him; and prefers Handel, of course; but has one or two pet profane songs of the sentimental kind, and will occasionally lift up his little pipe in a glee. He does not dance, but the honest fellow would give the world to do it; and he leaves his clogs in the passage, though it is a wonder he wears them, for in the muddiest weather he never has a speck on his foot. He was at St. John's College, Cambridge,

* Every person who has lived abroad, can, of course, point out a score of honourable exceptions to the case above hinted at, and knows many such unions in which it is the Frenchman who honours the English lady by marrying her. But it must be remembered that marrying in France means commonly *fortune-hunting:* and as for the respect in which marriage is held in France, let all the French novels in M. Rolandi's library be perused by those who wish to come to a decision upon the question.

and was rather gay for a term or two, he says. He is, in a word, full of the milk-and-water of human kindness, and his family lives near Hackney.

As for Goff, he has a huge, shining, bald forehead, and immense, bristling, Indian-red whiskers. He wears white wash-leather gloves, drinks fairly, likes a rubber, and has a story for after dinner, beginning, "Doctor, ye racklackt Sandy M'Lellan, who joined us in the West Indies. Wal, sir," &c. These and little Cutler made up the party.

Now it may not have struck all readers, but any sharp fellow conversant with writing must have found out long ago, that if there had been something exceedingly interesting to narrate with regard to this dinner at Frank Berry's, I should have come out with it a couple of pages since, nor have kept the public looking for so long a time at the dish-covers and ornaments of the table.

But the simple fact must now be told, that there was nothing of the slightest importance occurred at this repast, except that it gave me an opportunity of studying Mrs. Berry in many different ways; and, in spite of the extreme complaisance which she now showed me, of forming, I am sorry to say, a most unfavourable opinion of that fair lady. Truth to tell, I would much rather she should have been civil to Mrs. Muchit, than outrageously complimentary to your humble servant; and, as she professed not to know what on earth there was for dinner, would it not have been much more natural for her not to frown, and bob, and wink, and point, and pinch her lips as often as Monsieur Anatole, her French domestic, not knowing the ways of English dinner-tables, placed any thing out of its due order? The allusions to Boodle Hall were innumerable, and I don't know any greater bore than to be obliged to talk of a place which belongs to one's elder brother. Many questions were likewise asked about the dowager and her Scotch relatives, the Plumduffs, about whom Lady Pash knew a great deal, having seen them at court and at Lord Melville's. Of course she had seen them at court and at Lord Melville's, as she might have seen thousands of Scotchmen besides; but what mattered it to me, who care not a jot for old Lady Fitz-Boodle? "When you write, you'll say you met an old friend of her ladyship's," says Mrs. Berry, and I faithfully promised I would when

I wrote; but if the New Post-Office paid us for writing letters (as very possibly it will soon), I could not be bribed to send a line to old Lady Fitz.

In a word I found that Berry, like many simple fellows before him, had made choice of an imperious, ill-humoured, and underbred female for a wife, and could see with half an eye that he was a great deal too much her slave.

The struggle was not over yet, however. Witness that little encounter before dinner; and once or twice the honest fellow replied rather smartly during the repast, taking especial care to atone as much as possible for his wife's inattention to Jack and Mrs. Muchit, by particular attention to those personages, whom he helped to everything round about and pressed perpetually to champagne; he drank but little himself, for his amiable wife's eye was constantly fixed on him.

Just at the conclusion of the dessert, madame, who had *boudéd* Berry during dinner-time, became particularly gracious to her lord and master, and tenderly asked me if I did not think the French custom was a good one, of men leaving table with the ladies.

"Upon my word, ma'am," says I, "I think it's a most abominable practice."

"And so do I," says Cutler.

"A most abominable practice! Do you hear *that?*" cries Berry, laughing, and filling his glass.

"I'm sure, Frank, when we are alone you always come to the drawing-room," replies the lady, sharply.

"Oh, yes! when we're alone, darling," says Berry, blushing; "but now we're *not* alone—ha, ha! Anatole, du Bordeaux!"

"I'm sure they sat after the ladies at Carlton House; didn't they, Lady Pash?" says Dobus, who likes his glass.

"*That* they did!" says my lady, giving him a jolly nod.

"I racklackt," exclaims Captain Goff, "when I was in the Mauritius, that Mestress MacWhirter, who commanded the Sarty-Sackond, used to say, 'Mac, if ye want to get lively, ye'll not stop for more than two hours after the leddies have laft ye: if ye want to get drunk, ye'll just dine at the mass.' So ye see, Mestress Barry, what was Mac's allowance—haw, haw! Mester Whey, I'll trouble ye for the o-lives."

But although we were in a clear majority, that indomitable woman, Mrs. Berry, determined to make us all as uneasy as possible, and would take the votes all round. Poor Jack, of course, sided with her, and Whey said he loved a cup of tea and a little music better than all the wine of Bordeaux. As for the Frenchman, when Mrs. Berry said, "And what do you think, M. le Vicomte?"

"Vat you speak?" said M. de Blagueval, breaking silence for the first time during two hours; "yase—eh? to me you speak?"

"*Apry deeny, aimy voo ally avec les dam?*"

"*Comment avec les dames?*"

"*Ally avec les dam com a Parry, ou resty avec les Messew com on Onglyterre?*"

"*Ah, madame! vous me le démandez?*" cries the little wretch starting up in a theatrical way; and putting out his hand which Mrs. Berry took, and with this the ladies left the room. Old Lady Pash trotted after her niece with her hand in Whey's, very much wondering at such practices, which were not in the least in vogue in the reign of George III.

Mrs. Berry cast a glance of triumph at her husband, at the defection; and Berry was evidently annoyed that three-eighths of his male forces had left him.

But fancy our delight and astonishment, when in a minute they all three came back again; the Frenchman looking entirely astonished, and the parson and the painter both very queer. The fact is, old downright Lady Pash, who had never been in Paris in her life before, and had no notion of being deprived of her usual hour's respite and nap, said at once to Mrs. Berry, "My dear Angelica, you're surely not going to keep these three men here? Send them back to the dining-room, for I've a thousand things to say to you." And Angelica, who expects to inherit her aunt's property, of course did as she was bid; on which the old lady fell into an easy chair, and fell asleep immediately,—so soon, that is, as the shout caused by the reappearance of the three gentlemen in the dining-room had subsided.

I had meanwhile had some private conversation with little Cutler regarding the character of Mrs. Berry. "She's a regular screw," whispered he; "a regular tartar. Berry shows fight,

though, sometimes, and I've known him have his own way for a week together. After dinner he is his own master, and hers when he has had his share of wine; and that's why she will never allow him to drink any."

Was it a wicked or was it a noble and honourable thought which came to us both at the same minute, to rescue Berry from his captivity? The ladies, of course, will give their verdict according to their gentle natures; but I know what men of courage will think, and by their jovial judgment will abide.

We received, then, the three lost sheep back into our innocent fold again with the most joyous shouting and cheering. We made Berry (who was, in truth, nothing loth) order up I don't know how much more claret. We obliged the Frenchman to drink *malgré lui;* and in the course of a short time we had poor Whey in such a state of excitement, that he actually volunteered to sing a song, which he said he had heard at some very gay supper party at Cambridge, and which begins:—

"A pye sat on a pear-tree,
A pye sat on a pear-tree,
A pye sat on a pear-tree,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!"

Fancy Mrs. Berry's face as she looked in, in the midst of that Bacchanalian ditty, when she saw no less a person than the Rev. Lemuel Whey carolling it.

"Is it you, my dear?" cries Berry, as brave now as any Petruchio. "Come in, and sit down, and hear Whey's song."

"Lady Pash is asleep, Frank," said she.

"Well, darling! that's the very reason. Give Mrs. Berry a glass, Jack, will you?"

"Would you wake your aunt, sir?" hissed out madam.

"*Never mind me, love! I'm awake, and like it!*" cried the venerable Lady Pash from the *salon.* "Sing away, gentlemen!"

At which we all set up an audacious cheer; and Mrs. Berry flounced back to the drawing-room, but did not leave the door open, that her aunt might hear our melodies.

Berry had by this time arrived at that confidential state to which a third bottle always brings the well-regulated mind; and he made a clean confession to Cutler and myself of his numerous

matrimonial annoyances. He was not allowed to dine out, he said, and but seldom to ask his friends to meet him at home. He never dared smoke a cigar for the life of him, not even in the stables. He spent the mornings dawdling in eternal shops, the evenings at endless tea-parties, or in reading poems or missionary tracts to his wife. He was compelled to take physic whenever she thought he looked a little pale, to change his shoes and stockings whenever he came in from a walk. "Look here," said he, opening his chest, and shaking his fist at Dobus; "look what Angelica and that infernal Dobus have brought me to."

I thought it might be a flannel waistcoat into which madam had forced him: but it was worse: I give you my word of honour it was a *pitch-plaster!*

We all roared at this, and the doctor as loud as any one; but he vowed that he had no hand in the pitch-plaster. It was a favourite family remedy of the late apothecary, Sir George Catacomb, and had been put on by Mrs. Berry's own fair hands.

When Anatole came in with coffee, Berry was in such high courage, that he told him to go to the deuce with it; and we never caught sight of Lady Pash more, except, when muffled up to the nose, she passed through the *salle-à-manger* to go to her carriage, in which Dobus and the parson were likewise to be transported to Paris. "Be a man, Frank," says she, "and hold your own," for the good old lady had taken her nephew's part in the matrimonial business; "and you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, come and see him often. You're a good fellow, take old one-eyed Calipash's word for it. Shall I take you to Paris?"

Dear, kind Angelica, she had told her aunt all I said!

"Don't go, George," says Berry, squeezing me by the hand. So I said I was going to sleep at Versailles that night; but if she would give a convoy to Jack Butts, it would be conferring a great obligation on him; with which favour the old lady accordingly complied, saying to him, with great coolness, "Get up, and sit with John in the rumble, Mr. What-dye-call-'em." The fact is, the good old soul despises an artist as much as she does a tailor.

Jack tripped to his place very meekly; and "Remember Saturday," cried the doctor; and, "Don't forget Thursday," exclaimed the divine,—"a bachelors' party, you know." And so

the cavalcade drove thundering down the gloomy old Avenue de Paris.

The Frenchman, I forgot to say, had gone away exceedingly ill long before; and the reminiscences of "Thursday" and "Saturday" evoked by Dobus and Whey, were, to tell the truth, parts of our conspiracy: for in the heat of Berry's courage, we had made him promise to dine with us all round *en garçon*, with all except Captain Goff, who "racklacted" that he was engaged every day for the next three weeks, as indeed he is, to a thirty-sous ordinary which the gallant officer frequents, when not invited elsewhere.

Cutler and I then were the last on the field; and though we were for moving away, Berry, whose vigour had, if possible, been excited by the bustle and colloquy in the night air, insisted upon dragging us back again, and actually proposed a grill for supper!

We found in the *salle-à-manger* a strong smell of an extinguished lamp, and Mrs. Berry was snuffing out the candles on the side-board.

"Hullo, my dear!" shouts Berry: "easily, if you please! we've not done yet!"

"Not done yet, Mr. Berry!" groans the lady, in a hollow, sepulchral tone.

"No, Mrs. B., not done yet. We are going to have some supper, ain't we, George?"

"I think it's quite time to go home," said Mr. Fitz-Boodle (who, to say the truth, began to tremble himself).

"I think it is, sir; you are quite right, sir; you will pardon me, gentlemen, I have a bad headache, and will retire."

"Good night, my dear!" said that audacious Berry. "Anatole, tell the cook to broil a fowl, and bring some wine."

If the loving couple had been alone, or if Cutler had not been an attaché to the embassy, before whom she was afraid of making herself ridiculous, I am confident that Mrs. Berry would have fainted away on the spot; and that all Berry's courage would have tumbled down lifeless by the side of her. So she only gave a martyrised look, and left the room; and while we partook of the very unnecessary repast, was good enough to sing some hymn tunes to an exceedingly slow movement in the next room,

intimating that she was awake, and that, though suffering, she found her consolations in religion.

These melodies did not in the least add to our friend's courage. The devilled fowl had, somehow, no devil in it. The champagne in the glasses looked exceedingly flat and blue. The fact is, that Cutler and I were now both in a state of dire consternation, and soon made a move for our hats, and lighting each a cigar in the hall, made across the little green where the Cupids and nymphs were listening to the dribbling fountain in the dark.

"I'm hanged if I don't have a cigar too!" says Berry, rushing after us; and accordingly putting in his pocket a key about the size of a shovel, which hung by the little handle of the outer grille, forth he sallied, and joined us in our fumigation.

He stayed with us a couple of hours, and returned homewards in perfect good spirits, having given me his word of honour he would dine with us the next day. He put in his immense key into the grille, and unlocked it; but the gate would not open: *it was bolted within.*

He began to make a furious jangling and ringing at the bell; and in oaths, both French and English, called upon the recalcitrant Anatole.

After much tolling of the bell, a light came cutting across the crevices of the inner door; it was thrown open, and a figure appeared with a lamp,—a tall, slim figure of a woman, clothed in white from head to foot.

It was Mrs. Berry, and when Cutler and I saw her, we both ran as fast as our legs could carry us.

Berry, at this, shrieked with a wild laughter. "Remember to-morrow, old boys," shouted he,—"six o'clock;" and we were a quarter of a mile off when the gate closed, and the little mansion of the Avenue de Paris was once more quiet and dark.

The next afternoon, as we were playing at billiards, Cutler saw Mrs. Berry drive by in her carriage; and as soon as rather a long rubber was over, I thought I would go and look for our poor friend, and so went down to the Pavillon. Every door was open, as the wont is in France, and I walked in unannounced, and saw this.

He was playing a duet with her on the flute. She had been out but for half an hour, after not speaking all the morning; and having seen Cutler at the billiard-room window, and suspecting we might take advantage of her absence, she had suddenly returned home again, and had flung herself, weeping, into her Frank's arms, and said she could not bear to leave him in anger. And so, after sitting for a little while sobbing on his knee, she had forgotten and forgiven every thing!

The dear angel! I met poor Frank in Bond Street only yesterday; but he crossed over to the other side of the way. He had on galoshes, and is grown very fat and pale. He has shaved off his moustachios, and instead, wears a respirator. He has taken his name off all his clubs, and lives very grimly in Baker Street. Well, ladies, no doubt you say he is right; and what are the odds, so long as *you* are happy?

DENNIS HAGGARTY'S WIFE.

THERE was an odious Irishwoman and her daughter who used to frequent the Royal Hotel at Leamington some years ago, and who went by the name of Mrs. Major Gam. Gam had been a distinguished officer in His Majesty's service, whom nothing but death and his own amiable wife could overcome. The widow mourned her husband in the most becoming bombazeen she could muster, and had at least half an inch of lamp black round the immense visiting tickets which she left at the houses of the nobility and gentry her friends.

Some of us, I am sorry to say, used to call her Mrs. Major Gammon; for if the worthy widow had a propensity, it was to talk largely of herself and family (of her own family, for she held her husband's very cheap), and of the wonders of her paternal mansion, Molloyville, County of Mayo. She was of the Molloys of that county; and though I never heard of the family before, I have little doubt, from what Mrs. Major Gam stated, that they were the most ancient and illustrious family of that part of Ireland. I

remember there came down to see his aunt a young fellow with huge red whiskers and tight nankeens, a green coat and an awful breastpin, who, after two days' stay at the Spa, proposed marriage to Miss S——, or, in default, a duel with her father; and who drove a flash curricle with a bay and a grey, and who was presented with much pride by Mrs. Gam as Castlereagh Molloy of Molloyville. We all agreed that he was the most insufferable snob of the whole season, and were delighted when a bailiff came down in search of him.

Well, this is all I know personally of the Molloyville family; but at the house if you met the Widow Gam, and talked on any subject in life, you were sure to hear of it. If you asked her to have peas at dinner, she would say "Oh, sir, after the peas at Molloyville, I really don't care for any others,—do I, dearest Jemima? We always had a dish in the month of June, when my father gave his head gardener a guinea (we had three at Molloyville), and sent him with his compliments and a quart of peas to our neighbour dear Lord Marrowfat. What a sweet place Marrowfat Park is! isn't it, Jemima?" If a carriage passed by the window, Mrs. Major Gammon would be sure to tell you that there were three carriages at Molloyville, "the barouche, the chawiot, and the covered cyar." In the same manner she would favour you with the number and names of the footmen of the establishment; and on a visit to Warwick Castle (for this bustling woman made one in every party of pleasure that was formed from the hotel), she gave us to understand that the great walk by the river was altogether inferior to the principal avenue of Molloyville Park. I should not have been able to tell so much about Mrs. Gam and her daughter, but that, between ourselves, I was particularly sweet upon a young lady at the time, whose papa lived at the Royal, and was under the care of Dr. Jephson.

The Jemima appealed to by Mrs. Gam in the above sentence was, of course, her daughter, apostrophised by her mother, "Jemima, my soul's darling!" or, "Jemima, my blessed child!" or, "Jemima, my own love!" The sacrifices that Mrs. Gam had made for that daughter were, she said, astonishing. The money she had spent in masters upon her, the illnesses through which she had nursed her, the ineffable love the mother bore her, were only known

to Heaven, Mrs. Gam said. They used to come into the room with their arms round each other's waists: at dinner between the courses the mother would sit with one hand locked in her daughter's; and if only two or three young men were present at the time, would be pretty sure to kiss her Jemima more than once during the time whilst the bohea was poured out.

As for Miss Gam, if she was not handsome, candour forbids me to say she was ugly. She was neither one nor t'other. She was a person who wore ringlets and a band round her forehead; she knew four songs, which became rather tedious at the end of a couple of months' acquaintance; she had excessively bare shoulders; she inclined to wear numbers of cheap ornaments, rings, brooches, *ferronières*, smelling-bottles, and was always, we thought, very smartly dressed, though old Mrs. Lynx hinted that her gowns and her mother's were turned over and over again, and that her eyes were almost put out by darning stockings.

These eyes Miss Gam had very large, though rather red and weak, and used to roll them about at every eligible unmarried man in the place. But though the widow subscribed to all the balls, though she hired a fly to go to the meet of the hounds, though she was constant at church, and Jemima sang louder than any person there except the clerk, and though, probably, any person who made her a happy husband would be invited down to enjoy the three footmen, gardeners, and carriages at Molloyville, yet no English gentleman was found sufficiently audacious to propose. Old Lynx used to say that the pair had been at Tunbridge, Harrowgate, Brighton, Ramsgate, Cheltenham, for this eight years past, where they had met, it seemed, with no better fortune. Indeed, the widow looked rather high for her blessed child; and as she looked with the contempt which no small number of Irish people feel upon all persons who get their bread by labour or commerce; and as she was a person whose energetic manners, costume, and brogue, were not much to the taste of quiet English country gentlemen, Jemima,—sweet, spotless flower,—still remained on her hands, a thought withered, perhaps, and seedy.

Now, at this time, the 120th regiment was quartered at Weedon Barracks, and with the corps was a certain Assistant-Surgeon Haggarty, a large, lean, tough, raw-boned man, with big hands,

knock-knees, and carroty whiskers, and, withal, as honest a creature as ever handled a lancet. Haggarty, as his name imports, was of the very same nation as Mrs. Gam, and, what is more, the honest fellow had some of the peculiarities which belonged to the widow, and bragged about his family almost as much as she did. I do not know of what particular part of Ireland they were kings, but monarchs they must have been, as have been the ancestors of so many thousand Hibernian families; but they had been men of no small consideration in Dublin, "Where my father," Haggarty said, "is as well known as King William's statue, and where he 'rowls his carriage, too,' let me tell ye."

Hence Haggarty was called by the wags "Rowl the carriage," and several of them made inquiries of Mrs. Gam regarding him: "Mrs. Gam, when you used to go up from Molloyville to the Lord Lieutenant's balls, and had your town-house in Fitzwilliam Square, used you to meet the famous Doctor Haggarty in society?"

"Is it Surgeon Haggarty of Gloucester Street, ye mean? The black Papist! D'ye suppose that the Molloys would sit down to table with a creature of that sort?"

"Why, isn't he the most famous physician in Dublin, and doesn't he rowl his carriage there?"

"The horrid wretch! He keeps a shop, I tell ye, and sends his sons out with the medicine. He's got four of them off into the army, Ulick and Phil, and Terence and Denny, and now it's Charles that takes out the physic. But how should I know about these odious creatures? Their mother was a Burke of Burke's Town, County Cavan, and brought Surgeon Haggarty two thousand pounds. She was a Protestant; and I am surprised how she could have taken up with a horrid, odious, Popish apothecary!"

From the extent of the widow's information, I am led to suppose that the inhabitants of Dublin are not less anxious about their neighbours than are the natives of English cities; and I think it is very probable that Mrs. Gam's account of the young Haggartys who carried out the medicine is perfectly correct, for a lad in the 120th made a caricature of Haggarty coming out of a chemist's shop with an oil-cloth basket under his arm, which set

the worthy surgeon in such a fury that there would have been a duel between him and the ensign, could the fiery doctor have had his way.

Now, Dionysius Haggarty was of an exceedingly inflammable temperament, and it chanced that of all the invalids, the visitors, the young squires of Warwickshire, the young manufacturers from Birmingham, the young officers from the barracks, it chanced unluckily for Miss Gam and himself, that he was the only individual who was in the least smitten by her personal charms. He was very tender and modest about his love, however, for it must be owned that he respected Mrs. Gam hugely, and fully admitted, like a good simple fellow as he was, the superiority of that lady's birth and breeding to his own. How could he hope that he, a humble assistant-surgeon, with a thousand pounds his aunt Kitty left him for all his fortune,—how could he hope that one of the race of Molloyville would ever condescend to marry him?

Inflamed, however, by love, and inspired by wine, one day at a picnic at Kenilworth, Haggarty, whose love and raptures were the talk of the whole regiment, was induced by his waggish comrades to make a proposal in form.

"Are you aware, Mr. Haggarty, that you are speaking to a Molloy?" was all the reply majestic Mrs. Gam made when, according to the usual formula, the fluttering Jemima referred her suitor to "mamma." She left him with a look which was meant to crush the poor fellow to earth, she gathered up her cloak and bonnet, and precipitately called for her fly. She took care to tell every single soul in Leamington that the son of the odious Papist apothecary had had the audacity to propose for her daughter (indeed a proposal, coming from whatever quarter it may, does no harm), and left Haggarty in a state of extreme depression and despair.

His downheartedness, indeed, surprised most of his acquaintances in and out of the regiment, for the young lady was no beauty and a doubtful fortune, and Dennis was a man outwardly of an unromantic turn, who seemed to have a great deal more liking for beef-steak and whiskey-punch than for women, however fascinating.

But there is no doubt this shy, uncouth, rough fellow had a

warmer and more faithful heart hid within him than many a dandy who is as handsome as Apollo. I, for my part, never can understand why a man falls in love, and heartily give him credit for so doing, never mind with what or whom. *That* I take to be a point quite as much beyond an individual's own control as the catching of the small-pox or the colour of his hair. To the surprise of all, Assistant-surgeon Dionysius Haggarty was deeply and seriously in love; and I am told that one day he very nearly killed the before-mentioned young ensign with a carving-knife, for venturing to make a second caricature, representing Lady Gammon and Jemima in a fantastical park, surrounded by three gardeners, three carriages, three footmen, and the covered cyar. He would have no joking concerning them. He became moody and quarrelsome of habit. He was for some time much more in the surgery and hospital than in the mess. He gave up the eating, for the most part, of those vast quantities of beef and pudding, for which his stomach had used to afford such ample and swift accommodation; and when the cloth was drawn, instead of taking twelve tumblers, and singing Irish melodies, as he used to do, in a horrible cracked yelling voice, he would retire to his own apartment or gloomily pace the barrack-yard, or madly whip and spur a grey mare he had on the road to Leamington where his Jemima (although invisible for him) still dwelt.

The season at Leamington coming to a conclusion by the withdrawal of the young fellows who frequented that watering-place, the Widow Gam retired to her usual quarters for the other months of the year. Where these quarters were, I think we have no right to ask, for I believe she had quarrelled with her brother at Molloyville, and besides, was a great deal too proud to be a burden on any body.

Not only did the widow quit Leamington, but very soon afterwards the 120th received its marching orders, and left Weedon and Warwickshire. Haggarty's appetite was by this time partially restored, but his love was not altered and his humour was still morose and gloomy. I am informed that at this period of his life he wrote some poems relative to his unhappy passion, a wild set of verses of several lengths, and in his handwriting, being discovered upon a sheet of paper in which a pitch-plaster was

wrapt up, which Lieutenant and Adjutant Wheezer was compelled to put on for a cold.

Fancy then, three years afterwards, the surprise of all Haggarty's acquaintances on reading in the public papers the following announcement:—

"Married, at Monkstown on the 12th instant, Dionysius Haggarty, Esq., of H. M. 120th Foot, to Jemima Amelia Wilhelmina Molloy, daughter of the late Major Lancelot Gam, R.M., and granddaughter of the late, and niece of the present Burke Bodkin Blake Molloy, Esq., Molloyville, County Mayo."

Has the course of true love at last begun to run smooth? thought I, as I laid down the paper; and the old times, and the old leering, bragging widow, and the high shoulders of her daughter, and the jolly days with the 120th, and Doctor Jephson's one-horse chaise, and the Warwickshire hunt, and—and Louisa S——, but never mind *her*, came back to my mind. Has that good-natured, simple fellow at last met with his reward? Well, if he has not to marry the mother-in-law too, he may get on well enough.

Another year announced the retirement of Assistant-Surgeon Molloy from the 120th, where he was replaced by Assistant-Surgeon Angus Rothsay Leech, a Scotchman, probably, with whom I have not the least acquaintance, and who has nothing whatever to do with this little history.

Still more years passed on, during which time I will not say that I kept a constant watch upon the fortunes of Mr. Haggarty and his lady, for, perhaps, if the truth were known, I never thought for a moment about them; until one day, being at Kingstown, near Dublin, dawdling on the beach, and staring at the Hill of Howth, as most people at that watering-place do, I saw coming towards me a tall gaunt man, with a pair of bushy red whiskers, of which I thought I had seen the like in former years, and a face which could be no other than Haggarty's. It was Haggarty ten years older than when we last met, and greatly more grim and thin. He had on one shoulder a young gentleman in a dirty tartan costume, and a face exceedingly like his own peeping from under a battered plume of black feathers, while with his other hand he was dragging a light green go-cart, in which reposed a

female infant of some two years old. Both were roaring with great power of lungs.

As soon as Dennis saw me his face lost the dull, puzzled expression which had seemed to characterise it; he dropped the pole of the go-cart from one hand, and his son from the other, and came jumping forward to greet me with all his might, leaving his progeny roaring in the road.

"Bless my sowl," says he, "sure it's Fitz-Boodle? Fitz, don't you remember me? Dennis Haggarty of the 120th? Leamington, you know? Molloy, my boy, hould your tongue, and stop your screeching, and Jemima's too; d'ye hear? Well, it does good to sore eyes to see an old face. How fat you're grown, Fitz; and were ye ever in Ireland before? and an't ye delighted with it? Confess, now, isn't it beautiful?"

This question regarding the merits of their country, which I have remarked is put by most Irish persons, being answered in a satisfactory manner, and the shouts of the infants appeased from an apple-stall hard-by, Dennis and I talked of old times, and I congratulated him on his marriage with the lovely girl whom we all admired, and hoped he had a fortune with her and so forth. His appearance, however, did not bespeak a great fortune; he had an old grey hat, short old trousers, an old waistcoat with regimental buttons, and patched Blucher boots, such as are not usually sported by persons in easy life.

"Ah!" says he, with a sigh, in reply to my queries, "times are changed since them days, Fitz-Boodle. My wife's not what she was—the beautiful creature you knew her. Molloy, my boy, run off in a hurry to your mamma, and tell her an English gentleman is coming home to dine, for you'll dine with me, Fitz, of course?" And I agreed to partake of that meal, though Master Molloy altogether declined to obey his papa's orders with respect to announcing the stranger.

"Well, I must announce you myself," said Haggarty, with a smile. "Come, it's just dinner-time, and my little cottage is not a hundred yards off." Accordingly, we all marched in procession to Dennis's little cottage, which was one of a row and a half of one-storied houses, with little court-yards before them and most with very fine names on the door-posts of each. "Surgeon Ha[illegible]

garty" was emblazoned on Dennis's gate, on a stained green copper-plate; and, not content with this, on the door-post above the bell was an oval with the inscription of "New Molloyville." The bell was broken, of course; the court, or garden-path, was mouldy, weedy, seedy; there were some dirty rocks, by way of ornament, round a faded grass-plat in the centre, some clothes and rags hanging out of most part of the windows of New Molloyville, the immediate entrance to which was by a battered scraper, under a broken trellis-work, up which a withered creeper declined any longer to climb.

"Small, but snug," says Haggarty, "I'll lead the way, Fitz; put your hat on the flower-pot there, and turn to the left into the drawing-room." A fog of onions and turf-smoke filled the whole of the house, and gave signs that dinner was not far off. Far off? You could hear it frizzling in the kitchen, where the maid was also endeavouring to hush the crying of a third refractory child. But as we entered, all three of Haggarty's darlings were in full war.

"Is it you, Dennis?" cried a sharp raw voice, from a dark corner in the drawing-room to which we were introduced, and in which a dirty table-cloth was laid for dinner, some bottles of porter and a cold mutton-bone being laid out on a rickety grand-piano hard by. "Ye're always late, Mr. Haggarty. Have you brought the whisky from Nowlan's? I'll go bail ye've not now."

"My dear, I've brought an old friend of yours and mine to take pot-luck with us to-day," said Dennis.

"When is he to come?" said the lady. At which speech I was rather surprised, for I stood before her.

"Here he is, Jemima, my love," answered Dennis, looking at me. "Mr. Fitz-Boodle; don't you remember him in Warwickshire, darling?"

"Mr. Fitz-Boodle! I am very glad to see him," said the lady, rising and curtseying with much cordiality.

Mrs. Haggarty was blind.

Mrs. Haggarty was not only blind, but it was evident that small-pox had been the cause of her loss of vision. Her eyes were bound with a bandage, her features were entirely swollen, scarred and distorted by the horrible effects of the malady. She had been

knitting in a corner when we entered, and was wrapped in a very dirty bed-gown. Her voice to me was quite different to that in which she addressed her husband. She spoke to Haggarty in broad Irish, she addressed me in that most odious of all languages —Irish-English, endeavouring to the utmost to disguise her brogue, and to speak with the true dawdling *distingué* English air.

"Are you long in I-a-land?" said the poor creature in this accent. "You must faind it a sad ba'ba'ous place, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, I'm shu-ah! It was vary kaind of you to come upon us *en famille*, and accept a dinner *sans cérémonie*. Mr. Haggarty, I hope you'll put the waine into aice, Mr. Fitz-Boodle must be melted with this hot weathah."

For some time she conducted the conversation in this polite strain, and I was obliged to say in reply to a query of hers, that I did not find her the least altered, though I should never have recognised her but for this rencontre. She told Haggarty with a significant air to get the wine from the cellah, and whispered to me that he was his own butlah, and the poor fellow taking the hint scudded away into the town for a pound of veal cutlets and a couple of bottles of wine from the tavern.

"Will the childhren get their potatoes and butther here?" said a barefoot girl, with long black hair flowing over her face, which she thrust in at the door.

"Let them sup in the nursery, Elizabeth, and send—ah! Edwards to me."

"Is it cook you mane, ma'am?" said the girl.

"Send her at once!" shrieked the unfortunate woman; and the noise of frying presently ceasing, a hot woman made her appearance wiping her brows with her apron, and asking, with an accent decidedly Hibernian, what the misthress wanted.

"Lead me up to my dressing-room, Edwards, I really am not fit to be seen in this dishabille by Mr. Fitz-Boodle."

"Fait' I can't!" says Edwards; "sure the masther's out at the butcher's, and can't look to the kitchen fire!"

"Nonsense, I must go!" cried Mrs. Haggarty; and so Edwards, putting on a resigned air, and giving her arm and face a further rub with her apron, held out her arm to Mrs. Dennis, and the p[illegible] stairs.

She left me to indulge my reflections for half an hour, at the end of which period she came down stairs dressed in an old yellow satin, with the poor shoulders exposed just as much as ever. She had mounted a tawdry cap, which Haggarty himself must have selected for her. She had all sorts of necklaces, bracelets, and ear-rings in gold, in garnets, in mother-of-pearl, in ormolu. She brought in a furious savour of musk, which drove the odours of onions and turf-smoke before it; and she waved across her wretched, angular, mean, scarred features, an old cambric handkerchief with a yellow lace border.

"And so you would have known me any where, Mr. Fitz-Boodle?" said she, with a grin that was meant to be most fascinating. "I was sure you would; for though my dreadful illness deprived me of my sight, it is a mercy that it did not change my features or complexion at all!"

This mortification had been spared the unhappy woman; but I don't know whether with all her vanity, her infernal pride, folly, and selfishness, it was charitable to leave her in her error.

Yet why correct her? There is a quality in certain people which is above all advice, exposure, or correction. Only let a man or woman have DULNESS sufficient, and they need bow to no extant authority. A dullard recognises no betters; a dullard can't see that he is in the wrong; a dullard has no scruples of conscience, no doubts of pleasing, or succeeding, or doing right, no qualms for other people's feelings, no respect but for the fool himself. How can you make a fool perceive that he is a fool? Such a personage can no more see his own folly than he can see his own ears. And the great quality of Dulness is to be unalterably contented with itself. What myriads of souls are there of this admirable sort,—selfish, stingy, ignorant, passionate, brutal, bad sons, mothers, fathers, never known to do kind actions!

To pause, however, in this disquisition which was carrying us far off Kingstown, New Molloyville, Ireland,—nay, into the wide world wherever Dulness inhabits, let it be stated that Mrs. Haggarty, from my brief acquaintance with her and her mother, was of the order of persons just mentioned. There was an air of conscious merit about her, very hard to swallow along with the infamous dinner poor Dennis managed, after much delay, to get on the table. She did not fail to invite me to Molloyville, where

she said her cousin would be charmed to see me; and she told me almost as many anecdotes about that place as her mother used to impart in former days. I observed, moreover, that Dennis cut her the favourite pieces of the beefsteak, that she ate thereof with great gusto, and that she drank with similar eagerness of the various strong liquors at table. "We Irish ladies are all fond of a leetle glass of punch," she said, with a playful air, and Dennis mixed her a powerful tumbler of such violent grog as I myself could swallow only with some difficulty. She talked of her suffering a great deal, of her sacrifices, of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed before marriage,—in a word, of a hundred of those themes on which some ladies are in the custom of enlarging when they wish to plague some husbands.

But honest Dennis, far from being angry at this perpetual, wearisome, impudent recurrence to her own superiority, rather encouraged the conversation than otherwise. It pleased him to hear his wife discourse about her merits and family splendours. He was so thoroughly beaten down and henpecked, that he, as it were, gloried in his servitude, and fancied that his wife's magnificence reflected credit on himself. He looked towards me, who was half sick of the woman and her egotism, as if expecting me to exhibit the deepest sympathy, and flung me glances across the table, as much as to say, "What a gifted creature my Jemima is, and what a fine fellow I am to be in possession of her!" When the children came down she scolded them, of course, and dismissed them abruptly (for which circumstance, perhaps, the writer of these pages was not in his heart very sorry), and, after having sat a preposterously long time, left us, asking whether we would have coffee there or in her boudoir.

"Oh! here, of course," said Dennis, with rather a troubled air, and in about ten minutes the lovely creature was led back to us again by "Edwards," and the coffee made its appearance. After coffee her husband begged her to let Mr. Fitz-Boodle hear her voice, "He longs for some of his old favourites."

"No! *do* you?" said she; and was led in triumph to the jingling old piano, and with a screechy, wiry voice, sung those very abominable old ditties which I had heard her sing at Leamington ten years back.

Haggarty, as she sang, flung himself back in his chair delighted. Husbands always are, and with the same song, one that they have heard when they were nineteen years old, probably; most Englishmen's tunes have that date, and it is rather affecting, I think, to hear an old gentleman of sixty or seventy quavering the old ditty that was fresh when *he* was fresh and in his prime. If he has a musical wife, depend on it he thinks her old songs of 1788 are better than any he has heard since; in fact he has heard *none* since. When the old couple are in high good-humour the old gentleman will take the old lady round the waist, and say, "My dear, do sing me one of your own songs," and she sits down and sings with her old voice, and, as she sings, the roses of her youth bloom again for a moment. Ranelagh resuscitates, and she is dancing a minuet in powder and a train.

This is another digression. It was occasioned by looking at poor Dennis's face while his wife was screeching (and, believe me, the former was the most pleasant occupation). Bottom tickled by the fairies could not have been in greater ecstasies. He thought the music was divine; and had further reason for exulting in it, which was, that his wife was always in a good humour after singing, and never would sing but in that happy frame of mind. Dennis had hinted so much in our little colloquy during the ten minutes of his lady's absence in the "boudoir;" so, at the conclusion of each piece, we shouted "Bravo!" and clapped our hands like mad.

Such was my insight into the life of Surgeon Dionysius Haggarty and his wife; and I must have come upon him at a favourable moment too, for poor Dennis has spoken, subsequently, of our delightful evening at Kingstown, and evidently thinks to this day that his friend was fascinated by the entertainment there. His inward economy was as follows: he had his half pay, a thousand pounds, about a hundred a-year that his father left, and his wife had sixty pounds a-year from the mother, which the mother, of course, never paid. He had no practice, for he was absorbed in attention to his Jemima and the children, whom he used to wash, to dress, to carry out, to walk, or to ride, as we have seen, and who could not have a servant, as their dear blind mother could never be left alone. Mrs. Haggarty, a great invalid, used to lie

in bed till one, and have breakfast and hot luncheon there. A fifth part of his income was spent in having her wheeled about in a chair, by which it was his duty to walk daily for an allotted number of hours. Dinner would ensue, and the amateur clergy, who abound in Ireland, and of whom Mrs. Haggarty was a great admirer, lauded her every where as a model of resignation and virtue, and praised beyond measure the admirable piety with which she bore her sufferings.

Well, every man to his taste. It did not certainly appear to me that *she* was the martyr of the family.

"The circumstances of my marriage with Jemima," Dennis said to me, in some after conversations we had on this interesting subject, "were the most romantic and touching you can conceive. You saw what an impression the dear girl had made upon me when we were at Weedon; for from the first day I set eyes on her, and heard her sing her delightful song of 'Dark-eyed Maiden of Araby,' I felt, and said to Turniquet of ours, that very night, that *she* was the dark-eyed maid of Araby for *me*,—not that she was, you know, for she was born in Shropshire. But I felt that I had seen the woman who was to make me happy or miserable for life. You know how I proposed for her at Kenilworth, and how I was rejected, and how I almost shot myself in consequence,—no, you don't know that, for I said nothing about it to any one, but I can tell you it was a very near thing, and a very lucky thing for me I didn't do it, for,—would you believe it?—the dear girl was in love with me all the time."

"Was she really?" said I, who recollected that Miss Gam's love of those days showed itself in a very singular manner; but the fact is, when women are most in love they most disguise it.

"Over head and ears in love with poor Dennis," resumed that worthy fellow, "who'd ever have thought it? But I have it from the best authority, from her own mother, with whom I'm not over and above good friends now, but of this fact she assured me, and I'll tell you when and how.

"We were quartered at Cork three years after we were at Weedon, and it was our last year at home, and a great mercy that my dear girl spoke in time, or where should we have been *now*? Well, one day, marching home from parade, I saw a lady seated

at an open window by another, who seemed an invalid, and the lady at the window, who was dressed in the profoundest mourning, cried out, with a scream, 'Gracious heavens! it's Mr. Haggarty of the 120th.'

"'Sure I know that voice,' says I to Whiskerton.

"'It's a great mercy you don't know it a deal too well,' says he, 'it's Lady Gammon. She's on some husband-hunting scheme, depend on it, for that daughter of hers. She was at Bath last year on the same errand, and at Cheltenham the year before, where, Heaven bless you! she's as well known as the Hen and Chickens.'

"'I'll thank you not to speak disrespectfully of Miss Jemima Gam,' said I to Whiskerton; 'she's of one of the first families in Ireland, and whoever says a word against a woman I once proposed for, insults me,—do you understand!'

"'Well, marry her, if you like,' says Whiskerton, quite peevish, 'marry her, and be hanged!'

"Marry her! the very idea of it set my brain a whirling, and made me a thousand times more mad than I am by nature.

"You may be sure I walked up the hill to the parade-ground that afternoon, and with a beating heart too. I came to the widow's house. It was called 'New Molloyville,' as this is. Wherever she takes a house for six months, she calls it 'New Molloyville;' and has had one in Mallow, in Bandon, in Sligo, in Castlebar, in Fermoy, in Drogheda, and the deuce knows where besides; but the blinds were down, and though I thought I saw somebody behind 'em, no notice was taken of poor Denny Haggarty, and I paced up and down all mess-time in hopes of catching a glimpse of Jemima, but in vain. The next day I was on the ground again; I was just as much in love as ever, that's the fact. I'd never been in that way before, look you, and when once caught, I knew it was for life.

"There's no use in telling you how long I beat about the bush, but when I *did* get admittance to the house (it was through the means of young Castlereagh Molloy, whom you may remember at Leamington, and who was at Cork for the regatta, and used to dine at our mess, and had taken a mighty fancy to me), when I *did* get into the house, I say, I rushed *in medias res* at once; I couldn't keep myself quiet, my heart was too full.

"O Fitz! I shall never forget the day,—the moment I was inthrojuiced into the dthrawing-room" (as he began to be agitated, Dennis's brogue broke out with greater richness than ever, but though a stranger may catch, aud repeat from memory, a few words, it is next to impossible for him to *keep up a conversation* in Irish, so that we had best give up all attempts to imitate Dennis), "when I saw old Mother Gam," said he, "my feelings overcame me all at once; I rowled down on the ground, sir, as if I'd been hit by a musket-ball. 'Dearest madam,' says I, 'I'll die if you don't give me Jemima.'

"'Heavens! Mr. Haggarty,' says she, 'how you seize me with surprise! Castlereagh, my dear nephew, had you not better leave us?' and away he went, lighting a cigar, and leaving me still on the floor.

"'Rise, Mr. Haggarty,' continued the widow, 'I will not attempt to deny that this constancy towards my daughter is extremely affecting, however sudden your present appeal may be. I will not attempt to deny that, perhaps, Jemima may feel a similar; but, as I said, I never could give my daughter to a Catholic.'

"'I'm as good a Protestant as yourself, ma'am,' says I; 'my mother was an heiress, and we were all brought up her way.'

"'That makes the matter very different,' says she, turning up the whites of her eyes. 'How could I ever have reconciled it to my conscience to see my blessed child married to a Papist? How could I ever have taken him to Molloyville? Well, this obstacle being removed, *I* must put myself no longer in the way between two young people. *I* must sacrifice myself, as I always have when my darling girl was in question. You shall see her, the poor, dear, lovely, gentle sufferer, and learn your fate from her own lips.'

"'The sufferer, ma'am,' says I; 'has Miss Gam been ill?'

"'What! haven't you heard!' cried the widow. 'Haven't you heard of the dreadful illness which so nearly carried her from me? For nine weeks, Mr. Haggarty, I watched her day and night, without taking a wink of sleep,—for nine weeks she lay trembling between death and life, and I paid the doctor eighty-three guineas. She is restored now, but she is the wreck of the beautiful creature she was. Suffering, and, perhaps, *another disappointment*—but we won't mention that *now*—have pulled her so down. But I will

leave you, and prepare my sweet girl for this strange, this entirely unexpected visit.'

"I won't tell you what took place between me and Jemima, to whom I was introduced as she sat in the darkened room, poor sufferer! nor describe to you with what a thrill of joy I seized (after groping about for it) her poor emaciated hand. She did not withdraw it; I came out of that room an engaged man, sir; and *now* I was enabled to show her that I had always loved her sincerely, for there was my will, made three years back, in her favour; that night she refused me, as I told ye, I would have shot myself, but they'd have brought me in *non compos*, and my brother Mick would have contested the will, and so I determined to live, in order that she might benefit by my dying. I had but a thousand pounds then, since that my father has left me two more; I willed every shilling upon her, as you may fancy, and settled it upon her when we married, as we did soon after. It was not for some time that I was allowed to see the poor girl's face, or, indeed, was aware of the horrid loss she had sustained. Fancy my agony, my dear fellow, when I saw that beautiful wreck!"

There was something not a little affecting to think, in the conduct of this brave fellow; that he never once, as he told his story, seemed to allude to the possibility of his declining to marry a woman who was not the same as the woman he loved; but that he was quite as faithful to her now, as he had been when captivated by the poor, tawdry charms of the silly miss of Leamington. It was hard that such a noble heart as this should be flung away upon yonder foul mass of greedy vanity. Was it hard, or not, that he should remain deceived in his obstinate humility, and continue to admire the selfish, silly being whom he had chosen to worship?

"I should have been appointed surgeon of the regiment," continued Dennis, "soon after, when it was ordered abroad to Jamaica, where it now is. But my wife would not hear of going, and said she would break her heart if she left her mother. So I retired on half-pay, and took this cottage; and in case any practice should fall in my way, why there is my name on the brass plate, and I'm ready for any thing that comes. But the only case that ever *did* come was one day when I was driving my

wife in the chaise, and another, one night of a beggar with a broken head. My wife makes me a present of a baby every year, and we've no debts; and between you and me and the post, as long as my mother-in-law is out of the house, I'm as happy as I need be."

"What, you and the old lady don't get on well?" said I.

"I can't say we do; it's not in nature, you know," said Dennis, with a faint grin. "She comes into the house, and turns it topsy-turvy. When she's here I'm obliged to sleep in the scullery. She's never paid her daughter's income since the first year, though she brags about her sacrifices as if she had ruined herself for Jemima; and besides, when she's here, there's a whole clan of the Molloys, horse, foot, and dragoons, that are quartered upon us, and eat me out of house and home."

"And is Molloyville such a fine place as the widow described it?" asked I, laughing, and not a little curious.

"Oh, a mighty fine place entirely!" said Dennis. "There's the oak park of two hundred acres, the finest land ye ever saw, only they've cut all the wood down. The garden in the old Molloy's time, they say, was the finest ever seen in the west of Ireland; but they've taken all the glass to mend the house windows, and small blame to them either. There's a clear rent-roll of three and fifty hundred a-year, only it's in the hand of receivers; besides other debts, on which there is no land security."

"Your cousin-in-law, Castlereagh Molloy, won't come into a large fortune?"

"Oh, he'll do very well," said Dennis. "As long as he can get credit, he's not the fellow to stint himself. Faith, I was fool enough to put my name to a bit of paper for him, and they could not catch him in Mayo; they laid hold of me at Kingstown here. And there was a pretty to do. Didn't Mrs. Gam say I was ruining her family, that's all? I paid it by instalments (for all my money is settled on Jemima); and Castlereagh, who's an honourable fellow, offered me any satisfaction in life. Any how, he couldn't do more than *that*."

"Of course not, and now you're friends."

"Yes, and he and his aunt have had a tiff, too; and he abuses

her properly, I warrant ye. He says that she carried about Jemima from place to place, and flung her at the head of every unmarried man in England a'most,—my poor Jemima, and she all the while dying in love with me! As soon as she got over the small-pox—she took it at Fermoy—God bless her, I wish I'd been by to be her nurse-tender,—as soon as she was rid of it, the old lady said to Castlereagh, 'Castlereagh, go to the bar'cks, and find out in the army list where the 120th is.' Off she came to Cork hot foot. It appears that while she was ill, Jemima's love for me showed itself in such a violent way that her mother was overcome, and promised that, should the dear child recover, she would try and bring us together. Castlereagh says she would have gone after us to Jamaica."

"I have no doubt she would," said I.

"Could you have a stronger proof of love than that?" cried Dennis. "My dear girl's illness and frightful blindness have, of course, injured her health and her temper. She cannot in her position look to the children, you know, and so they come under my charge for the most part; and her temper is unequal, certainly. But you see what a sensitive, refined, elegant creature she is, and may fancy that she's often put out by a rough fellow like me."

Here Dennis left me, saying it was time to go and walk out the children; and I think his story has matter of some wholesome reflection in it for bachelors who are about to change their condition, or may console some who are mourning their celibacy. Marry, gentlemen, if you like; leave your comfortable dinner at the club for cold mutton and curl papers at your home; give up your books or pleasures, and take to yourselves wives and children; but think well on what you do first, as I have no doubt you will after this advice and example. Advice is always useful in matters of love; men always take it; they always follow other people's opinions, not their own: they always profit by example. When they see a pretty woman, and feel the delicious madness of love coming over them, they always stop to calculate her temper, her money, their own money, or suitableness for the married life. * * * Ha, ha, ha! Let us fool in this way no more. I have been in love forty-three times with all ranks and conditions of women, and would have married every time if they would have let

me. How many wives had King Solomon, the wisest of men? And is not that story a warning to us that Love is master of the wisest? It is only fools who defy him.

I must come, however, to the last, and perhaps the saddest, part of poor Denny Haggarty's history. I met him once more, and in such a condition as made me determine to write this history.

In the month of June last, I happened to be at Richmond, a delightful little place of retreat; and there, sunning himself upon the terrace, was my old friend of the 120th; he looked older, thinner, poorer, and more wretched, than I had ever seen him.

"What! you have given up Kingstown?" said I, shaking him by the hand.

"Yes," says he.

"And is my lady and your family here at Richmond?"

"No," says he, with a sad shake of the head; and the poor fellow's hollow eyes filled with tears.

"Good Heavens, Denny! what's the matter?" said I. He was squeezing my hand like a vice as I spoke.

"They've LEFT me!" he burst out with a dreadful shout of passionate grief—a horrible scream which seemed to be wrenched out of his heart; "left me!" said he, sinking down on a seat, and clenching his great fists, and shaking his lean arms wildly. "I'm a wise man now, Mr. Fitz-Boodle. Jemima has gone away from me, and yet you know how I loved her, and how happy we were! I've got nobody now; but I'll die soon, that's one comfort; and to think it's she that'll kill me after all!"

The story, which he told with a wild and furious lamentation such as is not known among men of our cooler country, and such as I don't like now to recall, was a very simple one. The mother-in-law had taken possession of the house, and had driven him from it. His property at his marriage was settled on his wife. She had never loved him, and told him this secret at last, and drove him out of doors with her selfish scorn and ill temper. The boy had died; the girls were better, he said, brought up among the Molloys than they could be with him; and so he was quite alone in the world, and was living, or rather dying, on forty pounds a-year.

His troubles are very likely over by this time. The two fo

who caused his misery will never read this history of him; *they* never read godless stories in magazines: and I wish, honest reader, that you and I went to church as much as they do. These people are not wicked *because* of their religious observances, but *in spite* of them. They are too dull to understand humility, too blind to see a tender and simple heart under a rough ungainly bosom. They are sure that all their conduct towards my poor friend here has been perfectly righteous, and that they have given proofs of the most Christian virtue. Haggarty's wife is considered by her friends as a martyr to a savage husband, and her mother is the angel that has come to rescue her. All they did was to cheat him and desert him. And safe in that wonderful self-complacency with which the fools of this earth are endowed, they have not a single pang of conscience for their villany towards him, and consider their heartlessness as a proof and consequence of their spotless piety and virtue.

THE RAVENSWING.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS ENTIRELY INTRODUCTORY—CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF MISS CRUMP, HER SUITORS, AND HER FAMILY CIRCLE.

In a certain quiet and sequestered nook of the retired village of London—perhaps in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, or at any rate somewhere near Burlington Gardens—there was once a house of entertainment called the Bootjack Hotel. Mr. Crump, the landlord, had, in the outset of life, performed the duties of boots in some inn even more frequented than his own, and, far from being ashamed of his origin, as many persons are in the days of their prosperity, had thus solemnly recorded it over the hospitable gate of his hotel.

Mr. Crump married Miss Budge, so well known to the admirers of festive dance on the other side of the water as Miss Delancy; and they had one daughter, named Morgiana after that celebrated part in the *Forty Thieves* which Miss Budge performed

with unbounded applause both at the Surrey and the W
Mrs. Crump sat in a little bar, profusely ornamented with pict
of the dancers of all ages, from Hillisberg, Rose, Parisot,
plied the light fantastic toe in 1805, down to the Sylphides of
day. There was in the collection a charming portrait of her
done by De Wilde; she was in the dress of Morgiana, and in
act of pouring, to very slow music, a quantity of boiling oil
one of the forty jars. In this sanctuary she sat, with black c
black hair, a purple face and a turban, and, morning, noon
night, as you went into the parlour of the hotel, there
Mrs. Crump taking tea (with a little something in it), lookin
the fashions, or reading Cumberland's *British Theatre*.
Sunday Times was her paper, for she voted the *Dispatch*,
journal which is taken in by most ladies of her profession, t
vulgar and Radical, and loved the theatrical gossip in which
other mentioned journal abounds.

The fact is, that the Royal Bootjack, though a humble, w
very genteel house; and a very little persuasion would ind
Mr. Crump, as he looked at his own door in the sun, to tell
that he had himself once drawn off with that very bootjack
top-boots of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and
first gentleman in Europe. While, then, the houses of en
tainment in the neighbourhood were loud in their preten
liberal politics, the Bootjack stuck to the good old Conserva
line, and was only frequented by such persons as were of
way of thinking. There were two parlours, much accustor
one for the gentlemen of the shoulder-knot, who came from
houses of their employers hard by; another for some "gents
used the 'ouse," as Mrs. Crump would say (Heaven bless h
in her simple Cockniac dialect, and who formed a little
there.

I forgot to say that while Mrs. C. was sipping her eternal
or washing up her endless blue china, you might often hear
Morgiana, employed at the little red silk cottage piano, sing
"Come where the haspens quiver," or "Bonny lad march
hill and furrow," or "My art and lute," or any other pop
piece of the day. And the dear girl sung with very consider
skill too, for she had a fine loud voice, which, if not alway

tune, made up for that defect by its great energy and activity; and Morgiana was not content with singing the mere tune, but gave every one of the roulades, flourishes, and ornaments as she heard them at the theatres by Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Waylett, or Madame Vestris. The girl had a fine black eye like her mamma, a grand enthusiasm for the stage, as every actor's child will have, and, if the truth must be known, had appeared many and many a time at the theatre in Catherine Street, in minor parts first, and then in Little Pickle, in Desdemona, in Rosina, and in Miss Foote's part where she used to dance; I have not the name to my hand, but think it is Davidson. Four times in the week, at least, her mother and she used to sail off at night to some place of public amusement, for Mrs. Crump had a mysterious acquaintance with all sorts of theatrical personages; and the gates of her old haunt, "the Wells," of the Cobourg (by the kind permission of Mrs. Davidge), nay, of the Lane and the Market themselves, flew open before her "Open sesame," as the robbers' door did to her colleague, Ali Baba (Hornbuckle), in the operatic piece in which she was so famous.

Beer was Mr. Crump's beverage, variegated by a little gin, in the evenings; and little need be said of this gentleman except that he discharged his duties honourably, and filled the president's chair at the club as completely as it could possibly be filled; for he could not even sit in it in his great-coat, so accurately was the seat adapted to him. His wife and daughter, perhaps, thought somewhat slightingly of him, for he had no literary tastes, and had never been at a theatre since he took his bride from one. He was valet to Lord Slapper at the time, and certain it is that his lordship set him up in the Bootjack, and that stories *had* been told. But what are such to you or me? Let bygones be bygones, Mrs. Crump was quite as honest as her neighbours, and Miss had 500*l.* to be paid down on the day of her wedding.

Those who know the habits of the British tradesman are aware that he has gregarious propensities like any lord in the land; that he loves a joke, that he is not averse to a glass; that after the day's toil he is happy to consort with men of his degree; and that as society is not so far advanced among us as to allow him to enjoy the comforts of splendid club-houses, which are open to

many persons with not a tenth part of his pecuniary means, he meets his friends in the cosy tavern parlour, where a neat sanded floor, a large Windsor chair, and a glass of hot something and water, make him as happy as any of the clubmen in their magnificent saloons.

At the Bootjack was, as we have said, a very genteel and select society, called the Kidney Club, from the fact that on Saturday evenings a little graceful supper of broiled kidneys was usually discussed by the members of the club. Saturday was their grand night; not but that they met on all other nights in the week when inclined for festivity; and indeed some of them could not come on Saturdays in the summer, having elegant villas in the suburbs, where they passed the six-and-thirty hours of recreation that are happily to be found at the end of every week.

There was Mr. Balls, the great grocer of South Audley Street, a warm man, who, they say, had his 20,000*l.*; Jack Snaffle, of the mews hard by, a capital fellow for a song; Clinker, the iron monger, all married gentlemen and in the best line of business. Trestle, the undertaker, &c. No liveries were admitted into the room, as may be imagined, but one or two select butlers and majordomos joined the circle, for the persons composing it knew very well how important it was to be on good terms with the gentlemen: and many a time my lord's account would never have been paid, and my lady's large order never have been given, but for the conversation which took place at the Bootjack, and the friendly intercourse subsisting between all the members of the society.

The tiptop men of the society were two bachelors, and two of fashionable tradesmen as any in the town. Mr. Woolsey, from Stultz's, of the famous houses of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., Conduit Street, tailors; and Mr. Eglantine, the celebrated perruquier and perfumer of Bond Street, whose soaps, razors, and patent ventilating scalps, are known throughout Europe. Linsey, the senior partner of the tailors' firm, had his handsome mansion in Regent's Park, drove his buggy, and did little more than lend his name to the house. Woolsey lived in it, was the working man of the firm, and it was said that his cut was as magnificent as that of any man in the profession. Woolsey and Eglan

were rivals in many ways,—rivals in fashion, rivals in wit, and, above all, rivals for the hand of an amiable young lady whom we have already mentioned, the dark-eyed songstress Morgiana Crump. They were both desperately in love with her, that was the truth; and each, in the absence of the other, abused his rival heartily. Of the hair-dresser, Woolsey said, that as for Eglantine being his real name, it was all his (Mr. Woolsey's) eye; that he was in the hands of the Jews, and his stock and grand shop eaten up by usury. And with regard to Woolsey, Eglantine remarked, that his pretence of being descended from the cardinal was all nonsense; that he was a partner, certainly, in the firm, but had only a sixteenth share; and that the firm could never get their moneys in, and had an immense number of bad debts in their books. As is usual, there was a great deal of truth and a great deal of malice in these tales; however, the gentlemen were, take them all in all, in a very fashionable way of business, and had their claims to Miss Morgiana's hand backed by the parents. Mr. Crump was a partisan of the tailor; while Mrs. C. was a strong advocate for the claims of the enticing perfumer.

Now, it was a curious fact, that these two gentlemen were each in need of the other's services—Woolsey being afflicted with premature baldness, or some other necessity for a wig still more fatal —Eglantine being a very fat man, who required much art to make his figure at all decent. He wore a brown frock coat and frogs, and attempted by all sorts of contrivances to hide his obesity; but Woolsey's remark, that, dress as he would, he would always look like a snob, and that there was only one man in England who could make a gentleman of him, went to the perfumer's soul; and if there was one thing on earth he longed for (not including the hand of Miss Crump), it was to have a coat from Linsey's, in which costume he was sure that Morgiana would not resist him.

If Eglantine was uneasy about the coat, on the other hand he attacked Woolsey atrociously on the score of his wig; for though the latter went to the best makers, he never could get a peruke to sit naturally upon him; and the unhappy epithet of Mr. Wiggins, applied to him on one occasion by the barber, stuck to him ever after in the club, and made him writhe when it was uttered. Each man would have quitted the Kidneys in disgust long since, but for

the other,—for each had an attraction in the place, and dared not leave the field in possession of his rival.

To do Miss Morgiana justice, it must be said, that she did not encourage one more than another; but as far as accepting eau de Cologne and hair-combs from the perfumer,—some opera tickets, a treat to Greenwich, and a piece of real Genoa velvet for a bonnet (it had originally been intended for a waistcoat), from the admiring tailor, she had been equally kind to each, and in return had made each a present of a lock of her beautiful glossy hair. It was all she had to give, poor girl! and what could she do but gratify her admirers by this cheap and artless testimony of her regard? A pretty scene and quarrel took place between the rivals on the day when they discovered that each was in possession of one of Morgiana's ringlets.

Such, then, were the owners and inmates of the little Bootjack, from whom and which, as this chapter is exceedingly discursive and descriptive, we must separate the reader for a while, and carry him—it is only into Bond Street, so no gentleman need be afraid—carry him into Bond Street, where some other personages are awaiting his consideration.

Not far from Mr. Eglantine's shop in Bond Street, stand, as is very well known, the Windsor chambers. The West Diddlesex Association (western branch), the British and Foreign Soap Company, the celebrated attorneys Kite and Levison, have their respective offices here; and as the names of the other inhabitants of the chambers are not only painted on the walls, but also registered in Mrs. Boyle's *Court Guide*, it is quite unnecessary that they should be repeated here. Among them on the entresol (between the splendid saloons of the Soap Company on the first floor, with their statute of Britannia presenting a packet of the soap to Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and the West Diddlesex western branch on the basement)—on the entresol—lives a gentleman by the name of Mr. Howard Walker. The brass plate on the door of that gentleman's chambers had the word "Agency" inscribed beneath his name; and we are therefore at liberty to imagine that he followed that mysterious occupation. In person Mr. Walker was very genteel; he had large whiskers, dark eyes (with a slight cast in them), a cane, and a velvet waistcoat. He

was a member of a club; had an admission to the opera, and knew every face behind the scenes; and was in the habit of using a number of French phrases in his conversation, having picked up a smattering of that language during a residence "on the Continent;" in fact, he had found it very convenient at various times of his life to dwell in the city of Boulogne, where he acquired a knowledge of smoking, *écarté*, and billiards, which was afterwards of great service to him. He knew all the best tables in town, and the marker at Hunt's could only give him ten. He had some fashionable acquaintances too, and you might see him walking arm-in-arm with such gentlemen as my Lord Vauxhall, the Marquess of Billingsgate, or Captain Buff; and at the same time nodding to young Moses, the dandy bailiff; or Loder, the gambling-house keeper; or Aminadab, the Cigar-seller in the Quadrant. Sometimes he wore a pair of moustachios, and was called Captain Walker, grounding his claim to that title upon the fact of having once held a commission in the service of her majesty the Queen of Portugal. It scarcely need be said that he had been through the Insolvent Court many times. But to those who did not know his history intimately there was some difficulty in identifying him with the individual who had so taken the benefit of the law, inasmuch as in his schedule his name appeared as Hooker Walker, wine-merchant, commission-agent, music-seller, or what not. The fact is, that though he preferred to call himself Howard, Hooker was his christian name, and it had been bestowed on him by his worthy old father, who was a clergyman, and had intended his son for that profession. But as the old gentleman died in York gaol, where he was a prisoner for debt, he was never able to put his pious intentions with regard to his son into execution; and the young fellow (as he was wont with many oaths to assert) was thrown on his own resources, and became a man of the world at a very early age.

What Mr. Howard Walker's age was at the time of the commencement of this history, and, indeed, for an indefinite period before or afterwards, it is impossible to determine. If he were eight-and-twenty, as he asserted himself, Time had dealt hardly with him; his hair was thin, there were many crows' feet about his eyes, and other signs in his countenance of the progress of decay. If, on the contrary, he were forty, as Sam Snaffle declared,

who himself had misfortunes in early life, and vowed he knew Mr. Walker in Whitecross Street prison in 1820, he was a very young looking person considering his age. His figure was active and slim his leg neat, and he had not in his whiskers a single white hair.

It must, however, be owned that he used Mr. Eglantine's Regenerative Unction (which will make your whiskers as black as your boot), and, in fact, he was a pretty constant visitor at that gentleman's emporium; dealing with him largely for soaps and articles of perfumery, which he had at an exceedingly low rate. Indeed, he was never known to pay Mr. Eglantine one single shilling for those objects of luxury, and, having them on such moderate terms, was enabled to indulge in them pretty copiously. Thus Mr. Walker was almost as great a nosegay as Mr. Eglantine himself. His handkerchief was scented with verbena, his hair with jessamine, and his coat had usually a fine perfume of cigars, which rendered his presence in a small room almost instantaneously remarkable. I have described Mr. Walker thus accurately, because, in truth, it is more with characters than with astounding events, that this little history deals, and Mr. Walker is one of the principal of our *dramatis personæ*.

And so, having introduced Mr. W., we will walk over with him to Mr. Eglantine's emporium, where that gentleman is in waiting, too, to have his likeness taken.

There is about an acre of plate glass under the royal arms on Mr. Eglantine's shop window; and at night, when the gas is lighted, and the washballs are illuminated, and the lambent flame plays fitfully over numberless bottles of vari-coloured perfumes—now flashes on a case of razors, and now lightens up a crystal vase, containing a hundred thousand of his patent tooth-brushes—the effect of the sight may be imagined. You don't suppose that he is a creature who has those odious, simpering wax figures in his window, that are called by the vulgar dummies? He is above such a wretched artifice; and it is my belief that he would as soon have his own head chopped off, and placed as a trunkless decoration to his shop-window, as allow a dummy to figure there. On one pane you read in elegant gold letters "Eglantinia"—'tis his essence for the handkerchief; on the other is written "Regenerative Unction"—'tis his invaluable pomatum for the hair.

There is no doubt about it: Eglantine's knowledge of his profession amounts to genius. He sells a cake of soap for seven shillings, for which another man would not get a shilling, and his toothbrushes go off like wildfire at half-a-guinea a-piece. If he has to administer rouge or pearl-powder to ladies, he does it with a mystery and fascination which there is no resisting, and the ladies believe there are no cosmetics like his. He gives his wares unheard-of names, and obtains for them sums equally prodigious. He *can* dress hair—that is a fact—as few men in this age can; and has been known to take twenty pounds in a single night from as many of the first ladies of England when ringlets were in fashion. The introduction of bands, he says, made a difference of 2000*l.* a year in his income; and if there is one thing in the world he hates and despises, it is a Madonna. "I'm not," says he, "a tradesman—I'm a *hartist* (Mr. Eglantine was born in London). I'm a hartist; and show me a fine 'ead of air, and I'll dress it for nothink." He vows that it was his way of dressing Mademoiselle Sontag's hair, that caused the count her husband to fall in love with her; and he has a lock of it in a brooch, and says it was the finest head he ever saw, except one, and that was Morgiana Crump's.

With his genius and his position in the profession, how comes it, then, that Mr. Eglantine was not a man of fortune, as many a less clever has been? If the truth must be told, he loved pleasure, and was in the hands of the Jews. He had been in business twenty years: he had borrowed a thousand pounds to purchase his stock and shop; and he calculated that he had paid upwards of twenty thousand pounds for the use of the one thousand, which was still as much due as on the first day when he entered business. He could show that he had received a thousand dozen of champagne from the disinterested money-dealers with whom he usually negotiated his paper. He had pictures all over his "studios," which had been purchased in the same bargains. If he sold his goods at an enormous price, he paid for them at a rate almost equally exorbitant. There was not an article in his shop but came to him through his Israelite providers; and in the very front shop itself sat a gentleman who was the nominee of one of them, and who was called Mr. Mossrose. He was there to super-

intend the cash account, and to see that certain instalments were paid to his principals, according to certain agreements entered into between Mr. Eglantine and them.

Having that sort of opinion of Mr. Mossrose which Damocles may have had of the sword which hung over his head, of course Mr. Eglantine hated his foreman profoundly. "*He* an artist," would the former gentleman exclaim, "why he's only a disguised bailiff! Mossrose, indeed! the chap's name 's Amos, and he sold oranges before he came here." Mr. Mossrose, on his side, utterly despised Mr. Eglantine, and looked forward to the day when he would become the proprietor of the shop, and take Eglantine for a foreman, and then it would be *his* turn to sneer and bully, and ride the high horse.

Thus it will be seen that there was a skeleton in the great perfumer's house, as the saying is, a worm in his heart's core, and though, to all appearance prosperous, he was really in an awkward position.

What Mr. Eglantine's relations were with Mr. Walker may be imagined from the following dialogue which took place between the two gentlemen at five o'clock one summer's afternoon, when Mr. Walker, issuing from his chambers, came across to the perfumer's shop:

"Is Eglantine at home, Mr. Mossrose?" said Walker to the foreman, who sat in the front shop.

"Don't know—go and look" (meaning go and be hanged); for Mossrose also hated Mr. Walker.

"If you're uncivil I'll break your bones, Mr. *Amos*," says Mr. Walker, sternly.

"I should like to see you try, Mr. *Hooker* Walker," replies the undaunted shopman, on which the captain, looking several tremendous canings at him, walked into the back room or "studio."

"How are you, Tiny, my buck?" says the captain. "Much doing?"

"Not a soul in town. I 'aven't touched the hirons all day," replied Mr. Eglantine, in rather a desponding way.

"Well, just get them ready now, and give my whiskers a turn I'm going to dine with Billingsgate and some out-and-out fellows at the Regent, and so, my lad, just do your best."

"I can't," says Mr. Eglantine. "I expect ladies, captain, every minute."

"Very good; I don't want to trouble such a great man, I'm sure. Good-bye, and let me hear from you *this day week*, Mr. Eglantine." "This day week" meant that at seven days from that time a certain bill accepted by Mr. Eglantine would be due, and presented for payment.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Captain—do sit down. I'll curl you in one minute. And, I say, won't the party renew?"

"Impossible—it's the third renewal."

"But I'll make the thing handsome to you;—indeed I will."

"How much?"

"Will ten pounds do the business?"

"What! offer my principal ten pounds? Are you mad, Eglantine?—A little more of the iron to the left whisker."

"No, I meant for commission."

"Well, I'll see if that will do. The party I deal with, Eglantine, has power, I know, and can defer the matter, no doubt. As for me, you know, *I've* nothing to do in the affair, and only act as a friend between you and him. I give you my honour and soul, I do."

"I know you do, my dear sir." The two last speeches were lies. The perfumer knew perfectly well that Mr. Walker would pocket the 10*l.*; but he was too easy to care for paying it, and too timid to quarrel with such a powerful friend. And he had on three different occasions already paid 10*l.* fine for the renewal of the bill in question, all of which bonuses he knew went to his friend Mr. Walker.

Here, too, the reader will perceive what was, in part, the meaning of the word "agency" on Mr. Walker's door. He was a go-between between money-lenders and borrowers in this world, and certain small sums always remained with him in the course of the transaction. He was an agent for wine, too; an agent for places to be had through the influence of great men; he was an agent for half-a-dozen theatrical people, male and female, and had the interests of the latter, especially, it was said, at heart. Such were a few of the means by which this worthy gentleman contrived to support himself, and if, as he was fond of high living, gambling,

and pleasures of all kinds, his revenue was not large enough for his expenditure—why, he got into debt, and settled his bills that way. He was as much at home in the Fleet as in Pall Mall, and quite as happy in the one place as in the other. "That's the way I take things," would this philosopher say. "If I've money, I spend; if I've credit, I borrow; if I'm dunned, I whitewash; and so you can't beat me down." Happy elasticity of temperament! I do believe that in spite of his misfortunes and precarious position, there was no man in England whose conscience was more calm, and whose slumbers were more tranquil than those of Captain Howard Walker.

As he was sitting under the hands of Mr. Eglantine, he reverted to "the ladies," whom the latter gentleman professed to expect; said he was a sly dog, a lucky ditto, and asked him if the ladies were handsome.

Eglantine thought there could be no harm in telling a bouncer to a gentleman with whom he was engaged in money transactions; and so, to give the captain an idea of his solvency and the brilliancy of his future prospects, "Captain," said he, "I've got a hundred and eighty pounds out with you, which you were obliging enough to negotiate for me. Have I, or have I not, two bills out to that amount?"

"Well, my good fellow, you certainly have; and what then?"

"What then? Why I bet you five pounds to one, that in three months those bills are paid."

"Done; five pounds to one. I take it."

This sudden closing with him made the perfumer rather uneasy, but he was not to pay for three months, and so he said "done" too, and went on, "What would you say if your bills were paid?"

"Not mine; Pike's."

"Well, if Pike's were paid; and the Minories' man paid, and every single liability I have cleared off; and that Mossrose flung out of winder, and me and my emporium as free as hair?"

"You don't say so? Is Queen Anne dead? and has she left you a fortune? or what's the luck in the wind now?"

"It's better than Queen Anne, or anybody dying. What should you say to seeing in that very place where Mossrose now sits (hang him!)—in seeing the *finest head of 'air now in Europe*.

A woman I tell you—a slap-up lovely woman, who, I'm proud to say, will soon be called Mrs. Heglantine, and will bring me five thousand pounds to her fortune."

"Well, Tiny, this *is* good luck, indeed. I say, you'll be able to do a bill or two for *me* then, hay? You won't forget an old friend?"

"That I won't. I shall have a place at my board for you, capting; and many's the time I shall 'ope to see you under that ma'ogany."

"What will the French milliner say? She'll hang herself for despair, Eglantine."

"Hush! not a word about '*er*. I've sown all my wild oats, I tell you. Eglantine is no longer the gay young bachelor, but the sober married man. I want a heart to share the feelings of mine. I want repose. I'm not so young as I was, I feel it."

"Pooh, pooh! you are—you are——"

"Well, but I sigh for an 'appy fireside; and I'll have it."

"And give up that club which you belong to, hay?"

"The Kidneys? Oh! of course, no married man should belong to such places, at least, *I*'ll not; and I'll have my kidneys broiled at home. But be quiet, captain; if you please the ladies appointed to——"

"And is it *the* lady you expect? eh, you rogue!"

"Well, get along. It's her and her ma."

But Mr. Walker determined he wouldn't get along, and would see these lovely ladies before he stirred.

The operation on Mr. Walker's whiskers being concluded, he was arranging his toilet before the glass in an agreeable attitude, his neck out; his enormous pin settled in his stock to his satisfaction, his eyes complacently directed towards the reflection of his left and favourite whisker, and Eglantine was laid on a settee in an easy, though melancholy posture. He was twiddling the tongs with which he had just operated on Walker with one hand, and his right-hand ringlet with the other, and he was thinking—thinking of Morgiana; and then of the bill which was to become due on the 16th; and then of a light blue velvet waistcoat with gold sprigs, in which he looked very killing, and so was trudging round in his little circle of loves, fears, and vanities. "Hang it!"

Mr. Walker was thinking, "I *am* a handsome man. A pair of whiskers like mine are not met with every day. If any body can see that my tuft is dyed, may I be ——" When the door was flung open, and a large lady with a curl on her forehead, yellow shawl, a green velvet bonnet with feathers, half-boots, and a drab gown with tulips and other large exotics painted on it—when, in a word, Mrs. Crump and her daughter bounced into the room.

"Here we are, Mr. E.," cries Mrs. Crump, in a gay, *foldâre*, confidential air. "But, law! there's a gent in the room!"

"Don't mind me, ladies," said the gent alluded to, with his fascinating way. "I'm a friend of Eglantine's; ain't I, Egg? a chip of the old block, hay?"

"*That* you are," said the perfumer, starting up.

"An 'air-dresser?" asked Mrs. Crump. "Well, I thought he was; there's something, Mr. E., in gentlemen of your profession so exceeding, so uncommon *distangy*."

"Madam, you do me proud," replied the gentleman so complimented, with great presence of mind. "Will you allow me to try my skill upon you, or upon miss, your lovely daughter? I'm not so clever as Eglantine, but no bad hand, I assure you."

"Nonsense, captain," interrupted the perfumer, who was uncomfortable somehow at the rencontre between the captain and the object of his affection. "*He's* not in the profession, Mrs. C. This is my friend Captain Walker, and proud I am to call him my friend." And then aside to Mrs. C., "One of the first swells on town, ma'am—a regular tip-topper."

Humouring the mistake which Mrs. Crump had just made, Mr. Walker thrust the curling-irons into the fire in a minute, and looked round at the ladies with such a fascinating grace, that both, now made acquainted with his quality, blushed and giggled, and were quite pleased. Mamma looked at 'Gina, and 'Gina looked at mamma; and then mamma gave 'Gina a little blow in the region of her little waist, and then both burst out laughing, as ladies will laugh, and as, let us trust, they *may* laugh for ever and ever. Why need there be a reason for laughing? Let us laugh when we are laughy, as we sleep when we are sleepy. And so Mrs. Crump and her demoiselle laughed to their heart's

content; and both fixed their large shining black eyes repeatedly on Mr. Walker.

"I won't leave the room," said he, coming forward with the heated iron in his hand, and smoothing it on the brown paper with all the dexterity of a professor (for the fact is Mr. W. every morning curled his own immense whiskers with the greatest skill and care)—"I won't leave the room, Eglantine, my boy. My lady here took me for a hairdresser, and so, you know, I've a right to stay."

"He can't stay," said Mrs. Crump, all of a sudden, blushing as red as a peony.

"I shall have on my peignoir, mamma," said miss, looking at the gentleman, and then dropping down her eyes and blushing too.

"But he can't stay, 'Gina, I tell you; do you think that I would, before a gentleman, take off my——"

"Mamma means her FRONT!" said miss, jumping up, and beginning to laugh with all her might; at which the honest landlady of the Bootjack, who loved a joke, although at her own expense, laughed too, and said that no one, except Mr. Crump and Mr. Eglantine, had ever see her without the ornament in question.

"*Do* go now, you provoking thing, you!" continued Miss C. to Mr. Walker; "I wish to hear the hoverture, and its six o'clock now, and we shall never be done against then:" but the way in which Morgiana said "*do* go," clearly indicated "don't," to the perspicuous mind of Mr. Walker.

"Perhaps you 'ad better go," continued Mr. Eglantine, joining in this sentiment, and being, in truth, somewhat uneasy at the admiration which his "swell friend" excited.

"I'll see you hanged first, Eggy, my boy! Go I won't, until these ladies have had their hair dressed: didn't you yourself tell me that Miss Crump's was the most beautiful hair in Europe? And do you think that I'll go away without seeing it? No, here I stay."

"You naughty, wicked, odious, provoking man!" said Miss Crump. But, at the same time, she took off her bonnet, and placed it on one of the side candlesticks of Mr. Eglantine's glass (it was a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with sham lace, and with a

wreath of nasturtiums, convolvuluses, and wallflowers within); and then said, "Give me the peignoir, Mr. Archibald, if you please;" and Eglantine, who would do any thing for her when she called him Archibald, immediately produced that garment, and wrapped round the delicate shoulders of the lady, who removing a sham gold chain which she wore on her forehead, two brass hair-combs set with glass rubies, and the comb which kept her back hair together, removing them, I say, and turning her great eyes towards the stranger, and giving her head a shake, down let tumble such a flood of shining, waving, heavy, glossy, jetty hair, as would have done Mr. Rowland's heart good to see. It tumbled down Miss Morgiana's back, and it tumbled over her shoulders, it tumbled over the chair on which she sat, and from the midst of it her jolly, bright-eyed, rosy face beamed out with a triumphant smile, which said, "A'nt I now the most angelic being you ever saw?"

"By Heavens! it's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!" cried Mr. Walker, with undisguised admiration.

"*Isn't* it?" said Mrs. Crump, who made her daughter's triumph her own. "Heigho! when I acted at the Wells in 1820, before that dear girl was born, *I* had such a head of hair as that, to a shade, sir, to a shade. They called me Ravenswing on account of it. I lost my head of hair when that dear child was born, and I often say to her, 'Morgiana, you came into the world to rob your mother of her 'air.' Were you ever at the Wells, sir, in 1820? Perhaps you recollect Miss Delancy? I am that Miss Delancy. Perhaps you recollect,—

"'Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink:
By the light of the star,
On the blue river's brink,
I heard a guitar.

"'I heard a guitar
On the blue waters clear
And knew by its mu-u-sic,
That Selim was near!'

You remember that in the *Bagdad Bells?* Fatima, Delancy; Selim, Benlomond (his real name was Bunnion; and he failed,

llow, in the public line afterwards). It was done to the ırine, and dancing between each verse,—

" ' Tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink,
How the soft music swells,
And I hear the soft clink
Of the minaret bells !

" Tink-a ' "——

ı ! " here cried Miss Crump, as if in exceeding pain (and ɛr Mr. Eglantine had twitched, pulled, or hurt any one ual hair of that lovely head I don't know),—" Oh, you are me, Mr. Eglantine ! "

. with this mamma, who was in her attitude, holding up the ' her boa as a visionary tambourine, and Mr. Walker, who oking at her, and in his amusement at the mother's per- ıces had almost forgotten the charms of the daughter,— ırned round at once, and looked at her with many expressions pathy, while Eglantine, in a voice of reproach, said, " *Killed* [orgiana ! I kill *you ?* "

n better now," said the young lady, with a smile,—" I'm Mr. Archibald, now." And if the truth must be told, no r coquette than Miss Morgiana existed in all Mayfair,—no, ıong the most fashionable mistresses of the fashionable valets equented the Bootjack. She believed herself to be the most ting creature that the world ever produced ; she never saw ıger but she tried these fascinations upon him ; and her ı of manner and person were of that showy sort which is opular in this world, where people are wont to admire most vhich gives them the least trouble to see ; and so you nd a tulip of a woman to be in fashion when a little ɛ violet or daisy of creation is passed over without remark. ına was a tulip among women, and the tulip-fanciers all ocking round her.

l, the said " Oh ! " and " I'm better now, Mr. Archibald," y succeeded in drawing everybody's attention to her lovely By the latter words Mr. Eglantine was specially inflamed ; ıced at Mr. Walker, and said, " Capting ! didn't I tell you s a *creecher ?* See her hair, sir, it's as black and as glossy

as satting. It weighs fifteen pound that hair, sir; and I wouldn't let my apprentice—that blundering Mossrose, for instance (hang him!)—I wouldn't let any one but myself dress that hair for five-hundred guineas! Ah, Miss Morgiana, remember that you *may always* have Eglantine to dress your hair!—remember that that's all." And with this the worthy gentleman began rubbing delicately a little of the Eglantinia into those ambrosial locks which he loved with all the love of a man and an artist.

And as for Morgiana showing her hair, I hope none of my readers will entertain a bad opinion of the poor girl for doing so. Her locks were her pride; she acted at the private theatre hair parts, where she could appear on purpose to show them in a dishevelled state; and that her modesty was real and not affected may be proved by the fact that when Mr. Walker, stepping up in the midst of Eglantine's last speech, took hold of a lock of her hair very gently with his hand, she cried "Oh!" and started with all her might. And Mr. Eglantine observed very gravely "Capting! Miss Crump's hair is to be seen and not to be touched if you please."

"No more it is, Mr. Eglantine," said her mamma; "and now as it's come to my turn, I beg the gentleman will be so obliging as to go."

"*Must I?*" cried Mr. Walker; and as it was half-past six, and he was engaged to dinner at the Regent Club, and as he did not wish to make Eglantine jealous, who evidently was annoyed by his staying, he took his hat just as Miss Crump's coiffure was completed, and saluting her and her mamma, left the room.

"A tip-top swell, I can assure you," said Eglantine, nodding after him! "a regular bang-up chap, and no *mistake*. Intimate with the Marquess of Billingsgate, and Lord Vauxhall, and that set."

"He's very genteel," said Mrs. Crump.

"Law! I'm sure I think nothing of him," said Morgiana.

And Captain Walker walked towards his club, meditating on the beauties of Morgiana. "What hair," said he, "what eyes that girl has! they're as big as billiard balls; and 5000*l*. Eglantine's in luck: 5000*l*.—she can't have it, it's impossible!"

No sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, during the time

of which operation Morgiana sat in perfect contentment looking at the last French fashions in the *Courrier des Dames*, and thinking how her pink satin slip would dye, and make just such a mantilla as that represented in the engraving,—no sooner was Mrs. Crump's front arranged, than both ladies, taking leave of Mr. Eglantine, tripped back to the Bootjack Hotel in the neighbourhood, where a very neat green fly was already in waiting, the gentleman on the box of which (from a livery-stable in the neighbourhood) gave a knowing touch to his hat, and a salute with his whip, to the two ladies, as they entered the tavern.

"Mr. W.'s inside," said the man, a driver from Mr. Snaffle's establishment; "he's been in and out this score of times, and looking down the street for you." And in the house, in fact, was Mr. Woolsey, the tailor, who had hired the fly and was engaged to conduct the ladies that evening to the play.

It was really rather too bad to think that Miss Morgiana, after going to one lover to have her hair dressed, should go with another to the play; but such is the way with lovely woman! Let her have a dozen admirers, and the dear coquette will exercise her power upon them all: and as a lady, when she has a large wardrobe, and a taste for variety in dress, will appear every day in a different costume; so will the young and giddy beauty wear her lovers, encouraging now the black whiskers, now smiling on the brown, now thinking that the gay smiling rattle of an admirer becomes her very well, and now adopting the sad sentimental melancholy one, according as her changeful fancy prompts her. Let us not be too angry with these uncertainties and caprices of beauty, and depend on it that, for the most part, those females who cry out loudest against the flightiness of their sisters, and rebuke their undue encouragement of this man or that, would do as much themselves if they had the chance, and are constant, as I am to my coat just now, because I have no other.

"Did you see Doubleyou, 'Gina dear?" said her mamma, addressing that young lady. "He's in the bar with your pa, and has his military coat with the king's button, and looks like an officer."

This was Mr. Woolsey's style, his great aim being to look like an army gent, for many of whom he in his capacity of tailor

made those splendid red and blue coats which characterise our military. As for the royal button, had not he made a set of coats for his late majesty, George IV.? and he would add, when he narrated this circumstance, "Sir, Prince Blucher and Prince Swartzenberg's measure's in the house now; and what's more, I've cut for Wellington." I believe he would have gone to St. Helena to make a coat for Napoleon, so great was his ardour. He wore a blue black wig, and his whiskers were of the same hue. He was brief and stern in conversation; and he always went to masquerades and balls in a field-marshal's uniform.

"He looks really quite the thing to-night," continued Mrs. Crump.

"Yes," said 'Gina; "but he's such an odious wig, and the dye of his whiskers always comes off on his white gloves."

"Every body has not their own hair, love," continued Mrs. Crump with a sigh; "but Eglantine's is beautiful."

"Every hairdresser's is," answered Morgiana, rather contemptuously; "but what I can't bear is, that their fingers are always so very fat and pudgy."

In fact, something had gone wrong with the fair Morgiana. Was it that she had but little liking for the one pretender or the other? Was it that young Glauber, who acted Romeo in the private theatricals, was far younger and more agreeable than either? Or was it, that seeing a *real gentleman*, such as Mr. Walker, with whom she had had her first interview, she felt more and more the want of refinement in her other declared admirers? Certain, however, it is, that she was very reserved all the evening in spite of the attentions of Mr. Woolsey; that she repeatedly looked round at the box-door, as if she expected some one to enter; and that she partook of only a very few oysters, indeed, out of the barrel which the gallant tailor had sent down to the Bootjack, and off which the party supped.

"What is it?" said Mr. Woolsey to his ally, Crump, as they sat together after the retirement of the ladies. "She was dumb all night. She never once laughed at the farce, nor cried at the tragedy, and you know she laughs and cries uncommon. She only took half her negus, and not above a quarter of her beer."

"No more she did!" replied Mr. Crump, very calmly. "I

think it must be the barber as has been captivating her: he dressed her hair for the play."

"Hang him, I'll shoot him!" said Mr. Woolsey. "A fat, foolish, effeminate beast like that marry Miss Morgiana? Never! I *will* shoot him. I'll provoke him next Saturday—I'll tread on his toe—I'll pull his nose!"

"No quarrelling at the Kidneys!" answered Crump, sternly; "there shall be no quarrelling in that room as long as *I'm* in the chair!"

"Well, at any rate you'll stand my friend?"

"You know I will," answered the other. "You are honourable, and I like you better than Eglantine. I trust you more than Eglantine, sir. You're more of a man than Eglantine, though you *are* a tailor; and I wish with all my heart you may get Morgiana. Mrs. C. goes the other way, I know: but I tell you what, women will go their own ways, sir, and Morgy's like her mother in this point, and, depend upon it, Morgy will decide for herself."

Mr. Woolsey presently went home, still persisting in his plan for the assassination of Eglantine. Mr. Crump went to bed very quietly, and snored through the night at his usual tone. Mr. Eglantine passed some feverish moments of jealousy, for he had come down to the club in the evening, and had heard that Morgiana was gone to the play with his rival. And Miss Morgiana dreamed of a man, who was,—must we say it?—exceedingly like Captain Howard Walker. "Mrs. Captain So and So!" thought she, "O, I do love a gentleman dearly!"

And about this time, too, Mr. Walker himself came rolling home from the Regent, hiccupping, "Such hair!—such eyebrows!—such eyes! like b-b-billiard-balls, by Jove!"

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER MAKES THREE ATTEMPTS TO ASCERTAIN THE DWELLING OF MORGIANA.

THE day after the dinner at the Regent Club, Mr. Walk stepped over to the shop of his friend the perfumer, where, usual, the young man, Mr. Mossrose, was established in the fro premises.

For some reason or other, the captain was particularly goo humoured; and, quite forgetful of the words which had pass between him and Mr. Eglantine's lieutenant the day before, beg addressing the latter with extreme cordiality.

"A good morning to you, Mr. Mossrose," said Captain Walk "Why, sir, you look as fresh as your namesake,—you do, indee now, Mossrose."

"You look ash yellow ash a guinea," responded Mr. Mossro sulkily. He thought the captain was hoaxing him.

"My good sir," replies the other, nothing cast down, "I dra rather too freely last night."

"The more beast you!" said Mr. Mossrose.

"Thank you, Mossrose; the same to you," answered t captain.

"If you call me a beast I'll punch your head off!" answer the young man, who had much skill in the art which many of h brethren practise.

"I didn't, my fine fellow," replied Walker; "on the contra you—"

"Do you mean to give me the lie?" broke out the indigna Mossrose, who hated the agent fiercely, and did not in the les care to conceal his hate.

In fact, it was his fixed purpose to pick a quarrel with Walke and to drive him, if possible, from Mr. Eglantine's shop. "D you mean to give me the lie, I say, Mr. Hooker Walker?'

"For Heaven's sake, Amos, hold your tongue!" exclaimed th captain, to whom the name of Hooker was as poison; but a this moment, a customer stepping in, Mr. Amos exchanged hi

ferocious aspect for a bland grin, and Mr. Walker walked into the studio.

When in Mr. Eglantine's presence, Walker, too, was all smiles in a minute, sunk down on a settee, held out his hand to the perfumer, and began confidentially discoursing with him.

"*Such* a dinner, Tiny, my boy," said he; "such prime fellows to eat it, too! Billingsgate, Vauxhall, Cinqbars, Buff of the Blues, and half-a-dozen more of the best fellows in town. And what do you think the dinner cost a-head? I'll wager you'll never guess."

"Was it two guineas a-head?—In course I mean without wine," said the genteel perfumer.

"Guess again!"

"Well, was it ten guineas a-head? I'll guess any sum you please," replied Mr. Eglantine; "for I know that when you *nobs* are together, you don't spare your money. I, myself, at the Star and Garter at Richmond, once paid——"

"Eighteen-pence?"

"Heighteen-pence, sir?—I paid five-and-thirty shillings per 'ead. I'd have you to know that I can act as a gentleman as well as any other gentleman, sir," answered the perfumer with much dignity.

"Well, eighteen-pence was what *we* paid, and not a rap more upon my honour."

"Nonsense, you're joking. The Marquess of Billinsgate dine for eighteen-pence? Why, hang it, if I was a marquess, I'd pay a five-pound note for my lunch."

"You little know the person, Master Eglantine," replied the captain, with a smile of contemptuous superiority; "you little know the real man of fashion, my good fellow. Simplicity, sir,—simplicity's the characteristic of the real gentleman, and so I'll tell you what we had for dinner."

"Turtle and venison, of course;—no nob dines without *them*."

"Psha! we're sick of 'em! We had pea-soup and boiled tripe! What do you think of *that?* We had sprats and herrings, a bullock's heart, a baked shoulder of mutton and potatoes, pig's fry and Irish stew. *I* ordered the dinner, sir, and got more credit

for inventing it than they ever gave to Ude or Soyer. The marquess was in ecstasies, the earl devoured half a bushel of sprats, and if the viscount is not laid up with a surfeit of bullock's heart, my name's not Howard Walker. Billy, as I call him, was in the chair, and gave my health; and what do you think the rascal proposed?"

"What *did* his lordship propose?"

"That every man present should subscribe twopence, and pay for my share of the dinner. By Jove! it is true, and the money was handed to me in a pewter-pot, of which they also begged to make me a present. We afterwards went to Tom Spring's, from Tom's to the Finish, from the Finish to the watchhouse—that is, *they* did,—and sent for me, just as I was getting into bed, to bail them all out."

"They're happy dogs, those young noblemen," said Mr. Eglantine; "nothing but pleasure from morning till night; no affectation, neither,—no *hoture;* but manly, downright, straightforward good fellows."

"Should you like to meet them, Tiny, my boy?" said the captain.

"If I did, sir, I hope I should show myself to be the gentleman," answered Mr. Eglantine.

"Well, you *shall* meet them, and Lady Billingsgate shall order her perfumes at your shop. We are going to dine, next week, all our set, at mealy-faced Bob's, and you shall be my guest," cried the captain, slapping the delighted artist on the back. "And now, my boy, tell me how *you* spent the evening."

"At my club, sir," answered Mr. Eglantine, blushing rather.

"What, not at the play with the lovely black-eyed Miss—what is her name, Eglantine?"

"Never mind her name, captain," replied Eglantine, partly from prudence and partly from shame. He had not the heart to own it was Crump, and he did not care that the captain should know more of his destined bride.

"You wish to keep the five thousand to yourself, eh! you rogue?" responded the captain, with a good-humoured air, although exceedingly mortified; for, to say the truth, he had put himself to the trouble of telling the above long story of the dinner, and

of promising to introduce Eglantine to the lords, solely that he might elicit from that gentleman's good-humour some further particulars regarding the young lady with the billiard-ball eyes. It was for the very same reason, too, that he had made the attempt at reconciliation with Mr. Mossrose, which had just so signally failed. Nor would the reader, did he know Mr. W. better, at all require to have the above explanation; but as yet we are only at the first chapter of his history, and who is to know what the hero's motives can be unless we take the trouble to explain?

Well, the little dignified answer of the worthy dealer in bergamot, "*Never mind her name, captain!*" threw the gallant captain quite back; and though he sat for a quarter of an hour longer, and was exceedingly kind; and though he threw out some skilful hints, yet the perfumer was quite unconquerable; or, rather, he was too frightened to tell; the poor, fat, timid, easy, good-natured gentleman was always the prey of rogues,—panting and floundering in one rascal's snare or another's. He had the dissimulation, too, which timid men have; and felt the presence of a victimiser as a hare does of a greyhound. Now he would be quite still, now he would double, and now he would run, and then came the end. He knew, by his sure instinct of fear, that the captain had, in asking these questions, a scheme against him, and so he was cautious, and fumbled, and doubted. And oh! how he thanked his stars when Lady Grogmore's chariot drove up, with the Misses Grogmore, who wanted their hair dressed, and were going to a breakfast at three o'clock!

"I'll look in again, Tiny," said the captain, on hearing the summons.

"*Do*, captain," replied the other: "*thank you;*" and went into the lady's studio with a heavy heart.

"Get out of the way you infernal villain!" roared the captain, with many oaths, to Lady Grogmore's large footman, with ruby-coloured tights, who was standing inhaling the ten thousand perfumes of the shop; and the latter, moving away in great terror, the gallant agent passed out, quite heedless of the grin of Mr. Mossrose.

Walker was in a fury at his want of success, and walked down Bond Street in a fury. "I *will* know where the girl lives!"

swore he. "I'll spend a five-pound note, by Jove! rather than not know where she lives!"

"*That you would—I know you would!*" said a little, grave, low, voice, all of a sudden, by his side. "Pooh! what's money to you?"

Walker looked down; it was Tom Dale.

Who in London did not know little Tom Dale? He had cheeks like an apple, and his hair curled every morning, and a little blue stock, and always two new magazines under his arm, and an umbrella and a little brown frock coat, and big square-toed shoes with which he went *papping* down the street. He was everywhere at once. Every body met him every day, and he knew every thing that every body ever did; though nobody ever knew what *he* did. He was, they say, a hundred years old, and had never dined at his own charge once in those hundred years. He looked like a figure out of a wax-work, with glassy, clear, meaningless eyes; he always spoke with a grin; he knew what you had for dinner the day before he met you, and what every body had had for dinner for a century back almost. He was the receptacle of all the scandal of all the world, from Bond Street to Brewer Street; he knew all the authors, all the actors, all the "notorieties" of the town, and the private histories of each. That is he never knew any thing really, but supplied deficiencies of truth and memory, with ready-coined, never-failing lies. He was the most benevolent man in the universe, and never saw you without telling you every thing most cruel of your neighbour, and when he left you he went to do the same kind turn by yourself.

"Pooh! what's money to you, my dear boy?" said little Tom Dale, who had just come out of Ebers's, where he had been filching an opera ticket. "You make it in bushels in the city, you know you do,—in thousands. *I* saw you go into Eglantine's. Fine business that; finest in London. Five shilling cakes of soap, my dear boy. *I* can't wash with such; thousands a-year that man has made—hasn't he?"

"Upon my word, Tom, I don't know," says the captain.

"*You* not know? Don't tell me. You know everything—you agents. You *know* he makes five thousand a-year,—ay, and might make ten but you know why he don't."

"Indeed I don't."

"Nonsense. Don't humbug a poor old fellow like me. Jews—Amos—fifty per cent, ay? Why can't he get his money from a good Christian?"

"I *have* heard something of that sort," said Walker, laughing. "Why, by Jove, Tom, you know everything!"

"*You* know everything, my dear boy. You know what a rascally trick that opera creature served him, poor fellow. Cashmere shawls—Storr and Mortimer's—Star and Garter. Much better dine quiet off pea-soup and sprats,—ay? His betters have, as you know very well."

"Pea-soup and sprats! What have you heard of that already?"

"Who bailed Lord Billingsgate, ay, you rogue?" and here Tom gave a knowing and almost demoniacal grin. "Who wouldn't go to the Finish? Who had the piece of plate presented to him filled with sovereigns? And you deserved it, my dear boy—you deserved it. They said it was only halfpence, but *I* know better!" and here Tom went off in a cough.

"I say, Tom," cried Walker, inspired with a sudden thought, "you, who know every thing, and are a theatrical man, did you ever know a Miss Delancy, an actress?"

"At Sadler's Wells in '16? Of course I did. Real name was Budge. Lord Slapper admired her very much, my dear boy. She married a man by the name of Crump, his lordship's black footman, and brought him five thousand pounds; and they keep the Bootjack public-house in Bunker's Buildings, and they've got fourteen children. Is one of them handsome, eh, you sly rogue,—and is it that which you will give five pounds to know? God bless you, my dear, dear boy. Jones, my dear friend, how are you?"

And now, seizing on Jones, Tom Dale left Mr. Walker alone, and proceeded to pour into Mr. Jones's ear an account of the individual whom he had just quitted; how he was the best fellow in the world, and Jones *knew* it; how he was in a fine way of making his fortune; how he had been in the Fleet many times, and how he was at this moment employed in looking out for a young lady of whom a certain great marquess (whom Jones knew very well, too) had expressed an admiration.

But for these observations, which he did not hear, Captain Walker, it may be pronounced, did not care. His eyes brightened up, he marched quickly and gaily away; and turning into his own chambers opposite Eglantine's shop, saluted that establishment with a grin of triumph. "You wouldn't tell me her name, wouldn't you?" said Mr. Walker. "Well, the luck's with me now, and here goes."

Two days after as Mr. Eglantine, with white gloves and a case of eau de Cologne as a present in his pocket, arrived at the Boot-jack Hotel, Little Bunker's Buildings, Berkeley Square (for it must out—that was the place in which Mr. Crump's inn was situated), he paused for a moment at the threshold of the little house of entertainment, and listened, with beating heart, to the sound of delicious music that a well-known voice was uttering within.

The moon was playing in silvery brightness down the gutter of the humble street. A "helper," rubbing down one of Lady Smigsmag's carriage horses, even paused in his whistle to listen to the strain. Mr. Tressle's man, who had been professionally occupied, ceased his tap-tap upon the coffin which he was getting in readiness. The greengrocer (there is always a greengrocer in those narrow streets, and he goes out in white Berlin gloves as a supernumerary footman) was standing charmed at his little green gate; the cobbler (there is always a cobbler, too) was drunk, as usual, of evenings, but, with unusual subordination, never sung except when the *refrain* of the ditty arrived, when he hiccupped it forth with tipsy loyalty; and Eglantine leaned against the Chequers painted on the door-side under the name of Crump, and looked at the red illumined curtain of the bar, and the vast, well-known shadow of Mrs. Crump's turban within. Now and again the shadow of that worthy matron's hand would be seen to grasp the shadow of a bottle; then the shadow of a cup would rise towards the turban, and still the strain proceeded. Eglantine, I say, took out his yellow bandana, and brushed the beady drops from his brow, and laid the contents of his white kids on his heart, and sighed with ecstatic sympathy. The song began,—

Come to the greenwood tree,*
Come where the dark woods be,
Dearest, oh come with me!
Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!
Oh my-y love!
(*Drunken Cobbler without*), Oh, my-y love!

"Beast!" says Eglantine.

Come—'tis the moonlight hour,
Dew is on leaf and flower,
Come to the linden bower,—
Let us rove—oh my love—oh my love!
Let us ro-o-ove, lurlurliety; yes we'll rove, lurlurliety,
Through the gro-o-ove, lurlurliety—lurlurli-e-i-e-i-e-i!
(*Cobbler as usual.*) Let us ro-o-ove, &c.

"*You* here?" says another individual, coming clinking up the street, in a military cut dress-coat, the buttons whereof shone very bright in the moonlight. "*You* here, Eglantine?—You're always here."

"Hush, Woolsey," said Mr. Eglantine to his rival the tailor (for he was the individual in question); and Woolsey, accordingly, put his back against the opposite door-post and Chequers, so that (with poor Eglantine's bulk) nothing much thicker than a sheet of paper could pass out or in. And thus these two amorous Caryatides kept guard as the song continued:—

Dark is the wood, and wide,
Dangers, they say, betide;
But, at my Albert's side,
Nought I fear, oh my love—oh my love!

Welcome the greenwood tree,
Welcome the forest free,
Dearest, with thee, with thee,
Nought I fear, oh my love—o-h ma-a-y love!

Eglantine's fine eyes were filled with tears as Morgiana passionately uttered the above beautiful words. Little Woolsey's eyes glistened, as he clenched his fist with an oath, and said, "Show me any singing that can beat *that*. Cobbler, shut your mouth, or I'll break your head!"

But the cobbler, regardless of the threat, continued to perform

* The words of this song are copyright, nor will the copyright be sold for less than twopence-halfpenny.

the "Lurlaliety" with great accuracy; and when that was ended, both on his part and Morgiana's, a rapturous knocking of glasses was heard in the little bar, then a great clapping of hands, and finally, somebody shouted "*Brava!*"

"Brava!"

At that word Eglantine turned deadly pale, then gave a start, then a rush forward, which pinned, or rather cushioned, the tailor against the wall, then twisting himself abruptly round, he sprung to the door of the bar, and bounced into that apartment.

"*How are you, my noseyay?*" exclaimed the same voice which had shouted "Brava." It was that of Captain Walker.

At ten o'clock the next morning a gentleman, with the king's button on his military coat, walked abruptly into Mr. Eglantine's shop, and, turning on Mr. Mossrose, said, "Tell your master I want to see him."

"He's in his studio," said Mr. Mossrose.

"Well then, fellow, go and fetch him!"

And Mossrose, thinking it must be the lord-chamberlain, or Doctor Prætorius at least, walked into the studio, where the perfumer was seated in a very glossy old silk dressing-gown, his false hair hanging over his white face, his double chin over his flaccid whity-brown shirt-collar, his pea-green slippers on the hob, and on the fire, the pot of chocolate which was simmering for his breakfast. A lazier fellow than poor Eglantine it would be hard to find; whereas, on the contrary, Woolsey was always up and brushed, spick-and-span, at seven o'clock; and had gone through his books, and given out the work for the journeymen, and eaten a hearty breakfast of rashers of bacon, before Eglantine had put the usual pound of grease to his hair (his fingers were always as damp and shiny as if he had them in a pomatum-pot), and arranged his figure for the day.

"Here's a gent wants you in the shop," says Mr. Mossrose, having the door of communication wide open.

"Say I'm in bed, Mr. Mossrose; I'm out of sperrets, and really can see nobody."

"It's some one from Vindsor, I think; he's got the royal button," says Mossrose.

"It's me—Woolsey," shouted the little man from the shop.

Mr. Eglantine at this jumped up, made a rush to the door leading to his private apartment, and disappeared in a twinkling. But it must not be imagined that he fled in order to avoid Mr. Woolsey. He only went away for one minute just to put on his belt, for he was ashamed to be seen without it by his rival.

This being assumed, and his toilet somewhat arranged, Mr. Woolsey was admitted into his private room. And Mossrose would have heard every word of the conversation between those two gentlemen, had not Woolsey, opening the door, suddenly pounced on the assistant, taken him by the collar, and told him to disappear altogether into the shop, which Mossrose did, vowing he would have his revenge.

The subject which Woolsey had come to treat was an important one. "Mr. Eglantine," says he, "there's no use disguising from one another that we are both of us in love with Miss Morgiana, and that our chances up to this time have been pretty equal. But that captain whom you introduced, like an ass as you were——"

"An ass, Mr. Woolsey? I'd have you to know, sir, that I'm no more a hass than you are, sir; and as for introducing the captain, I did no such thing."

"Well, well, he's got a poaching into our preserves somehow. He's evidently sweet upon the young woman, and is a more fashionable chap than either of us two. We must get him out of the house, sir—we must circumwent him; and *then*, Mr. Eglantine, will be time enough for you and me to try which is the best man."

"*He* the best man!" thought Eglantine, "the little, bald, unsightly tailor-creature! A man with no more soul than his smoothing-hiron!" But the perfumer, as may be imagined, did not utter this sentiment aloud, but expressed himself quite willing to enter into any *hamicable* arrangement, by which the new candidate for Miss Crump's favour must be thrown over. It was, accordingly, agreed between the two gentlemen that they should coalesce against the common enemy; that they should, by reciting many perfectly well-founded stories in the captain's disfavour, influence the minds of Miss Crump's parents, and of herself, if possible, against this wolf in sheep's clothing; and

that, when they were once fairly rid of him, each should be at liberty, as before, to prefer his own claim.

"I have thought of a subject," said the little tailor, turning very red, and hemming and hawing a great deal. "I've thought, I say, of a pint, which may be resorted to with advantage at the present juncture, and in which each of us may be useful to the other. An exchange, Mr. Eglantine, do you take?"

"Do you mean an accommodation-bill?" said Eglantine, whose mind ran a good deal on that species of exchange.

"Pooh, nonsense, sir. The name of *our* firm is, I flatter myself, a little more up in the market than some other people's names."

"Do you mean to insult the name of Archibald Eglantine, sir? I'd have you to know that at three months ——"

"Nonsense!" says Mr. Woolsey, mastering his emotion; "there's no use a-quarrelling, Mr. E.; we're not in love with each other, I know that. You wish me hanged, or as good, I know that!"

"Indeed I don't, sir!"

"You do, sir; I tell you, you do! and what's more, I wish the same to you—transported, at any rate! But as two sailors, when a boat's a-sinking, though they hate each other ever so much, will help and bale the boat out; so, sir, let *us* act: let us be the two sailors."

"Bail, sir!" said Eglantine, as usual mistaking the drift of the argument, "I'll bail no man! If you're in difficulties, I think you had better go to your senior partner, Mr. Woolsey;" and Eglantine's cowardly little soul was filled with a savage satisfaction to think that his enemy was in distress, and had actually been obliged to come to *him* for succour.

"You're enough to make Job swear, you great, fat, stupid, lazy, old barber!" roared Mr. Woolsey, in a fury.

Eglantine jumped up and made for the bell-rope. The gallant little tailor laughed.

"There's no need to call in Betsy," said he, "I'm not a-going to eat you, Eglantine; you're a bigger man than me: if you were just to fall on me, you'd smother me! Just sit still on the sofa and listen to reason."

"Well, sir, pro-ceed," said the barber with a gasp.

"Now, listen! What's the darling wish of your heart? I know it, sir! you've told it to Mr. Tressle, sir, and other gents at the club. The darling wish of your heart, sir, is to have a slap-up coat turned out of the *ateliers* of Messrs. Linsey, Woolsey and Company. You said you'd give twenty guineas for one of our coats, you know you did! Lord Bolsterton's a fatter man than you, and look what a figure we turn *him* out. Can any firm in England dress Lord Bolsterton but us, so as to make his lordship look decent? I defy 'em, sir! We could have given Daniel Lambert a figure!"

"If I want a coat, sir," said Mr. Eglantine, "and I don't deny it, there's some people want *a head of hair!*"

"That's the very point I was coming to," said the tailor, resuming the violent blush which was mentioned as having suffused his countenance at the beginning of the conversation. "Let us have terms of mutual accommodation. Make me a wig, Mr. Eglantine, and though I never yet cut a yard of cloth except for a gentleman, I'll pledge you my word I'll make you a coat."

"*Will* you, honour bright?" says Eglantine.

"Honour bright," says the tailor. "Look!" and in an instant he drew from his pocket one of those slips of parchment which gentlemen of his profession carry, and putting Eglantine into the proper position, began to take the preliminary observations. He felt Eglantine's heart thump with happiness as his measure passed over that soft part of the perfumer's person.

Then putting down the window-blind, and looking that the door was locked, and blushing still more deeply than ever, the tailor seated himself in an arm-chair towards which Mr. Eglantine beckoned him, and, taking off his black wig, exposed his head to the great perruquier's gaze. Mr. Eglantine looked at it, measured it, manipulated it, sat for three minutes with his head in his hand and his elbow on his knee gazing at the tailor's cranium with all his might, walked round it twice or thrice, and then said, "It's enough, Mr. Woolsey, consider the job as done. And now, sir," said he, with a greatly relieved air, "and now, Woolsey, let us have a glass of curaçoa to celebrate this hauspicious meeting."

The tailor, however, stiffly replied that he never drunk in a

morning, and left the room without offering to shake Mr. Egl tine by the hand, for he despised that gentleman very heart and himself, too, for coming to any compromise with him, a for so far demeaning himself as to make a coat for a barber.

Looking from his chambers on the other side of the street, t inevitable Mr. Walker saw the tailor issuing from the perfum shop, and was at no loss to guess that something extraordin must be in progress when two such bitter enemies met togethe

CHAPTER III.

WHAT CAME OF MR. WALKER'S DISCOVERY OF THE BOOTJACK.

It is very easy to state how the captain came to take up t proud position at the Bootjack which we have seen him occupy the evening when the sound of the fatal "brava" so astonis Mr. Eglantine.

The mere entry into the establishment was, of course, difficult. Any person by simply uttering the words, "A pint beer," was free of the Bootjack; and it was some such watchw that Howard Walker employed when he made his first appearan He requested to be shown into a parlour where he might rep himself for a while, and was ushered into that very *sanctum* wh the Kidney Club met. Then he stated that the beer was best he had ever tasted, except in Bavaria, and in some parts Spain, he added; and professing to be extremely "peckis requested to know if there were any cold meat in the ho whereof he could make a dinner.

"I don't usually dine at this hour, landlord," said he, fling down a half-sovereign for payment of the beer; "but y parlour looks so comfortable and the Windsor chairs are snug, that I'm sure I could not dine better at the first clu London."

"*One* of the first clubs in London is held in this very roo said Mr. Crump, very well pleased; "and attended by some the best gents in town, too. We call it the Kidney Club.'

"Why, bless my soul! it is the very club my friend, Eglanti

has so often talked to me about, and attended by some of the tip-top tradesmen of the metropolis!"

"There's better men here than Mr. Eglantine," replied Mr. Crump; "though he's a good man—I don't say he's not a good man—but there's better. Mr. Clinker, sir; Mr. Woolsey, of the house of Linsey, Woolsey and Co."

"The great army-clothiers!" cried Walker; "the first house in town!" and so continued, with exceeding urbanity, holding conversation with Mr. Crump, until the honest landlord retired delighted, and told Mrs. Crump in the bar that there was a tip-top swell in the Kidney parlour, who was a-going to have his dinner there.

Fortune favoured the brave captain in every way, it was just Mr. Crump's own dinner-hour; and on Mrs. Crump's stepping into the parlour to ask the guest whether he would like a slice of the joint to which the family were about to sit down, fancy that lady's start of astonishment at recognising Mr. Eglantine's facetious friend of the day before. The captain at once demanded permission to partake of the joint at the family table; the lady could not with any great reason deny this request; the captain was inducted into the bar, and Miss Crump, who always came down late for dinner, was even more astonished than her mamma on beholding the occupier of the fourth place at the table. Had she expected to see the fascinating stranger so soon again? I think she had. Her big eyes said as much, as, furtively looking up at Mr. Walker's face, they caught his looks; and then bouncing down again towards her plate, pretended to be very busy in looking at the boiled beef and carrots there displayed. She blushed far redder than those carrots, but her shining ringlets hid her confusion together with her lovely face.

Sweet Morgiana! the billiard-ball eyes had a tremendous effect on the captain. They fell plump, as it were, into the pocket of his heart; and he gallantly proposed to treat the company to a bottle of champagne, which was accepted without much difficulty.

Mr. Crump, under pretence of going to the cellar (where he said he had some cases of the finest champagne in Europe), called Dick, the boy, to him, and dispatched him with all speed to a

wine-merchant's, where a couple of bottles of the liquor w procured.

"Bring up two bottles, Mr. C.," Captain Walker gallantly s when Crump made his move, as it were, to the cellar; and it m be imagined after the two bottles were drunk (of which M Crump took at least nine glasses to her share), how happy, mer and confidential the whole party had become. Crump told story of the Bootjack, and whose boot it had drawn; the form Miss Delancy expatiated on her past theatrical life, and t pictures hanging round the room. Miss was equally commu cative! and, in short, the captain had all the secrets of the lit family in his possession ere sunset. He knew that Miss ca little for either of her suitors, about whom mamma and papa l a little quarrel. He heard Mrs. Crump talk of Morgiana's p perty, and fell more in love with her than ever. Then came t the luscious crumpet, the quiet game at cribbage, and the song the song which poor Eglantine heard, and which caused Woolse rage and his despair.

At the close of the evening the tailor was in a greater rage, s the perfumer in greater despair than ever. He had made little present of eau de Cologne. "Oh fie!" says the capta with a hoarse laugh, "it *smells of the shop!*" He taunted t tailor about his wig, and the honest fellow had only an oath to g by way of repartee. He told his stories about his club and lordly friends. What chance had either against the all-accomplish Howard Walker?

Old Crump, with a good innate sense of right and wrong, hat the man; Mrs. Crump did not feel quite at her ease regarding hi but Morgiana thought him the most delightful person the wo ever produced.

Eglantine's usual morning costume was a blue satin neck-clo embroidered with butterflies and ornamented with a brandy-b brooch, a light shawl waistcoat, and a rhubarb-coloured coat the sort which, I believe, are called Taglionis, and which have waist-buttons, and make a pretence, as it were, to have no wais but are in reality adopted by the fat in order to give them a wai Nothing easier for an obese man than to have a waist; he has t to pinch his middle part a little, and the very fat on either si

pushed violently forward *makes* a waist, as it were, and our worthy perfumer's figure was that of a bolster cut almost in two with a string.

Walker presently saw him at his shop-door grinning in this costume, twiddling his ringlets with his dumpy greasy fingers, glittering with oil and rings, and looking so exceedingly contented and happy that the estate-agent felt assured some very satisfactory conspiracy had been planned between the tailor and him. How was Mr. Walker to learn what the scheme was? Alas! the poor fellow's vanity and delight were such, that he could not keep silent as to the cause of his satisfaction, and rather than not mention it at all, in the fulness of his heart he would have told his secret to Mr. Mossrose himself.

"When I get my coat," thought the Bond Street Alnaschar, "I'll hire of Snaffle that easy-going cream-coloured 'oss that he bought from Astley's, and I'll canter through the Park, and *won't* I pass through Little Bunker's Buildings, that's all? I'll wear my gray trowsers with the velvet stripe down the side, and get my spurs lacquered up, and with a French polish to my boot; and if I don't *do* for the captain and the tailor too, my name's not Archibald. And I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll hire the small Clarence, and invite the Crumps to dinner at the Gar and Starter (this was his facetious way of calling the Star and Garter), and I'll ride by them all the way to Richmond. It's rather a long ride, but with Snaffle's soft saddle I can do it pretty easy, I dare say." And so the honest fellow built castles upon castles in the air; and the last and most beautiful vision of all was Miss Crump "in white satting, with a horange flower in her 'air," putting him in possession of her lovely hand before the altar of St. George's, 'Anover Square. As for Woolsey, Eglantine determined that he should have the best wig his art could produce, for he had not the least fear of his rival.

These points then being arranged to the poor fellow's satisfaction, what does he do but send out for half a quire of pink note-paper, and in a filagree envelope despatch a note of invitation to the ladies at the Bootjack:—

Bower of Bloom, Bond Street,
Thursday.

"Mr. Archibald Eglantine presents his compliments to Mrs. and Mi Crump, and requests the *honour and pleasure* of their company at the Star a Garter at Richmond to an early dinner on Sunday next.

"*If agreeable*, Mr. Eglantine's carriage will be at your door at three o'cloc and I propose to accompany them on horseback if agreeable likewise."

This note was sealed with yellow wax, and sent to its destinatio and of course Mr. Eglantine went himself for the answer in t evening: and of course he told the ladies to look out for a certa new coat he was going to sport on Sunday; and of course M Walker happens to call the next day with spare tickets for M Crump and her daughter, when the whole secret was laid bare him,—how the ladies were going to Richmond on Sunday Mr. Snaffle's Clarence, and how Mr. Eglantine was to ride their side.

Mr. Walker did not keep horses of his own, his magnific friends at the Regent had plenty in their stables, and some these were at livery at the establishment of the captain's " college " companion, Mr. Snaffle. It was easy, therefore, for t captain to renew his acquaintance with that individual. hanging on the arm of my Lord Vauxhall, Capt. Walker next d made his appearance at Snaffle's livery-stables and looked at t various horses there for sale or at bait, and soon managed, putting some facetious questions to Mr. Snaffle regarding t Kidney Club, &c., to place himself on a friendly footing with th gentleman, and to learn from him what horse Mr. Eglantine w to ride on Sunday.

The monster Walker had fully determined in his mind th Eglantine should *fall off* that horse in the course of his Sunda ride.

"That sing'lar hanimal," said Mr. Snaffle, pointing to the horse, "is the celebrated Hemperor that was the wonder Hastley's some years back, and was parted with by Mr. Ducr honly because his feelin's wouldn't allow him to keep him longer after the death of the first Mrs. D., who invariably r him. I bought him, thinking that p'raps ladies and cockn bucks might like to ride him (for his haction is wonderful, and

canters like a harm-chair); but he's not safe on any day except Sundays."

"And why's that?" asked Captain Walker. "Why is he safer on Sundays than other days?"

"*Because there's no music* in the streets on Sundays. The first gent that rode him found himself dancing a quadrille in Hupper Brooke Street to an 'urdy-gurdy that was playin' 'Cherry ripe,' such is the natur of the hanimal. And if you recklect the play of the 'Battle of Hoysterlitz,' in which Mrs. D. hacted 'the female hussar,' you may remember how she and the horse died in the third act to the toon of 'God preserve the Emperor,' from which this horse took his name. Only play that toon to him, and he rears hisself up, beats the hair in time with his fore legs, and then sinks gently to the ground, as though he were carried off by a cannon-ball. He served a lady hopposite Hapsley Ouse so one day, and since then I've never let him out to a friend except on Sunday, when, in course, there's no danger. Heglantine *is* a friend of mine, and of course I wouldn't put the poor fellow on a hanimal I couldn't trust."

After a little more conversation, my lord and his friend quitted Mr. Snaffle's, and as they walked away towards the Regent, his lordship might be heard shrieking with laughter, crying "Capital, by jingo! exthlent! Dwive down in the dwag! Take Lungly. Worth a thousand pound, by Jove!" and similar ejaculations, indicative of exceeding delight.

On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock to a moment, Mr. Woolsey called at Mr. Eglantine's with a yellow handkerchief under his arm. It contained the best and handsomest body-coat that ever gentleman put on. It fitted Eglantine to a nicety—it did not pinch him in the least, and yet it was of so exquisite a cut that the perfumer found, as he gazed delighted in the glass, that he looked like a manly, portly, high-bred gentleman—a lieutenant-colonel in the army, at the very least.

"You're a full man, Eglantine," said the tailor, delighted, too, with his own work; "but that can't be helped. You look more like Hercules than Falstaff now, sir; and if a coat can make a gentleman, a gentleman you are. Let me recommend you to sink the blue cravat, and take the stripes off your trousers. Dress

quiet, sir; draw it mild. Plain waistcoat, dark trousers, black neckcloth, black hat, and if there's a better dressed man in Europe to-morrow I'm a Dutchman."

"Thank you, Woolsey—thank you, my dear sir," said the charmed perfumer. "And now I'll just trouble you to try on this here."

The wig had been made with equal skill; it was not in the florid style which Mr. Eglantine loved in his own person, but, as the perfumer said, a simple, straightforward head of hair. "It seems as if it had grown there all your life, Mr. Woolsey; nobody would tell that it was not your nat'ral colour (Mr. Woolsey blushed), it makes you look ten year younger; and as for that scarecrow yonder, you'll never, I think, want to wear that again."

Woolsey looked in the glass and was delighted too. The two rivals shook hands and straightway became friends, and in the overflowing of his heart the perfumer mentioned to the tailor the party which he had arranged for the next day, and offered him a seat in the carriage and at the dinner at the Star and Garter. "Would you like to ride?" said Eglantine, with rather a consequential air, "Snaffle will mount you, and we can go one on each side of the ladies, if you like."

But Woolsey humbly said he was not a riding man, and gladly consented to take a place in the Clarence carriage, provided he was allowed to bear half the expenses of the entertainment. This proposal was agreed to by Mr. Eglantine, and the two gentlemen parted to meet once more at the Kidneys that night, when every body was edified by the friendly tone adopted between them.

Mr. Snaffle, at the club-meeting, made the very same proposal to Mr. Woolsey that the perfumer had made; and stated that as Eglantine was going to ride Hemperor, Woolsey, at least, ought to mount too. But he was met by the same modest refusal on the tailor's part, who stated that he had never mounted a horse yet, and preferred greatly the use of a coach.

Eglantine's character as a "swell" rose greatly with the club that evening.

Two o'clock on Sunday came; the two beaux arrived punctually at the door to receive the two smiling ladies.

"Bless us, Mr. Eglantine!" said Miss Crump, quite struck by

him, "I never saw you look so handsome in your life." He could have flung his arms around her neck at the compliment. "And, law, ma! what has happened to Mr. Woolsey? doesn't he look ten years younger than yesterday?" Mamma assented, and Woolsey bowed gallantly, and the two gentlemen exchanged a nod of hearty friendship.

The day was delightful. Eglantine pranced along magnificently on his cantering arm-chair, with his hat on one ear, his left hand on his side, and his head flung over his shoulder, and throwing under glances at Morgiana whenever the Emperor was in advance of the Clarence. The Emperor pricked up his ears a little uneasily passing the Ebenezer chapel in Richmond, where the congregation were singing a hymn, but beyond this no accident occurred; nor was Mr. Eglantine in the least stiff or fatigued by the time the party reached Richmond, where he arrived time enough to give his steed into the charge of an hostler, and to present his elbow to the ladies as they alighted from the Clarence carriage.

What this jovial party ate for dinner at the Star and Garter need not here be set down. If they did not drink champagne I am very much mistaken. They were as merry as any four people in Christendom; and between the bewildering attentions of the perfumer, and the manly courtesy of the tailor, Morgiana very likely forgot the gallant captain, or, at least, was very happy in his absence.

At eight o'clock they began to drive homewards. "*Won't* you come into the carriage?" said Morgiana to Eglantine, with one of her tenderest looks; "Dick can ride the horse." But Archibald was too great a lover of equestrian exercise. "I'm afraid to trust any body on this horse," said he with a knowing look; and so he pranced away by the side of the little carriage. The moon was brilliant, and, with the aid of the gas-lamps, illuminated the whole face of the country in a way inexpressibly lively.

Presently, in the distance, the sweet and plaintive notes of a bugle were heard, and the performer, with great delicacy, executed a religious air. "Music, too! heavenly!" said Morgiana, throwing up her eyes to the stars. The music came nearer and nearer, and the delight of the company was only more intense.

The fly was going at about four miles an hour, and the Emp
began cantering to time at the same rapid pace.

"This must be some gallantry of yours, Mr. Woolsey,"
the romantic Morgiana, turning upon that gentleman. "
Eglantine treated us to the dinner, and you have provided us
the music."

Now Woolsey had been a little, a very little, dissatisfied du
the course of the evening's entertainment, by fancying that Eg
tine, a much more voluble person than himself, had obtai
rather an undue share of the ladies' favour; and as he hin
paid half of the expenses, he felt very much vexed to think
the perfumer should take all the credit of the business to him
So when Miss Crump asked if he had provided the music
foolishly made an evasive reply to her query, and rather wi
her to imagine that he *had* performed that piece of gallar
"If it pleases *you*, Miss Morgiana," said this artful schne
"what more need any man ask? wouldn't I have all Drury I
orchestra to please you?"

The bugle had by this time arrived quite close to the Clar
carriage, and if Morgiana had looked round she might have
whence the music came. Behind her came slowly a drag,
private stage coach, with four horses. Two grooms with cock
and folded arms were behind; and driving on the box, a l
gentleman, with a blue, bird's-eye neckcloth, and a white c
A bugleman was by his side, who performed the melodies wh
so delighted Miss Crump. He played very gently and swe
and "God save the King" trembled so softly out of the br
orifice of his bugle, that the Crumps, the tailor, and Eglan
himself, who was riding close by the carriage, were quite char
and subdued.

"Thank you, *dear* Mr. Woolsey," said the grateful Morgi
which made Eglantine stare, and Woolsey was just say
"Really, upon my word, I've nothing to do with it," when
man on the drag-box said to the bugleman, "Now!"

The bugleman began the tune of—

> "Heaven preserve our Emperor Fra-an-cis,
> Rum tum-ti-tum-ti-titty-ti."

At the sound, the Emperor reared himself (with a roar

Mr. Eglantine), reared and beat the air with his fore-paws; Eglantine flung his arms round the beast's neck, still he kept beating time with his fore-paws. Mrs. Crump screamed; Mr. Woolsey, Dick, the Clarence coachman, Lord Vauxhall (for it was he), and his lordship's two grooms, burst into a shout of laughter; Morgiana cries "Mercy! mercy!" Eglantine yells "Stop!"—"Wo!"—"O!" and a thousand ejaculations of hideous terror; until, at last, down drops the Emperor stone dead in the middle of the road, as if carried off by a cannon-ball.

Fancy the situation, ye callous souls who laugh at the misery of humanity, fancy the situation of poor Eglantine under the Emperor. He had fallen very easy, the animal lay perfectly quiet, and the perfumer was to all intents and purposes as dead as the animal. He had not fainted, but he was immovable with terror; he lay in a puddle, and thought it was his own blood gushing from him; and he would have lain there until Monday morning, if my Lord's grooms descending, had not dragged him by the coat-collars from under the beast, who still lay quiet.

"Play 'Charming Judy Callaghan,' will ye?" says Mr. Snaffle's man, the fly-driver; on which the bugler performed that lively air, and up started the horse, and the grooms, who were rubbing Mr. Eglantine down against a lamp-post, invited him to remount.

But his heart was too broken for that. The ladies gladly made room for him in the Clarence. Dick mounted Emperor and rode homewards. The drag, too, drove away, playing, "O dear what can the matter be?" and with a scowl of furious hate, Mr. Eglantine sat and regarded his rival. His pantaloons were split, and his coat torn up the back.

"Are you hurt much, dear Mr. Archibald?" said Morgiana, with unaffected compassion.

"N-not much," said the poor fellow, ready to burst into tears.

"O, Mr. Woolsey," added the good-natured girl, "how could you play such a trick?"

"Upon my word," Woolsey began, intending to plead innocence; but the ludicrousness of the situation was once more too much for him, and he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"You! you cowardly beast," howled out Eglantine, now driven

to fury, "*you* laugh at me, you miserable cretur! Take *that*, sir!" and he fell upon him with all his might, and well-nigh throttled the tailor, and pummelling his eyes, his nose, his ears, with inconceivable rapidity, wrenched, finally, his wig off his head, and flung it into the road.

Morgiana saw that Woolsey had red hair.*

* * * * * *

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE HEROINE HAS A NUMBER MORE LOVERS, AND CUTS A VERY DASHING FIGURE IN THE WORLD.

Two years have elapsed since the festival at Richmond, which, begun so peaceably, ended in such general uproar. Morgiana never could be brought to pardon Woolsey's red hair, nor to help laughing at Eglantine's disasters, nor could the two gentlemen be reconciled to one another. Woolsey, indeed, sent a challenge to the perfumer to meet him with pistols, which the latter declined, saying, justly, that tradesmen had no business with such weapons: on this the tailor proposed to meet him with coats off, and have it out like men, in the presence of their friends of the Kidney Club. The perfumer said he would be party to no such vulgar transaction; on which, Woolsey, exasperated, made an oath that he would tweak the perfumer's nose so surely as he ever entered the club-room, and thus *one* member of the Kidneys was compelled to vacate his arm-chair.

Woolsey himself attended every meeting regularly, but he did not evince that gaiety and good-humour which renders men's company agreeable in clubs. On arriving, he would order the boy to "tell him when that scoundrel Eglantine came," and, hanging up his hat on a peg, would scowl round the room, and tuck up his sleeves very high, and stretch, and shake his fingers and wrists, as if getting them ready for that pull of the nose which he intended to bestow upon his rival. So prepared, he would sit down and smoke his pipe quite silently, glaring at all, and jumping

* A French *proverbe* furnished the author with the notion of the rivalry between the Barber and the Tailor.

up, and hitching up his coat-sleeves, when any one entered the room.

The Kidneys did not like this behaviour. Clinker ceased to come. Bustard, the poulterer, ceased to come. As for Snaffle, he also disappeared, for Woolsey wished to make him answerable for the misbehaviour of Eglantine, and proposed to him the duel which the latter had declined. So Snaffle went. Presently they all went, except the Tailor and Tressle, who lived down the street, and these two would sit and puff their tobacco, one on each side of Crump, the landlord, as silent as Indian chiefs in a wigwam. There grew to be more and more room for poor old Crump in his chair and in his clothes; the Kidneys were gone, and why should he remain? One Saturday he did not come down to preside at the club (as he still fondly called it), and the Saturday following Tressle had made a coffin for him; and Woolsey, with the undertaker by his side, followed to the grave the father of the Kidneys.

Mrs. Crump was now alone in the world. "How alone?" says some innocent and respected reader. Ah! my dear sir, do you know so little of human nature as not to be aware that, one week after the Richmond affair, Morgiana married Captain Walker? That did she privately, of course; and, after the ceremony, came tripping back to her parents, as young people do in plays, and said, "Forgive me, dear pa and ma, I'm married, and here is my husband, the captain!" Papa and mama did forgive her, as why shouldn't they? and papa paid over her fortune to her, which she carried home delighted to the captain. This happened several months before the demise of old Crump; and Mrs. Captain Walker was on the Continent with her Howard when that melancholy event took place, hence Mrs. Crump's loneliness and unprotected condition. Morgiana had not latterly seen much of the old people; how could she, moving in her exalted sphere, receive at her genteel, new residence in the Edgeware Road, the old publican and his wife?

Being, then, alone in the world, Mrs. Crump could not abear, she said, to live in the house where she had been so respected and happy: so she sold the good-will of the Sun, and, with the money arising from this sale and her own private fortune, being able to muster some sixty pounds per annum, retired to the neighbour-

hood of her dear old Sadler's Wells, where she boarded with one of Mrs. Serle's forty pupils. Her heart was broken, she said; but nevertheless, about nine months after Mr. Crump's death, the wallflowers, nasturtiums, polyanthuses and convolvuluses began to blossom under her bonnet as usual; in a year she was dressed quite as fine as ever, and now never missed the Wells, or some other place of entertainment, one single night, but was as regular as the box-keeper. Nay, she was a buxom widow still, and an old flame of hers, Fisk, so celebrated as pantaloon in Grimaldi's time, but now doing the "heavy fathers" at the Wells, proposed to her to exchange her name for his.

But this proposal the worthy widow declined altogther. To say truth, she was exceedingly proud of her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker. They did not see each other much at first; but every now and then Mrs. Crump would pay her visit to the folks in Connaught Square; and on the days when "the captain's" lady called in the City Road, there was not a single official at the "Wells," from the first tragedian down to the call-boy, who was not made aware of the fact.

It has been said that Morgiana carried home her fortune in her own reticule, and smiling placed the money in her husband's lap; and hence the reader may imagine, who knows Mr. Walker to be an extremely selfish fellow, that a great scene of anger must have taken place, and many coarse oaths and epithets of abuse must have come from him, when he found that five hundred pounds was all that his wife had, although he had expected five thousand with her. But, to say the truth, Walker was at this time almost in love with his handsome, rosy, good-humoured, simple wife. They had made a fortnight's tour, during which they had been exceedingly happy; and there was something so frank and touching in the way in which the kind creature flung her all into his lap, saluting him with a hearty embrace at the same time, and wishing that it were a thousand billion, billion times more, so that her darling Howard might enjoy it, that the man would have been a ruffian indeed could he have found it in his heart to be angry with her; and so he kissed her in return, and patted her on the shining ringlets, and then counted over the notes with rather a disconsolate air, and ended by locking them up in his portfolio. In

fact, *she* had never deceived him; Eglantine had, and he in return had out-tricked Eglantine; and so warm were his affections for Morgiana at this time, that, upon my word and honour, I don't think he repented of his bargain. Besides, five hundred pounds in crisp bank-notes was a sum of money such as the captain was not in the habit of handling every day; a dashing, sanguine fellow, he fancied there was no end to it, and already thought of a dozen ways by which it should increase and multiply into a plumb. Woe is me! Has not many a simple soul examined five new hundred-pound notes in this way, and calculated their powers of duration and multiplication!

This subject, however, is too painful to be dwelt on. Let us hear what Walker did with his money. Why, he furnished the house in the Edgeware Road before mentioned, he ordered a handsome service of plate, he sported a phaeton and two ponies, he kept a couple of smart maids and a groom foot-boy,—in fact, he mounted just such a neat, unpretending, gentlemanlike establishment as becomes a respectable young couple on their outset in life. "I've sown my wild oats," he would say to his acquaintances; "a few years since, perhaps, I would have longed to cut a dash, but now prudence is the word; and I've settled every farthing of Mrs. Walker's fifteen thousand on herself." And the best proof that the world had confidence in him is the fact, that for the articles of plate, equipage, and furniture, which have been mentioned as being in his possession, he did not pay one single shilling; and so prudent was he, that but for turnpikes, postage-stamps, and king's taxes, he hardly had occasion to change a five-pound note of his wife's fortune.

To tell the truth, Mr. Walker had determined to make his fortune. And what is easier in London? Is not the share-market open to all? Do not Spanish and Columbian bonds rise and fall? For what are companies invented but to place thousands in the pockets of shareholders and directors? Into these commercial pursuits the gallant captain now plunged with great energy, and made some brilliant hits at first starting, and bought and sold so opportunely, that his name began to rise in the city as a capitalist, and might be seen in the printed list of directors of many excellent and philanthropic schemes, of which

there is never any lack in London. Business to the amount of thousands was done at his agency; shares of vast value were bought and sold under his management. How poor Mr. Eglantine used to hate him and envy him, as from the door of his emporium (the firm was Eglantine and Mossrose now) he saw the captain daily arrive in his pony-phaeton, and heard of the start he had taken in life.

The only regret Mrs. Walker had was that she did not enjoy enough of her husband's society. His business called him away all day; his business, too, obliged him to leave her of evenings very frequently alone; whilst he (always in pursuit of business) was dining with his great friends at the club, and drinking claret and champagne to the same end.

She was a perfectly good-natured and simple soul, and never made him a single reproach; but when he could pass an evening at home with her she was delighted, and when he could drive with her in the Park she was happy for a week after. On these occasions, and in the fulness of her heart, she would drive to her mother and tell her story. "Howard drove with me in the Park yesterday, mamma;" "Howard has promised to take me to the Opera," and so forth. And that evening the manager, Mr. Gawler, the first tragedian, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils, all the box-keepers, bonnet-women—nay, the ginger-beer girls themselves at the Wells, knew that Captain and Mrs. Walker were at Kensington Gardens, or were to have the Marchioness of Billingsgate's box at the Opera. One night—oh! joy of joys!—Mrs. Captain Walker appeared in a private box at the Wells. That's she with the black ringlets and Cashmere shawl, smelling-bottle, black velvet gown, and bird of paradise in her hat. Goodness gracious! how they all acted at her, Gawler and all, and how happy Mrs. Crump was! She kissed her daughter between all the acts, she nodded to all her friends on the stage, in the slips, or in the real water; she introduced her daughter, Mrs. Captain Walker, to the box-opener, and Melvil Delamere (the first comic), Canterfield (the tyrant), and Jonesini (the celebrated Font-arabian Statuesque), were all on the steps, and shouted for Mrs. Captain Walker's carriage, and waved their hats, and bowed as the little pony-phaeton drove away. Walker, in his mous-

achios, had come in at the end of the play, and was not a little ratified by the compliments paid to himself and lady.

Among the other articles of luxury with which the captain urnished his house we must not omit to mention an extremely rand piano, which occupied four-fifths of Mrs. Walker's little back drawing-room, and at which she was in the habit of practising continually. All day and all night during Walker's absences (and these occurred all night and all day) you might hear—the whole street might hear—the voice of the lady at No. 23 gurgling, and shaking, and quavering, as ladies do when they practise. The street did not approve of the continuance of the noise, but neighbours are difficult to please, and what would Morgiana have had to do if she had ceased to sing? It would be hard to lock a blackbird in a cage and prevent him from singing too. And so Walker's blackbird, in the snug little cage in the Edgeware Road, sang and was not unhappy.

After the pair had been married for about a year, the omnibus that passes both by Mrs. Crump's house, near the Wells, and by Mrs. Walker's street off the Edgeware Road, brought up the former-named lady almost every day to her daughter. She came when the captain had gone to his business; she staid to a two o'clock dinner with Morgiana, she drove with her in the pony-carriage round the Park, but she never stopped later than six. Had she not to go to the play at seven? And, besides, the captain *might* come home with some of his great friends, and he always swore and grumbled much if he found his mother-in-law on the premises. As for Morgiana, she was one of those women who encourage despotism in husbands. What the husband says must be right, because he says it; what he orders must be obeyed tremblingly. Mrs. Walker gave up her entire reason to her lord. Why was it? Before marriage she had been an independent little person; she had far more brains than her Howard. I think it must have been his moustachios that frightened her and caused in her this humility.

Selfish husbands have this advantage in maintaining with easy-minded wives a rigid and inflexible behaviour, viz. that, if they *do* by any chance grant a little favour, the ladies receive it with such transports of gratitude as they would never think of showing to

a lord and master who was accustomed to give them everything they asked for; and hence, when Captain Walker signified his assent to his wife's prayer that she should take a singing-master she thought his generosity almost divine, and fell upon her mama's neck, when that lady came the next day, and said what a dear adorable angel her Howard was, and what ought she not to do for a man who had taken her from her humble situation, and raised her to be what she was! What she was, poor soul! She was the wife of a swindling *parvenu* gentleman. She received visits from six ladies of her husband's acquaintances, the two attorneys' ladies, his bill-broker's lady, and one or two more, of whose characters we had best, if you please, say nothing; and she thought it an honour to be so distinguished, as if Walker had been a Lord Exeter to marry a humble maiden, or a noble prince to fall in love with a humble Cinderella, or a majestic Jove to come down from heaven and woo a Semele. Look through the world, respectable reader, and among your honourable acquaintances, and say if this sort of faith in women is not very frequent? They *will* believe in their husbands, whatever the latter do. Let John be dull, ugly, vulgar, and a humbug, his Mary Anne never finds it out; let him tell his stories ever so many times, there is she always ready with her kind smile; let him be stingy, she says he is prudent; let him quarrel with his best friend, she says he is always in the right; let him be prodigal, she says he is generous, and that his health requires enjoyment; let him be idle, he must have relaxation; and she will pinch herself and her household that he may have a guinea for his club. Yes; and every morning, as she wakes and looks at the face, snoring on the pillow by her side—every morning, I say, she blesses that dull, ugly countenance, and the dull ugly soul reposing there, and thinks both are something divine. I want to know how it is that women do not find out their husbands to be humbugs? Nature has so provided it, and thanks to her. When last year they were acting the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and all the boxes began to roar with great coarse heehaws at Titania hugging Bottom's long long ears—to me, considering these things, it seemed that there were a hundred other male brutes squatted round about, and treated just as reasonably as Bottom was. Their Titanias lulled

them to sleep in their laps, summoned a hundred smiling, delicate, household fairies to tickle their gross intellects and minister to their vulgar pleasures; and (as the above remarks are only supposed to apply to honest women loving their own lawful spouses) a mercy it is that no wicked Puck is in the way to open their eyes, and point out their folly. *Cui bono?* let them live on in their deceit; I know two lovely ladies who will read this, and will say it is just very likely, and not see in the least that it has been written regarding *them.*

Another point of sentiment, and one curious to speculate on. Have you not remarked the immense works of art that women get through? The worsted-work sofas, the counterpanes patched or knitted (but these are among the old-fashioned in the country), the bushels of pincushions, the albums they laboriously fill, the tremendous pieces of music they practise, the thousand other fiddle-faddles which occupy the attention of the dear souls—nay, have we not seen them seated of evenings in a squad or company, Louisa employed at the worsted-work before mentioned, Eliza at the pincushions, Amelia at card-racks or filagree matches, and, in the midst, Theodosia, with one of the candles, reading out a novel aloud? Ah! my dear sir, mortal creatures must be very hard put to it for amusement, be sure of that, when they are forced to gather together in a company and hear novels read aloud! They only do it because they can't help it, depend upon it; it is a sad life, a poor pastime. Mr. Dickens, in his American book, tells of the prisoners at the silent prison, how they had ornamented their rooms, some of them with a frightful prettiness and elaboration. Women's fancy-work is of this sort often—only prison work, done because there was no other exercising-ground for their poor little thoughts and fingers; and hence these wonderful pincushions are executed, these counterpanes woven, these sonatas learned. By every thing sentimental, when I see two kind, innocent, fresh-cheeked young women go to a piano, and sit down opposite to it upon two chairs piled with more or less music-books (according to their convenience), and, so seated, go through a set of double-barrelled variations upon this or that tune by Herz or Kalkbrenner,—I say, far from receiving any satisfaction at the noise made by the performance, my too susceptible heart is given up entirely to bleeding for the performers. What hours, and weeks, nay, pre-

paratory years of study, has that infernal jingle cost them! What sums has papa paid, what scoldings has mamma administered ("Lady Bullblock does not play herself," Sir Thomas says, "but she has naturally the finest ear for music ever known!"); what evidences of slavery, in a word, are there! It is the condition of the young lady's existence. She breakfasts at eight, she does *Mangnall's Questions* with the governess till ten, she practises till one, she walks in the square with bars round her till two, then she practises again, then she sows or hems, or reads French, or Hume's *History*, then she comes down to play to papa, because he likes music whilst he is asleep after dinner, and then it is bed-time, and the morrow is another day with what are called the same "duties" to be gone through. A friend of mine went to call at a nobleman's house the other day, and one of the young ladies of the house came into the room with a tray on her head; this tray was to give Lady Maria a graceful carriage. *Mon Dieu!* and who knows but at that moment Lady Bell was at work with a pair of her dumb namesakes, and Lady Sophy lying flat on a stretching-board? I could write whole articles on this theme, but peace! we are keeping Mrs. Walker waiting all the while.

Well, then, if the above disquisitions have any thing to do with the story, as no doubt they have, I wish it to be understood that, during her husband's absence and her own solitary confinement, Mrs. Howard Walker bestowed a prodigious quantity of her time and energy on the cultivation of her musical talent, and having, as before stated, a very fine loud voice, speedily attained no ordinary skill in the use of it. She first had for teacher little Podmore, the fat chorus-master at the Wells, and who had taught her mother the "Tink a tink" song which has been such a favourite since it first appeared. He grounded her well, and bade her eschew the singing of all those Eagle Tavern ballads in which her heart formerly delighted, and when he had brought her to a certain point of skill, the honest little chorus-master said she should have a still better instructor, and wrote a note to Captain Walker (inclosing his own little account), speaking in terms of the most flattering encomium of his lady's progress, and recommending that she should take lessons of the celebrated Baroski. Captain Walker dismissed Podmore then, and engaged

ignor Baroski, at a vast expense, as he did not fail to tell his ife. In fact, he owed Baroski no less than a hundred-and-wenty guineas when he came to file his Sched. * * * But re are advancing matters.

Little Baroski is the author of the opera of *Eliogabalo*, of the ratorio of *Purgatorio*, which made such an immense sensation, of ongs and ballet-musics innumerable. He is a German by birth, nd shows such an outrageous partiality for pork and sausages, nd attends at church so constantly, that I am sure there cannot be any foundation in the story that he is a member of the ancient religion. He is a fat little man, with a hooked nose and jetty whiskers, and coal-black shining eyes, and plenty of rings and jewels on his fingers and about his person, and a very considerable portion of his shirt-sleeves turned over his coat to take the air. His great hands (which can sprawl over half a piano, and produce those effects on the instrument for which he is celebrated) are encased in lemon-coloured kids, new, or cleaned daily. Parenthetically, let us ask why so many men, with coarse red wrists and big hands, persist in the white kid glove and wristband system? Baroski's gloves alone must cost him a little fortune; only, he says with a leer, when asked the question, "Get along vid you; don't you know dere is a gloveress that lets me have dem very cheap?" He rides in the Park; has splendid lodgings in Dover Street; and is a member of the Regent Club, where he is a great source of amusement to the members, to whom he tells astonishing stories of his successes with the ladies, and for whom he has always play and opera tickets in store. His eye glistens and his little heart beats when a lord speaks to him; and he has been known to spend large sums of money in giving treats to young sprigs of fashion at Richmond and elsewhere. "In my bolyticks," he says, "I am consarevatiff to de bag-bone." In fine, he is a puppy, and withal a man of considerable genius in his profession.

This gentleman then undertook to complete the musical education of Mrs. Walker. He expresses himself at once "enshanted vid her gababilities," found that the extent of her voice was "brodigious," and guaranteed that she should become a first-rate singer. The pupil was apt, the master was exceedingly skilful; and, accordingly, Mrs. Walker's progrèss was very re-

markable; although, for her part, honest Mrs. Crump, who used to attend her daughter's lessons, would grumble not a little at the new system, and the endless exercises which she, Morgiana, was made to go through. It was very different in *her* time, she said. Incledon knew no music, and who could sing so well now? Give her a good English ballad; it was a thousand times sweeter than your *Figaros* and *Semiramides*.

In spite of these objections, however, and with amazing perseverance and cheerfulness, Mrs. Walker pursued the method of study pointed out to her by her master. As soon as her husband went to the city in the morning her operations began; if he remained away at dinner, her labours still continued; nor is it necessary for me to particularise her course of study, nor, indeed, possible, for, between ourselves, none of the male Fitz-Boodles ever could sing a note, and the jargon of scales and solfeggios is quite unknown to me. But as no man can have seen persons addicted to music without remarking the prodigious energies they display in the pursuit, as there is no father of daughters, however ignorant, but is aware of the piano-rattling and voice-exercising which goes on in his house from morning till night, so let all fancy, without further inquiry, how the heroine of our story was at this stage of her existence occupied.

Walker was delighted with her progress, and did everything but pay Baroski, her instructor. We know why he didn't pay. It was his nature not to pay bills, except on extreme compulsion; but why did not Baroski employ that extreme compulsion? Because, if he had received his money, he would have lost his pupil, and because he loved his pupil more than money. Rather than lose her, he would have given her a guinea as well as her *cachet*. He would sometimes disappoint a great personage, but he never missed his attendance on *her;* and the truth must out, that he was in love with her, as Woolsey and Eglantine had been before.

"By the immortel Chofe!" he would say, "dat letell ding sentus me mad vid her big ice! But only vait avile, in six veeks I can bring any voman in England on her knees to me; and you shall see vat I vill do vid my Morgiana." He attended her for six weeks punctually, and yet Morgiana was never brought down on her knees; he exhausted his best stock of "gomblimends," and

she never seemed disposed to receive them with anything but laughter. And, as a matter of course, he only grew more infatuated with the lovely creature who was so provokingly good-humoured and so laughingly cruel.

Benjamin Baroski was one of the chief ornaments of the musical profession in London; he charged a guinea for a lesson of three-quarters of an hour abroad, and he had, furthermore, a school at his own residence, where pupils assembled in considerable numbers, and of that curious mixed kind which those may see who frequent these places of instruction. There were very innocent young ladies with their mammas, who would hurry them off trembling to the farther corner of the room when certain doubtful professional characters made their appearance. There was Miss Grigg, who sang at the Foundling, and Mr. Johnson, who sang at the Eagle Tavern, and Madame Fioravanti (a *very* doubtful character), who sang nowhere, but was always coming out at the Italian Opera. There was Lumley Limpiter (Lord Tweedledale's son) one of the most accomplished tenors in town, and who, we have heard, sings with the professionals at a hundred concerts; and with him, too, was Captain Guzzard of the Guards, with his tremendous bass voice, which all the world declared to be as fine as Porto's, and who shared the applauses of Baroski's school, with Mr. Bulger, the dentist of Sackville Street, who neglected his ivory and gold plates for his voice, as every unfortunate individual will do who is bitten by the music mania. Then among the ladies there were a half-score of dubious pale governesses and professionals with turned frocks and lank damp bandeaux of hair under shabby little bonnets; luckless creatures these, who were parting with their poor little store of half-guineas to be enabled to say they were pupils of Signor Baroski, and so get pupils of their own among the British youths, or employment in the choruses of the theatres.

The prima donna of the little company was Amelia Larkins, Baroski's own articled pupil, on whose future reputation the eminent master staked his own, whose profits he was to share, and whom he had farmed, to this end, from her father, a most respectable sheriff's officer's assistant, and now, by his daughter's exertions, a considerable capitalist. Amelia is blonde and blue-

eyed, her complexion is as bright as snow, her ringlets of the colour of straw, her figure —— but why describe her figure? Has not all the world seen her at the theatres royal and in America under the name of Miss Ligonier?

Until Mrs. Walker arrived, Miss Larkins was the undisputed princess of the Baroski company—the Semiramide, the Rosina, the Tamina, the Donna Anna. Baroski vaunted her every where as the great rising genius of the day, bade Catalani look to her laurels, and questioned whether Miss Stephens could sing a ballad like his pupil. Mrs. Howard Walker arrived, and created, on the first occasion, no small sensation. She improved, and the little society became speedily divided into Walkerites and Larkinsians; and between these two ladies (as, indeed, between Guzzard and Bulger before mentioned, between Miss Brunck and Miss Horsman, the two contraltos and between the chorus-singers, after their kind) a great rivalry arose. Larkins was certainly the better singer; but could her straw-coloured curls and dumpy high-shouldered figure bear any comparison with the jetty ringlets and stately form of Morgiana? Did not Mrs. Walker, too, come to the music-lesson in her carriage, and with a black velvet gown and Cashmere shawl, while poor Larkins meekly stepped from Bell Yard, Temple Bar, in an old print gown and clogs, which she left in the hall? "Larkins sing!" said Mrs. Crump, sarcastically; "I'm sure she ought; her mouth's big enough to sing a duet." Poor Larkins had no one to make epigrams in her behoof; her mother was at home tending the younger ones, her father abroad following the duties of his profession, she had but one protector, as she thought, and that one was Baroski. Mrs. Crump did not fail to tell Lumley Limpiter of her own former triumphs, and to sing him "Tink-a-tink," which we have previously heard, and to state how in former days she had been called the Ravenswing. And Lumley, on this hint, made a poem, in which he compared Morgiana's hair to the plumage of the Ravenswing, and Larkinissa's to that of the canary; by which two names the ladies began soon to be known in the school.

Ere long, the flight of the Ravenswing became evidently stronger, whereas that of the canary was seen evidently to droop. When Morgiana sang, all the room would cry "bravo;" when Amelia

erformed, scarce a hand was raised for applause of her, except Morgiana's own, and that the Larkinses thought was lifted in idious triumph rather than in sympathy, for Miss L. was of an nvious turn, and little understood the generosity of her rival.

At last, one day, the crowning victory of the Ravenswing came. In the trio of Baroski's own opera of *Eliogabalo*, "Rosy lips and rosy wine," Miss Larkins, who was evidently unwell, was taking the part of the English captive, which she had sung in public concerts before royal dukes, and with considerable applause, and, from reason, performed it so ill, that Baroski, slapping down the music on the piano in a fury, cried, "Mrs. Howard Walker, as Miss Larkins cannot sing to-day, will you favour us by taking the part of Boadicetta?" Mrs. Walker got up smilingly to obey—the triumph was too great to be withstood; and, as she advanced to the piano, Miss Larkins looked wildly at her, and stood silent for awhile, and, at last, shrieked out "*Benjamin!*" in a tone of extreme agony, and dropped fainting down on the ground. Benjamin looked extremely red, it must be confessed, at being thus called by what we shall denominate his Christian name, and Limpiter looked round at Guzzard, and Miss Brunck nudged Miss Horsman, and the lesson concluded rather abruptly that day, for Miss Larkins was carried off to the next room, laid on a couch, and sprinkled with water.

Good-natured Morgiana insisted that her mother should take Miss Larkins to Bell Yard in her carriage, and went herself home on foot; but I don't know that this piece of kindness prevented Larkins from hating her. I should doubt if it did.

Hearing so much of his wife's skill as a singer, the astute Captain Walker determined to take advantage of it for the purpose of increasing his "connexion." He had Lumley Limpiter at his house before long, which was, indeed, no great matter, for honest Lum would go anywhere for a good dinner, and an opportunity to show off his voice afterwards, and Lumley was begged to bring any more clerks in the Treasury of his acquaintance; Captain Guzzard was invited, and any officers of the Guards whom he might choose to bring; Bulger received occasional cards;—in a word, and after a short time, Mrs. Howard Walker's musical parties began to be considerably *suivies*. Her husband

had the satisfaction to see his rooms filled by many great personages; and once or twice in return (indeed, whenever she was wanted, or when people could not afford to hire the first singers) she was asked to parties elsewhere, and treated with that killing civility which our English aristocracy knows how to bestow on artists. Clever and wise aristocracy! It is sweet to mark your ways, and study your commerce with inferior men.

I was just going to commence a tirade regarding the aristocracy here, and to rage against that cool assumption of superiority which distinguishes their lordships' commerce with artists of all sorts, that politeness which, if it condescend to receive artists at all, takes care to have them altogether, so that there can be no mistake about their rank—that august patronage of art which rewards it with a silly flourish of knighthood, to be sure, but takes care to exclude it from any contact with its betters in society—I was, I say, just going to commence a tirade against the aristocracy for excluding artists from their company, and to be extremely satirical upon them, for instance, for not receiving my friend Morgiana, when it suddenly came into my head to ask, was Mrs. Walker fit to move in the best society?—to which query it must humbly be replied that she was not. Her education was not such as to make her quite the equal of Baker Street. She was a kind, honest, and clever creature; but, it must be confessed, not refined. Wherever she went she had, if not the finest, at any rate the most showy gown in the room; her ornaments were the biggest; her hats, toques, berets, marabouts, and other fallals always the most conspicuous. She drops "h's" here and there. I have seen her eat peas with a knife (and Walker, scowling on the opposite side of the table, striving in vain to catch her eye); and I shall never forget Lady Smigmag's horror when she asked for porter at dinner at Richmond, and began to drink it out of the pewter pot. It was a fine sight. She lifted up the tankard with one of the finest arms, covered with the biggest bracelets ever seen; and had a bird-of-paradise on her head, that curled round the pewter-disk of the pot as she raised it, like a halo. These peculiarities she had, and has still. She is best away from genteel world, that is the fact. When she says that "The weather is so 'ot that it is quite debiliating;" when she laughs, when

hits her neighbour at dinner on the side of the waistcoat (as she will if he should say anything that amuses her), she does what is perfectly natural and unaffected on her part, but what is not customarily done among polite persons, who can sneer at her odd manners and her vanity, but don't know the kindness, honesty, and simplicity which distinguish her. This point being admitted, it follows, of course, that the tirade against the aristocracy would, in the present instance, be out of place—so it shall be reserved for some other occasion.

The Ravenswing was a person admirably disposed by nature to be happy. She had a disposition so kindly that any small attention would satisfy it; was pleased when alone; was delighted in a crowd; was charmed with a joke, however old; was always ready to laugh, to sing, to dance, or to be merry; was so tender-hearted that the smallest ballad would make her cry, and hence was supposed, by many persons, to be extremely affected, and by almost all, to be a downright coquette. Several competitors for her favour presented themselves besides Baroski. Young dandies used to canter round her phaeton in the park, and might be seen haunting her doors in the mornings. The fashionable artist of the day made a drawing of her, which was engraved and sold in the shops; a copy of it was printed in a song, "Black-eyed Maiden of Araby," the words by Desmond Mulligan, Esq., the music composed and dedicated to Mrs. Howard Walker, by her most faithful and obliged servant, Benjamin Baroski, and at night her Opera-box was full. Her Opera-box? Yes, the heiress of the Bootjack actually had an Opera-box, and some of the most fashionable manhood of London attended it.

Now, in fact, was the time of her greatest prosperity; and her husband gathering these fashionable characters about him, extended his "agency" considerably, and began to thank his stars that he had married a woman who was as good as a fortune to him.

In extending his agency, however, Mr. Walker increased his expenses proportionably, and multiplied his debts accordingly. More furniture and more plate, more wines and more dinner-parties, became necessary; the little pony-phaeton was exchanged for a brougham of evenings; and we may fancy our old friend Mr. Eglantine's rage and disgust, as he looked up from the pit of

the Opera, to see Mrs. Walker surrounded by what he ca "the swell young nobs" about London, bowing to my lord, laughing with his grace, and led to her carriage by Sir John.

The Ravenswing's position at this period was rather an ex tional one. She was an honest woman, visited by that pecu class of our aristocracy who chiefly associate with ladies who *not* honest. She laughed with all, but she encouraged none. Crump was constantly at her side now when she appeared public, the most watchful of mammas, always awake at the Op though she seemed to be always asleep; but no dandy debauc could deceive her vigilance, and for this reason, Walker, disliked her, as every man naturally will, must, and should dis his mother-in-law, was contented to suffer her in his house to as a *chaperon* to Morgiana.

None of the young dandies ever got admission of mornings the little mansion in the Edgeware Road; the blinds were alw down; and though you might hear Morgiana's voice half acr the Park as she was practising, yet the youthful hall-porter, in sugar-loaf buttons, was instructed to deny her, and always decla that his mistress was gone out, with the most admirable assuran

After some two years of her life of splendour, there were, to sure, a good number of morning visitors, who came with *sin* knocks, and asked for Captain Walker, but these were no m admitted than the dandies aforesaid, and were referred, genera to the captain's Office, whither they went or not at their c venience. The only man who obtained admission into the ho was Baroski, whose cab transported him thrice a week to neighbourhood of Connaught Square, and who obtained re entrance in his professional capacity.

But even then, and much to the wicked little music-mast disappointment, the dragon Crump was always at the piano w her endless worsted work, or else reading her unfailing "Sun Times;" and Baroski could only employ "de langvitch of de ic as he called it, with his fair pupil, who used to mimic his man of rolling his eyes about afterwards, and perform "Baroski love," for the amusement of her husband and her mamma. former had his reasons for overlooking the attentions of the li music-master; and as for the latter, had she not been on the sta

and had not many hundreds of persons, in jest or earnest, made love to her? What else can a pretty woman expect, who is much before the public? And so the worthy mother counselled her daughter to bear these attentions with good humour, rather than to make them a subject of perpetual alarm and quarrel.

Baroski, then, was allowed to go on being in love, and was never in the least disturbed in his passion; and if he was not successful, at least the little wretch could have the pleasure of *listing* that he was, and looking particularly roguish when the Ravenswing was named, and assuring his friends at the club, that "upon his vort dere vas no trut *in dat rebort.*"

At last one day it happened that Mrs. Crump did not arrive in time for her daughter's lesson (perhaps it rained, and the omnibus was full—a smaller circumstance than that has changed a whole life ere now)—Mrs. Crump did not arrive, and Baroski did, and Morgiana, seeing no great harm, sat down to her lesson as usual, and in the midst of it down went the music-master on his knees, and made a declaration in the most eloquent terms he could muster.

"Don't be a fool, Baroski!" said the lady (I can't help it if her language was not more choice, and if she did not rise with cold dignity, exclaiming, "Unhand me, sir!")—"don't be a fool!" said Mrs. Walker, "but get up and let's finish the lesson."

"You hard-hearted adorable little greature, vil you not listen to me?"

"No, I vill not listen to you, Benjamin!" concluded the lady; "get up and take a chair, and don't go on in that ridiklous way, don't!"

But Baroski, having a speech by heart, determined to deliver himself of it in that posture, and begged Morgiana not to turn vay her divine hice, and to listen to de voice of his despair, and so forth, and seized the lady's hand, and was going to press it to his lips, when she said, with more spirit, perhaps, than grace,—

"Leave go my hand, sir, I'll box your ears if you don't!"

But Baroski wouldn't release her hand, and was proceeding to imprint a kiss upon it, and Mrs. Crump, who had taken the omnibus at a quarter past twelve instead of that at twelve, had just opened the drawing-room door and was walking in, when

Morgiana, turning as red as a peony, and unable to disengage her left hand which the musician held, raised up her right hand, and, with all her might and main, gave her lover such a tremendous slap in the face as caused him abruptly to release the hand which he held, and would have laid him prostrate on the carpet but for Mrs. Crump, who rushed forward and prevented him from falling by administering right and left a whole shower of slaps, such as he had never endured since the day he was at school.

"What imperence!" said that worthy lady; "you'll lay hands on my daughter will you? (one, two). You'll insult a woman in distress, will you, you little coward? (one, two). Take that, and mind your manners you filthy monster!"

Baroski bounced up in a fury. "By Chofe, you shall hear of dis!" shouted he; "you shall pay me dis!"

"As many more as you please, little Benjamin," cried the widow. "Augustus (to the page), was that the captain's knock?" At this Baroski made for his hat. "Augustus, show this imperence to the door, and, if he tries to come in again, call a policeman, do you hear?"

The music-master vanished very rapidly, and the two ladies, instead of being frightened, or falling into hysterics as their betters would have done, laughed at the odious monster's discomfiture, as they called him. "Such a man as that set himself up against my Howard!" said Morgiana, with becoming pride; but it was agreed between them that Howard should know nothing of what had occurred for fear of quarrels, or lest he should be annoyed. So when he came home not a word was said; and only that his wife met him with more warmth than usual, you could not have guessed that any thing extraordinary had occurred. It is not my fault that my heroine's sensibilities were not more keen, that she had not the least occasion for sal-volatile or symptom of a fainting fit; but so it was, and Mr. Howard Walker knew nothing of the quarrel between his wife and her instructor, until * * * *

Until he was arrested next day at the suit of Benjamin Baroski for two hundred and twenty guineas, and, in default of payment was conducted by Mr. Tobias Larkins to his principal's lock-up house in Chancery Lane.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER FALLS INTO DIFFICULTIES, AND MRS. WALKER MAKES MANY FOOLISH ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE HIM.

I HOPE the beloved reader is not silly enough to imagine that Mr. Walker on finding himself inspunged for debt in Chancery Lane, was so foolish as to think of applying to any of his friends (those great personages who have appeared every now and then in the course of this little history, and have served to give it a fashionable air). No, no; he knew the world too well: and that, though Billingsgate would give him as many dozen of claret as he could carry away under his belt, as the phrase is (I can't help it, Madam, if the phrase is not more genteel), and though Vauxhall would lend him his carriage, slap him on the back, and dine at his house; their lordships would have seen Mr. Walker depending from a beam in front of the Old Bailey rather than have helped him to a hundred pounds.

And why, forsooth, should we expect otherwise in the world? I observe that men who complain of its selfishness are quite as selfish as the world is, and no more liberal of money than their neighbours; and I am quite sure with regard to Captain Walker that he would have treated a friend in want exactly as he when in want was treated. There was only his lady who in the least was afflicted by his captivity; and as for the club, that went on, we are bound to say, exactly as it did on the day previous to his disappearance.

By the way, about clubs—could we not, but for fear of detaining the fair reader too long, enter into a wholesome dissertation here, on the manner of friendship established in those institutions, and the noble feeling of selfishness which they are likely to encourage in the male race? I put out of the question the stale topics of complaint, such as leaving home, encouraging gormandising, and luxurious habits, &c.; but look also at the dealings of club-men with one another. Look at the rush for the evening paper! See how Shiverton orders a fire in the dog-days, and Swettenham opens the windows in February. See how Cramley takes the

whole breast of the turkey on his plate, and how many ti Jenkins sends away his beggarly half-pint of sherry! Clubber organised egotism. Club intimacy is carefully and wonderf removed from friendship. You meet Smith for twenty ye exchange the day's news with him, laugh with him over the joke, grow as well acquainted as two men may be together— one day, at the end of the list of members of the club, you rea a little paragraph by itself, with all the honours,

MEMBER DECEASED.

Smith, John, Esq.;

or he, on the other hand, has the advantage of reading your (name selected for a similar typographical distinction. There i that abominable little exclusive list at the end of every cl catalogue—you can't avoid it—I belong to eight clubs myself, know that one year Fitz-Boodle, George Savage, Esq. (unles should please fate to remove my brother and his six sons, w of course it would be Fitz-Boodle, Sir George Savage, Bart.), appear in the dismal category. There is that list; down I n go in it:—the day will come, and I shan't be seen in the b window, some one else will be sitting in the vacant arm-ch the rubber will begin as usual, and yet somehow Fitz will not there. "Where's Fitz?" says Trumpington, just arrived f the Rhine. "Don't you know?" says Punter, turning down thumb to the carpet. "You led the club, I think?" says] to his partner (the *other* partner!), and the waiter snuffs candles.

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I hope in the course of the above little pause, every si member of a club who reads this has profited by the perusal. may belong, I say, to eight clubs, he will die and not be mi by any of the five thousand members. Peace be to him; waiters will forget him, and his name will pass away, and ano great-coat will hang on the hook whence his own used to dependent.

this I need not say is the beauty of the club-institutions. ere otherwise,—if forsooth we were to be sorry when our died, or to draw our purses when our friends were in want, ld be insolvent, and life would be miserable. Be it ours n up our pockets and our hearts; and to make merry—it h to swim down this life-stream for ourselves; if Poverty ing hold of our heels, or Friendship would catch an arm, m both off. Every man for himself, is the word, and o do too.

iend Captain Walker had practised the above maxims so l resolutely as to be quite aware when he came himself to stress, that not a single soul in the whole universe would , and he took his measures accordingly.

ı carried to Mr. Bendigo's lock-up house, he summoned ıtleman in a very haughty way, took a blank banker's ut of his pocket-book, and filling it up for the exact sum rrit, orders Mr. Bendigo forthwith to open the door and go forth.

endigo, smiling with exceeding archness, and putting a vered all over with diamond rings to his extremely acquiline quired of Mr. Walker whether he saw anything green s face? intimating by this gay and good-humoured inter- his suspicion of the unsatisfactory nature of the document ver to him by Mr. Walker.

g it, sir!" says Mr. Walker, "go and get the cheque ınd be quick about it. Send your man in a cab, and here's own to pay for it." The confident air somewhat staggers ff, who asked him whether he would like any refreshment s man was absent getting the amount of the cheque, and is prisoner with great civility during the time of the er's journey.

s Captain Walker had but a balance of two pounds five pence (this sum was afterwards divided among his creditors, expenses being previously deducted from it), the bankers declined to cash the captain's draft for two hundred and ıds, simply writing the words "no effects" on the paper; ring which reply Walker, far from being cast down, burst ghing very gayly, produced a real five-pound note, and

called upon his host for a bottle of champagne, which the worthies drank in perfect friendship and good-humour. The b was scarcely finished, and the young Israelitish gentleman acts as waiter in Cursitor Street had only time to remove the and the glasses, when poor Morgiana with a flood of tears ru into her husband's arms, and flung herself on his neck, and ca him her "dearest, blessed Howard," would have fainted at feet; but that he, breaking out in a fury of oaths, asked her l after getting him into that scrape through her infernal extravaga she dared to show her face before him? This address spe frightened the poor thing out of her fainting fit—there is not so good for female hysterics as a little conjugal sternness, brutality, as many husbands can aver who are in the habi employing the remedy.

"My extravagance, Howard?" said she, in a faint way; quite put off her purpose of swooning by the sudden attack r upon her—"Surely, my love, you have nothing to com of ——"

"To complain of, ma'am?" roared the excellent Walker. two hundred guineas to a music-master nothing to complain Did you bring me such a fortune as to authorise your ta guinea lessons? Haven't I raised you out of your sphere o and introduced you to the best of the land? Haven't I dr you like a duchess? Haven't I been for you such a husba very few women in the world ever had, madam—answer me th

"Indeed, Howard, you were always very kind," sobbed lady.

"Haven't I toiled and slaved for you,—been out all day wo for you? Haven't I allowed your vulgar old mother to co your house—to my house, I say? Haven't I done all this?'

She could not deny it, and Walker, who was in a rage when a man is in a rage, for what on earth is a wife made fo that he should vent his rage on her?), continued for some in this strain, and so abused, frightened, and overcame Morgiana, that she left her husband fully convinced that she the most guilty of beings, and bemoaning his double bad for that her Howard was ruined and she the cause of his misfort

When she was gone, Mr. Walker resumed his equanimity

he was not one of those men whom a few months of the King's Bench were likely to terrify), and drank several glasses of punch in company with his host, with whom in perfect calmness he talked over his affairs. That he intended to pay his debt and quit the spunging-house next day is a matter of course; no one ever was yet put in a spunging-house that did not pledge his veracity he intended to quit it to-morrow. Mr. Bendigo said he should be heartily glad to open the door to him, and in the meantime sent out diligently to see among his friends if there were any more detainers against the Captain, and to inform the Captain's creditors to come forward against him.

Morgiana went home in profound grief it may be imagined, and could hardly refrain from bursting into tears, when the sugar-loaf page asked whether master was coming home early, or whether he had taken his key; and lay awake tossing and wretched the whole night, and very early in the morning rose up, and dressed, and went out.

Before nine o'clock she was in Cursitor Street; and once more joyfully bounced into her husband's arms, who woke up yawning and swearing somewhat, with a severe headache, occasioned by the jollification of the previous night; for, strange though it may seem, there are perhaps no places in Europe where jollity is more practised than in prisons for debt; and I declare for my own part (I mean, of course, that I went to visit a friend) I have dined at Mr. Aminadab's as sumptuously as at Long's.

But it is necessary to account for Morgiana's joyfulness, which was strange in her husband's perplexity, and after her sorrow of the previous night. Well, then, when Mrs. Walker went out in the morning, as she did with a very large basket under her arm, "Shall I carry the basket, ma'am?" said the page, seizing it with much alacrity.

"No, thank you," cried his mistress, with equal eagerness: "it's only ——"

"Of course, ma'am," replied the boy, sneering, "I knew it was that."

"Glass," continued Mrs. Walker turning extremely red. "Have the goodness to call a coach, sir, and not to speak till you are questioned."

The young gentleman disappeared upon his errand: the was called and came. Mrs. Walker slipped into it witl basket, and the page went down-stairs to his companions: kitchen, and said, "It's a comin'! master's in quod, and n has gone out to pawn the plate." When the cook went ou day, she somehow had by mistake placed in her basket a of table-knives and a plated egg-stand. When the lady's took a walk in the course of the afternoon, she found sh occasion for eight cambric pocket-handkerchiefs (marked her mistress's cipher), half a dozen pair of shoes, gloves, and short, some silk stockings, and a gold-headed scent-b "Both the new cashmires is gone," said she, "and tl nothing left in Mrs. Walker's trinket-box but a paper of and an old coral bracelet." As for the page, he rushed i tinently to his master's dressing-room and examined ever of the pockets of his clothes: made a parcel of some of and opened all the drawers which Walker had not locked l his departure. He only found three-half-pence and a bill-s and about forty-five tradesmen's accounts, neatly labelle tied up with red tape. These three worthies, a groom, wh a great admirer of Trimmer the lady's-maid, and a polic a friend of the cook's, sat down to a comfortable dinner a usual hour, and it was agreed among them all that Wa ruin was certain. The cook made the policeman a prese a china punch-bowl which Mrs. Walker had given her; an lady's-maid gave her friend the *Book of Beauty* for last and the third volume of Byron's poems from the drawing-table.

"I'm dash'd if she ain't taken the little French clock, too,' the page, and so indeed Mrs. Walker had; it slipped in the b where it lay enveloped in one of her shawls, and then s madly and unnaturally a great number of times, as Morgian lifting her store of treasures out of the hackney-coach. coachman wagged his head sadly as he saw her walking as as she could under her heavy load, and disappearing roun corner of the street at which Mr. Ball's celebrated jewe establishment is situated. It is a grand shop, with magnif silver cups and salvers, rare gold-headed canes, flutes, wat

diamond brooches, and a few fine specimens of the old masters in the window, and under the words—

BALLS, JEWELLER,

you read, *Money Lent,*

in the very smallest type, on the door.

The interview with Mr. Balls need not be described, but it must have been a satisfactory one, for at the end of half an hour, Morgiana returned and bounded into the coach with sparkling eyes, and told the driver to *gallop* to Cursitor Street, which, smiling, he promised to do: and accordingly set off in that direction at the rate of four miles an hour. "I thought so," said the philosophic charioteer. "When a man's in quod, a woman don't mind her silver spoons;" and he was so delighted with her action, that he forgot to grumble when she came to settle accounts with him, even though she gave him only double his fare.

"Take me to him," said she to the young Hebrew who opened the door.

"To whom?" says the sarcastic youth; "there's twenty *hims* here. You're precious early."

"To Captain Walker, young man," replied Morgiana haughtily, whereupon the youth opening the second door, and seeing Mr. Bendigo in a flowered dressing-gown descending the stairs exclaimed, "Papa, here's a lady for the Captain." "I'm come to see him," said she, trembling and holding out a bundle of bank-notes. "Here's the amount of your claim, sir—two hundred and twenty pounds, as you told me last night;" and the Jew took the notes, and grinned as he looked at her, and grinned double as he looked at his son, and begged Mrs. Walker to step into his study and take a receipt. When the door of that apartment closed upon the lady and his father, Mr. Bendigo the younger fell back in an agony of laughter, which it is impossible to describe in words, and presently ran out into a court where some of the luckless inmates of the house were already taking the air, and communicated something to them which made those individuals also laugh as uproariously as he had previously done.

Well, after joyfully taking the receipt from Mr. Bendigo (how her cheeks flushed and her heart fluttered as she dried it on the

blotting-book !), and after turning very pale again on hearing that the Captain had had a very bad night; "And well he might, poor dear!" said she (at which Mr. Bendigo, having no person to grin at, grinned at a marble bust of Mr. Pitt, which ornamented his side-board). Morgiana, I say, these preliminaries being concluded, was conducted to her husband's apartment, and once more flinging her arms round her dearest Howard's neck, told him with one of the sweetest smiles in the world to make haste and get up and come home, for breakfast was waiting and the carriage at the door.

"What do you mean, love?" said the Captain, starting up and looking exceedingly surprised.

"I mean that my dearest is free; that the odious little creature is paid—at least the horrid bailiff is."

"Have you been to Baroski?" said Walker, turning very red.

"Howard!" said his wife, quite indignant.

"Did—did your mother give you the money?" asked the Captain.

"No; I had it by me," replies Mrs. Walker, with a very knowing look.

Walker was more surprised than ever. "Have you any more money by you?" said he.

Mrs. Walker showed him her purse with two guineas; "That is all, love," she said. "And I wish," continued she, "you would give me a draft to pay a whole list of little bills that have somehow all come in within the last few days."

"Well, well, you shall have the cheque," continued Mr. Walker, and began forthwith to make his toilet, which completed, he rung for Mr. Bendigo, and his bill, and intimated his wish to go home directly.

The honoured bailiff brought the bill, but with regard to his being free, said it was impossible.

"How impossible?" said Mrs. Walker, turning very red and then very pale. "Did I not pay just now?"

"So you did, and you've got the reshipt; but there's another detainer against the Captain for a hundred and fifty. Eglantine and Mossrose, of Bond Street;—perfumery for five years, you know."

"You don't mean to say you were such a fool as to pay without asking if there were any more detainers?" roared Walker to his wife.

"Yes, she was though," chuckled Mr. Bendigo; "but she'll know better the next time: and, besides, Captain, what's a hundred and fifty pounds to you?"

Though Walker desired nothing so much in the world at that moment as the liberty to knock down his wife, his sense of prudence overcame his desire for justice, if that feeling may be called prudence on his part which consisted in a strong wish to cheat the bailiff into the idea that he (Walker) was an exceedingly respectable and wealthy man. Many worthy persons indulge in this fond notion, that they are imposing upon the world, strive to fancy, for instance, that their bankers consider them men of property because they keep a tolerable balance, pay little tradesmen's bills with ostentatious punctuality, and so forth,—but the world, let us be pretty sure, is as wise as need be, and guesses our real condition with a marvellous instinct, or learns it with curious skill. The London tradesman is one of the keenest judges of human nature extant; and if a tradesman, how much more a bailiff? though, in reply to the ironic question, "What's a hundred and fifty pounds to you?" Walker, collecting himself, answers, "It is an infamous imposition, and I owe the money no more than you do, but, nevertheless, I shall instruct my lawyers to pay it in the course of the morning, under protest of course."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Bendigo, bowing and quitting the room, and leaving Mrs. Walker to the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

And now being alone with the partner of his bosom, the worthy gentleman began an address to her which cannot be put down on paper here; because the world is exceedingly squeamish, and does not care to hear the whole truth about rascals, and because the fact is that almost every other word of the Captain's speech was a curse, such as would shock the beloved reader were it put in print.

Fancy, then, in lieu of the conversation, a scoundrel disappointed and in a fury, wreaking his brutal revenge upon an amiable woman, who sits trembling and pale, and wondering at

this sudden exhibition of wrath. Fancy how he clenches his fists and stands over her, and stamps and screams out curses with a livid face, growing wilder and wilder in his rage; wrenching her hand when she wants to turn away, and only stopping at last when she has fallen off the chair in a fainting fit, with a heart-breaking sob that made the Jew-boy who was listening at the key-hole turn quite pale and walk away. Well, it *is* best, perhaps, that such a conversation should not be told at length:—at the end of it, when Mr. Walker had his wife lifeless on the floor, he seizes a water-jug and poured it over her, which operation pretty soon brought her to herself, and shaking her black ringlets, she looked up once more again timidly into his face, and took his hand, and began to cry.

He spoke now in a somewhat softer voice: and let her keep paddling on with his hand as before; he *couldn't* speak very fiercely to the poor girl in her attitude of defeat, and tenderness, and supplication. "Morgiana," said he, "your extravagance and carelessness have brought me to ruin, I'm afraid. If you'd chosen to have gone to Baroski, a word from you would have made him withdraw the writ; and my property wouldn't have been sacrificed as it has now been for nothing. It mayn't be yet too late, however, to retrieve ourselves. This bill of Eglantine's is a regular conspiracy, I am sure, between Mossrose and Bendigo here: you must go to Eglantine—he s an old—an old flame of yours, you know."

She dropped his hand; "I can't go to Eglantine after what has passed between us," she said; but Walker's face instantly began to wear a certain look, and she said with a shudder, "Well, well, dear, I *will* go." "You will go to Eglantine, and ask him to take a bill for the amount of this shameful demand—at any date, never mind what. Mind, however, to see him alone, and I'm sure if you choose you can settle the business. Make haste; set off directly, and come back, as there may be more detainers in."

Trembling, and in a great flutter, Morgiana put on her bonnet and gloves and went towards the door. "It's a fine morning," said Mr. Walker, looking out; "a walk will do you good; and—Morgiana—didn't you say you had a couple of guineas in your pocket?"

"Here it is," said she, smiling all at once, and holding up her face to be kissed. She paid the two guineas for the kiss. Was it not a mean act? "Is it possible that people can love where they do not respect?" says Miss Prim: "*I* never would." Nobody asked you, Miss Prim: but recollect Morgiana was not born with your advantages of education and breeding; and was, in fact, a poor vulgar creature, who loved Mr. Walker, not because her mamma told her, nor because he was an exceedingly eligible and well-brought up young man; but because she could not help it, and knew no better. Nor is Mrs. Walker set up as a model of virtue: ah no! when I want a model of virtue I will call in Baker Street, and ask for a sitting of my dear (if I may be permitted to say so) Miss Prim.

We have Mr. Howard Walker safely housed in Mr. Bendigo's establishment in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane; and it looks like mockery and want of feeling towards the excellent hero of this story, or, as should rather be said towards the husband of the heroine, to say what he *might* have been but for the unlucky little circumstance of Baroski's passion for Morgiana.

If Baroski had not fallen in love with Morgiana, he would not have given her two hundred guineas' worth of lessons, he would not have so far presumed as to seize her hand and attempt to kiss it; if he had not attempted to kiss her, she would not have boxed his ears; he would not have taken out the writ against Walker; Walker would have been free, very possibly rich, and therefore certainly respected; he always said that a month's more liberty would have set him beyond the reach of misfortune.

The assertion is very likely a correct one: for Walker had a flashy, enterprising genius, which ends in wealth sometimes, in the King's Bench not seldom, occasionally, alas, in Van Diemen's land! He might have been rich, could he have kept his credit, and had not his personal expenses and extravagances pulled him down. He had gallantly availed himself of his wife's fortune; nor could any man in London, as he proudly said, have made five hundred pounds go so far. He had, as we have seen, furnished a house, sideboard, and cellar with it; he had a carriage, and horses in his stable, and with the remainder he had purchased shares in four companies—of three of which he was founder and director, had

conducted innumerable bargains in the foreign stocks, had lived and entertained sumptuously, and made himself a very considerable income. He had set up THE CAPITOL Loan and Life Assurance Company, had discovered the Chimborazo gold mines, and the Society for Recovering and Draining the Pontine Marshes; capital ten millions; patron, HIS HOLINESS THE POPE. It certainly was stated in an evening paper that his Holiness had made him a Knight of the Spur, and had offered to him the rank of Count; and he was raising a loan for His Highness the Cacique of Panama, who has sent him (by way of dividend) the grand cordon of his Highness's order of the Castle and Falcon, which might be seen any day at his office in Bond Street, with the parchments signed and sealed by the Grand Marshal and Falcon King at Arms of his Highness. In a week more, Walker would have raised a hundred thousand pounds, on his Highness's twenty per cent. loan; he would have had fifteen thousand pounds commission for himself; his companies would have risen to par, he would have realised his shares; he would have gone into parliament, he would have been made a baronet, who knows? a peer, probably! "And I appeal to you, sir," Walker would say to his friends, "could any man have shown better proof of his affection for his wife, than by laying out her little miserable money as I did? They call me heartless, sir, because I didn't succeed; sir, my life has been a series of sacrifices for that woman, such as no man ever performed before."

A proof of Walker's dexterity and capability for business may be seen in the fact that he had actually appeased and reconciled one of his bitterest enemies—our honest friend Eglantine. After Walker's marriage, Eglantine, who had now no mercantile dealings with his former agent became so enraged with him, that, as the only means of revenge in his power, he sent him in his bill for goods supplied to the amount of one hundred and fifty guineas and sued him for the amount. But Walker stepped boldly over to his enemy, and in the course of half an hour they were friends.

Eglantine promised to forego his claim; and accepted in lieu of it three 100*l.* shares of the ex-Panama stock, bearing 25 per cent. payable half-yearly at the house of Hocus Brothers, St. Swithin's Lane; three 100*l.* shares, the *second* class of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with the riband and badge. "In four years

;lantine, my boy, I hope to get you the Grand Cordon of the ler," said Walker; "I hope to see you a KNIGHT GRAND ıoss: with a grant of a hundred thousand acres reclaimed ım the Isthmus."

To do my poor Eglantine justice, he did not care for the ndred thousand acres—it was the star that delighted him;—.! how his fat chest heaved with delight as he sewed on the oss and riband to his dress coat; and lighted up four wax ndles and looked at himself in the glass. He was known to ear a great-coat after that—it was that he might wear the cross ıder it. That year he went on a trip to Boulogne. He was eadfully ill during the voyage, but as the vessel entered the ort he was seen to emerge from the cabin, his coat open, the ar blazing on his chest, the soldiers saluted him as he walked ıe streets, he was called Monsieur le Chevalier, and when he ent home he entered into negotiations with Walker, to pur- ase a commission in his Highness's service. Walker said he ould get the nominal rank of Captain, the fees at the Panama *Var Office* were five-and-twenty pounds, which sum honest glantine produced, and had his commission, and a pack of siting cards printed as Captain Archibald Eglantine, K.C.F. Many a time he looked at them as they lay in his desk, and he ept the cross in his dressing-table, and wore it as he shaved very morning.

His Highness the Cacique, it is well known, came to England, nd had lodgings in Regent Street, where he held a levee, at hich Eglantine appeared in the Panama uniform, and was most aciously received by his Sovereign. His Highness proposed to ake Captain Eglantine his aide-de-camp with the rank of olonel, but the Captain's exchequer was rather low at that ıment, and the fees at the "War-Office" were peremptory. eanwhile his Highness left Regent Street, was said by some have returned to Panama, by others to be in his native city Cork, by others to be leading a life of retirement in the New t, Lambeth; at any rate was not visible for some time, so that ptain Eglantine's advancement did not take place. Eglantine s somehow ashamed to mention his military and chivalric rank Mr. Mossrose, when that gentleman came into partnership

with him; and left these facts secret until they were detected by a very painful circumstance.

On the very day when Walker was arrested at the suit of Benjamin Baroski, there appeared in the newspapers an account of the imprisonment of his Highness the Prince of Panama, for a bill owing to a licensed victualler in Ratcliff Highway. The magistrate to whom the victualler subsequently came to complain, passed many pleasantries on the occasion. He asked whether his Highness did not drink like a swan with two necks; whether he had brought any Belles savages with him from Panama, and so forth; and the whole court, said the report, "was convulsed with laughter, when Boniface produced a green and yellow riband with a large star of the order of the Castle and Falcon, with which his Highness proposed to gratify him, in lieu of paying his little bill."

It was as he was reading the above document with a bleeding heart that Mr. Mossrose came in from his daily walk to the City. "Vell, Eglantine," says he, "have you heard the newsh?"

"About his Highness?"

"About your friend Valker; he's arrested for two hundred poundsh!"

Eglantine at this could contain no more; but told his story of how he had been induced to accept 300*l.* of Panama stock for his account against Walker, and cursed his stars for his folly.

"Vell, you've only to bring in another bill," said the younger perfumer; "swear he owes you a hundred and fifty pounds, and we'll have a writ out against him this afternoon."

And so a second writ was taken out against Captain Walker.

"You'll have his wife here very likely in a day or two," said Mr. Mossrose to his partner; "them chaps always sends their wives, and I hope you know how to deal with her."

"I don't value her a fig's hend," said Eglantine. "I'll treat her like the dust of the hearth. After that woman's conduct to me, I should like to see her have the haudacity to come here; and if she does, you'll see how I'll serve her."

The worthy perfumer was, in fact, resolved to be exceedingly hard-hearted, in his behaviour towards his old love, and acted over at night in bed the scene which was to occur when the

meeting should take place. Oh, thought he, but it will be a grand thing to see the proud Morgiana on her knees to me; and me a pointing to the door; and saying, "Madam, you've steeled this 'eart against you, you have;—bury the recollection of old times, of those old times when I thought my 'eart would have broke, but it didn't—no, 'earts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die as I thought I should; I stood it, and live to see the woman I despised at my feet—ha, ha, at my feet!"

In the midst of these thoughts Mr. Eglantine fell asleep; but it was evident that the idea of seeing Morgiana once more, agitated him considerably, else why should he have been at the pains of preparing so much heroism? His sleep was exceedingly fitful and troubled; he saw Morgiana in a hundred shapes; he dreamed that he was dressing her hair; that he was riding with her to Richmond; that the horse turned into a dragon, and Morgiana into Woolsey, who took him by the throat and choked him, while the dragon played the key-bugle. And in the morning when Mossrose was gone to his business in the City, and he sat reading the "Morning Post" in his study, ah! what a thump his heart gave as the lady of his dreams actually stood before him!

Many a lady who purchased brushes at Eglantine's shop, would have given ten guineas for such a colour as his when he saw her. His heart beat violently, he was almost choking in his stays—he had been prepared for the visit, but his courage failed him now it had come. They were both silent for some minutes.

"You know what I am come for," at last said Morgiana from under her veil, but she put it aside as she spoke.

"I—that is—yes—it's a painful affair, mem," he said, giving one look at her pale face, and then turning away in a flurry. "I beg to refer you to Blunt, Hone, and Sharpus, my lawyers, mem," he added, collecting himself.

"I didn't expect this from *you*, Mr. Eglantine," said the lady, and began to sob.

"And after what's 'appened, I didn't expect a visit from *you*, mem. I thought Mrs. Capting Walker was too great a dame to visit poor Harchibald Eglantine (though some of the first men in the country *do* visit him). Is there anything in which I can oblige you, mem?"

"O heavens!" cried the poor woman; "have I no friend left? I never thought that you, too, would have deserted me, Mr. Archibald."

The "Archibald," pronounced in the old way, had evidently an effect on the perfumer; he winced and looked at her very eagerly for a moment. "What can I do for you, mem?" at last said he.

"What is this bill against Mr. Walker, for which he is now in prison?"

"Perfumery supplied for five years; that man used more 'air-brushes than any duke in the land, and as for Eau de Cologne he must have bathed himself in it. He hordered me about like a lord. He never paid me one shilling,—he stabbed me in my most vital part—but, ah! ah! never mind *that:* and I said I would be revenged, and I *am.*"

The perfumer was quite in a rage again by this time, and wiped his fat face with his pocket-handkerchief, and glared upon Mrs. Walker with a most determined air.

"Revenged on whom? Archibald—Mr. Eglantine, revenged on me—on a poor woman whom you made miserable. You would not have done so once."

"Ha! and a precious way you treated me *once,*" said Eglantine; "don't talk to me, mem, of *once.* Bury the recollection of once for hever! I thought my 'eart would have broke once, but no; 'earts are made of sterner stuff. I didn't die as I thought I should; I stood it—and I live to see the woman who despised me at my feet."

"Oh, Archibald!" was all the lady could say, and she fell to sobbing again; it was perhaps her best argument with the perfumer.

"Oh, Harchibald, indeed!" continued he, beginning to swell; "don't call me Harchibald, Morgiana. Think what a position you might have held, if you'd chose: when, when—you *might* have called me Harchibald. Now it's no use," added he, with harrowing pathos; "but, though I've been wronged, I can't bear to see women in tears—tell me what I can do?"

"Dear, good Mr. Eglantine, send to your lawyers and stop this horrid prosecution—take Mr. Walker's acknowledgment for the debts. If he is free, he is sure to have a very large sum of money

in a few days, and will pay you all. Do not ruin him—do not ruin me by persisting now. Be the old kind Eglantine you were."

Eglantine took a hand, which Morgiana did not refuse; he thought about old times. He had known her since childhood almost; as a girl he dandled her on his knee at the Kidneys; as a woman he had adored her,—his heart was melted.

"He did pay me in a sort of way," reasoned the perfumer with himself—"these bonds, though they are not worth much, I took 'em for better or for worse, and I can't bear to see her crying, and to trample on a woman in distress. Morgiana," he added, in a loud cheerful voice, "cheer up; I'll give you a release for your husband: I *will* be the old kind Eglantine I was."

"Be the old kind jackass you vash!" here roared a voice that made Mr. Eglantine start. "Vy, vat an old fat fool you are, Eglantine, to give up our just debts because a voman comes snivelling and crying to you—and such a voman, too!" exclaimed Mr. Mossrose, for his was the voice.

"Such a woman, sir?" cried the senior partner.

"Yes; such a woman—vy didn't she jilt you herself?—hasn't she been trying the same game with Baroski; and are you so green as to give up a hundred and fifty pounds because she takes a fancy to come vimpering here? I won't, I can tell you. The money's as much mine as it is yours, and I'll have it, or keep Walker's body, that's what I will."

At the presence of his partner, the timid good genius of Eglantine which had prompted him to mercy and kindness, at once outspread its frightened wings and flew away.

"You see how it is, Mrs. W.," said he, looking down; "it's an affair of business—in all these here affairs of business Mr. Mossrose is the managing man; ain't you, Mr. Mossrose?"

"A pretty business it would be if I wasn't," replied Mossrose, doggedly. "Come, ma'am," says he, "I'll tell you vat I do: I take fifty per shent; not a farthing less—give me that, and out your husband goes."

"Oh, sir, Howard will pay you in a week."

"Vell, den let him stop at my uncle Bendigo's for a week, and come out den—he's very comfortable there," said Shylock with a

grin. "Hadn't you better go to the shop, Mr. Eglantine," continued he, "and look after your business; Mrs. Walker can't want you to listen to her all day."

Eglantine was glad of the excuse, and slunk out of the studio, not into the shop but into his parlour; where he drank off a great glass of Maraschino; and sat blushing and exceedingly agitated, until Mossrose came to tell him that Mrs. W. was gone, and wouldn't trouble him any more. But although he drank several more glasses of Maraschino, and went to the play that night, and to the cider-cellars afterwards, neither the liquor, nor the play, nor the delightful comic songs at the cellars, could drive Mrs. Walker out of his head, and the memory of old times, and the image of her pale weeping face.

Morgiana tottered out of the shop, scarcely heeding the voice of Mr. Mossrose, who said, "I'll take forty per shent" (and went back to his duty cursing himself for a soft-hearted fool for giving up so much of his rights to a puling woman). Morgiana, I say, tottered out of the shop, and went up Conduit Street, weeping, weeping with all her eyes. She was quite faint, for she had taken nothing that morning but the glass of water which the pastry-cook in the Strand had given her, and was forced to take hold of the railings of a house for support, just as a little gentleman with a yellow handkerchief under his arm was issuing from the door.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Walker!" said the gentleman, it was no other than Mr. Woolsey, who was going forth to try a body cos for a customer, "are you ill?—what's the matter? for God's sake come in!" and he took her arm under his, and led her into his back-parlour, and seated her, and had some wine-and-water before her in one minute, before she had said one single word regarding herself.

As soon as she was somewhat recovered, and with the interruption of a thousand sobs, the poor thing told as well as she could her little story. Mr. Eglantine had arrested Mr. Walker; she had been trying to gain time for him, Eglantine had refused.

"The hard-hearted, cowardly brute to refuse *her* any thing!" said loyal Mr. Woolsey. "My dear," says he, "I've no reason to love your husband, and I know too much about him to respect him; but I love and respect *you*, and will spend my last shilling

to serve you." At which Morgiana could only take his hand and cry a great deal more than ever. She said Mr. Walker would have a great deal of money in a week, that he was the best of husbands, and she was sure Mr. Woolsey would think better of him when he knew him; that Mr. Eglantine's bill was one hundred and fifty pounds, but that Mr. Mossrose would take forty per cent, if Mr. Woolsey could say how much that was.

"I'll pay a thousand pound to do you good," said Mr. Woolsey, bouncing up; "stay here for ten minutes, my dear, until my return, and all shall be right, as you will see." He was back in ten minutes, and had called a cab from the stand opposite (all the coachmen there had seen and commented on Mrs. Walker's woe-begone looks), and they were off for Cursitor Street in a moment. "They'll settle the whole debt for twenty pounds," said he, and showed an order to that effect from Mr. Mossrose to Mr. Bendigo's, empowering the latter to release Walker on receiving Mr. Woolsey's acknowledgment for the above sum.

* * * * *

"There's no use paying it," said Mr. Walker, doggedly, "it would only be robbing you, Mr. Woolsey—seven more detainers have come in while my wife has been away. I must go through the court now; but," he added in a whisper to the tailor, "my good sir, my debts of *honour* are sacred, and if you will have the goodness to lend *me* the twenty pounds, I pledge you my word as a gentleman to return it when I come out of quod."

It is probable that Mr. Woolsey declined this; for as soon as he was gone, Walker, in a tremendous fury, began cursing his wife for dawdling three hours on the road. "Why the deuce, ma'am, didn't you take a cab?" roared he, when he heard she had walked to Bond Street. "Those writs have only been in half an hour, and I might have been off but for you."

"O, Howard," said she, "didn't you take—didn't I give you my—my last shilling?" and fell back and wept again more bitterly than ever.

"Well, love," said her amiable husband, turning rather red; "never mind, it wasn't your fault. It is but going through the court. It is no great odds. I forgive you."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER STILL REMAINS IN DIFFICULTIES, BUT SHOWS GREAT RESIGNATION UNDER HIS MISFORTUNES.

THE exemplary Walker seeing that escape from his enemies was hopeless, and that it was his duty as a man to turn on them and face them, now determined to quit the splendid though narrow lodgings which Mr. Bendigo had provided for him, and undergo the martyrdom of the Fleet. Accordingly in company with that gentleman, he came over to her Majesty's prison, and gave himself into the custody of the officers there; and did not apply for the accommodation of the rules (by which in those days the captivity of some debtors was considerably lightened), because he knew perfectly well that there was no person in the wide world who would give a security for the heavy sums for which Walker was answerable. What these sums were is no matter, and on this head we do not think it at all necessary to satisfy the curiosity of the reader. He may have owed hundreds—thousands, his creditors only can tell; he paid the dividend which has been formerly mentioned, and showed thereby his desire to satisfy all claims upon him to the uttermost farthing.

As for the little house in Connaught Square, when, after quitting her husband, Morgiana drove back thither, the door was opened by the page, who instantly thanked her to pay his wages; and in the drawing-room, on a yellow satin sofa, sat a seedy man (with a pot of porter beside him placed on an album for fear of staining the rosewood table), and the seedy man signified that he had taken possession of the furniture in execution for a judgment debt. Another seedy man was in the dining-room, reading the newspaper and drinking gin; he informed Mrs. Walker that he was the representative of another judgment debt and of another execution:—"There's another on 'em in the kitchen," said the page, "taking an inwentory of the furniture; and he swears he'll have you took up for swindling, for pawning the plate."

"Sir," said Mr. Woolsey, for that worthy man had conducted Morgiana home, "sir," said he, shaking his stick at the young

page, "if you give any more of your impudence I'll beat every button off your jacket:" and as there were some four hundred of these ornaments, the page was silent. It was a great mercy for Morgiana that the honest and faithful tailor had accompanied her. The good fellow had waited very patiently for her for an hour in the parlour or coffee-room of the lock-up house, knowing full well that she would want a protector on her way homewards; and his kindness will be more appreciated when it is stated that during the time of his delay in the coffee-room he had been subject to the entreaties, nay, to the insults of Cornet Fipkin of the Blues, who was in prison at the suit of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., and who happened to be taking his breakfast in the apartment when his obdurate creditor entered it. The cornet (a hero of eighteen, who stood at least five feet three in his boots, and owed fifteen thousand pounds) was so enraged at the obduracy of his creditor that he said he would have thrown him out of the window but for the bars which guarded it; and entertained serious thoughts of knocking the tailor's head off, but that the latter, putting his right leg forward and his fists in a proper attitude, told the young officer to "come on;" on which the cornet cursed the tailor for a "snob," and went back to his breakfast.

The execution people having taken charge of Mr. Walker's house, Mrs. Walker was driven to take refuge with her mamma near Sadler's Wells, and the captain remained comfortably lodged in the Fleet. He had some ready money, and with it managed to make his existence exceedingly comfortable. He lived with the best society of the place, consisting of several distinguished young noblemen and gentlemen. He spent the morning playing at fives and smoking cigars; the evening smoking cigars and dining comfortably. Cards came after dinner; and, as the captain was an experienced player, and near a score of years older than most of his friends, he was generally pretty successful; and indeed if he had received all the money that was owed to him, he might have come out of prison and paid his creditors twenty shillings in the pound—that is if he had been minded to do so. But there is no use in examining into that point too closely, for the fact is, young Fipkin only paid him forty pounds out of seven hundred, for which he gave him I. O. U.'s. Algernon Ducease

not only did not pay him three hundred and twenty which he lost at blind hooky, but actually borrowed seven and sixpence in money from Walker, which have never been repaid to this day; and Lord Doublequits actually lost nineteen thousand pounds to him at heads and tails, which he never paid, pleading drunkenness and his minority. The reader may recollect a paragraph which went the round of the papers entitled, "*Affair of Honour in the Fleet Prison.*—Yesterday morning (behind the pump in the second court) Lord D-bl-qu-ts and Captain H-w-rd W-lk-r (a near relative, we understand, of His Grace the Duke of N-rf-lk) had a hostile meeting and exchanged two shots. These two young sprigs of nobility were attended to the ground by Major Flush, who, by the way, is *flush* no longer, and Captain Pam, late of the —— Dragoons. Play is said to have been the cause of the quarrel, and the gallant captain is reported to have handled the noble lord's nose rather roughly at one stage of the transactions." When Morgiana at Sadler's Wells heard the news, she was ready to faint with terror; and rushed to the Fleet Prison, and embraced her lord and master with her usual expansion and fits of tears, very much to that gentleman's annoyance, who happened to be in company with Pam and Flush at the time, and did not care that his handsome wife should be seen so much in the dubious precincts of the Fleet. He had at least as much shame about him, and had always rejected her entreaties to be allowed to inhabit the prison with him.

"It is enough," would he say, casting his eyes heavenward and with a most lugubrious countenance—"it is enough, Morgiana, that *I* should suffer, even though your thoughtlessness has been the cause of my ruin. But enough of *that!* I will not rebuke you for faults for which I know you are now repentant, and I never could bear to see you in the midst of the miseries of this horrible place. Remain at home with your mother, and let me drag on the weary days here alone. If you can get me some more of that pale sherry, my love, do. I require something to cheer me in solitude, and have found my chest very much relieved by that wine. Put more pepper and eggs, my dear, into the next veal-pie you make me. I can't eat the horrible messes in the coffee-room here."

It was Walker's wish, I can't tell why, except that it is the wish of a great number of other persons in this strange world, to make his wife believe that he was wretched in mind and ill in health; and all assertions to this effect the simple creature received with numberless tears of credulity, and would go home to Mrs. Crump, and say how her darling Howard was pining away, how he was ruined for *her*, and with what angelic sweetness he bore his captivity. The fact is, he bore it with so much resignation that no other person in the world could see that he was unhappy. His life was undisturbed by duns; his day was his own from morning till night; his diet was good, his acquaintances jovial, his purse tolerably well supplied, and he had not one single care to annoy him.

Mrs. Crump and Woolsey, perhaps, received Morgiana's account of her husband's miseries with some incredulity. The latter was now a daily visitor to Sadler's Wells. His love for Morgiana had become a warm, fatherly, generous regard for her; it was out of the honest fellow's cellar that the wine used to come which did so much good to Mr. Walker's chest; and he tried a thousand ways to make Morgiana happy.

A very happy day, indeed, it was when, returning from her visit to the Fleet, she found in her mother's sitting-room her dear grand rosewood piano, and every one of her music-books, which the kind-hearted tailor had purchased at the sale of Walker's effects. And I am not ashamed to say, that Morgiana herself was so charmed, that when as usual, Mr. Woolsey came to drink tea in the evening, she actually gave him a kiss, which frightened Mr. Woolsey, and made him blush exceedingly. She sat down, and played him that evening every one of the songs which he liked—the *old* songs—none of your Italian stuff. Podmore, the old music-master, was there too; and was delighted and astonished at the progress in singing which Morgiana had made; and when the little party separated, he took Mr. Woolsey by the hand, and said, "Give me leave to tell you, sir, that you're a *trump*."

"That he is," said Canterfield, the first tragic; "an honour to human nature. A man whose hand is open as day to melting charity, and whose heart ever melts at the tale of woman's distress."

"Pooh, pooh, stuff and nonsense, sir," said the tailor; upon my word, Mr. Canterfield's words were perfectly cc I wish as much could be said in favour of Woolsey's old Mr. Eglantine, who attended the sale too, but it was v horrid kind of satisfaction at the thought that Walke ruined. He bought the yellow satin sofa before mentione transferred it to what he calls his "sitting-room," where i this day, bearing many marks of the best bears'-grease. W bid against Baroski for the piano, very nearly up to the value of the instrument, when the artist withdrew from petition; and when he was sneering at the ruin of Mr. W the tailor sternly interrupted him by saying, "What the are *you* sneering at? You did it, sir; and you're paid shilling of your claim, ain't you?" On which Baroski t round to Miss Larkins, and said, "Mr. Woolsey was a 'sn the very words, though pronounced somewhat differently, the gallant Cornet Fipkin had applied to him.

Well; so he *was* a snob. But, vulgar as he was, I decla my part, that I have a greater respect for Mr. Woolsey for any single nobleman or gentleman mentioned in thi history.

It will be seen from the names of Messrs. Canterfiel Podmore that Morgiana was again in the midst of the Crump's favourite theatrical society; and this, indeed, w case. The widow's little room was hung round with the pi which were mentioned at the commencement of the st decorating the bar of the Bootjack; and several times in a she received her friends from the Wells, and entertained with such humble refreshments of tea and crumpets a modest means permitted her to purchase. Among these p Morgiana lived and sung quite as contentedly as she ha done among the demireps of her husband's society; and she did not dare to own it to herself, was a great deal h than she had been for many a day. Mrs. Captain Walk still a great lady amongst them. Even in his ruin, W the director of three companies, and the owner of the sp pony-chaise, was to these simple persons an awful characte when mentioned, they talked with a great deal of gravity

being in the country, and hoped Mrs. Captain W. had good news of him. They all knew he was in the Fleet; but had he not in prison fought a duel with a viscount? Montmorency (of the Norfolk circuit) was in the Fleet too; and when Canterfield went to see poor Montey, the latter had pointed out Walker to his friend, who actually hit Lord George Tennison across the shoulders in play with a racket-bat; which event was soon made known to the whole green-room.

"They had me up one day," said Montmorency, "to sing a comic song, and give my recitations; and we had champagne and lobster-salad; *such* nobs!" added the player. "Billingsgate and Vauxhall were there too, and left college at eight o'clock."

When Morgiana was told of the circumstance by her mother, she hoped her dear Howard had enjoyed the evening, and was thankful that for once he could forget his sorrows. Nor, somehow, was she ashamed of herself for being happy afterwards, but gave way to her natural good humour without repentance or self-rebuke. I believe, indeed (alas! why are we made acquainted with the same fact regarding ourselves long after it is past and gone?)—I believe these were the happiest days of Morgiana's whole life. She had no cares except the pleasant one of attending on her husband, an easy, smiling temperament which made her regardless of to-morrow; and add to this a delightful hope relative to a certain interesting event which was about to occur, and which I shall not particularise further than by saying, that she was cautioned against too much singing by Mr. Squills, her medical attendant; and that widow Crump was busy making-up a vast number of little caps and diminutive cambric shirts, such as delighted *grandmothers* are in the habit of fashioning. I hope this is as genteel a way of signifying the circumstance which was about to take place in the Walker family as Miss Prim herself could desire. Mrs. Walker's mother was about to become a grandmother. There's a phrase! The "Morning Post," which says his story is vulgar, I'm sure cannot quarrel with *that*. I don't believe the whole "Court Guide" would convey an intimation more delicately.

Well, Mrs. Crump's little grandchild was born, entirely to the dissatisfaction, I must say, of his father; who, when the infant

was brought to him in the Fleet, had him abruptly covered his cloak again, from which he had been removed by the je prison door-keepers; why, do you think? Walker had a qu with one of them, and the wretch persisted in believing tha bundle Mrs. Crump was bringing to her son-in-law was a bo of disguised brandy!

"The brutes!" said the lady; "and the father's a brute said she. "He takes no more notice of me than if I w kitchen-maid, and of Woolsey than if he was a leg of mutt the dear, blessed little cherub!"

Mrs. Crump was a mother-in-law; let us pardon her h of her daughter's husband.

The Woolsey compared in the above sentence both to a l mutton and a cherub, was not the eminent member of the fi Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., but the little baby, who was chris Howard Woolsey Walker, with the full consent of the father said the tailor was a deuced good fellow, and felt really ob to him for the sherry, for a frock-coat which he let him in prison, and for his kindness to Morgiana. The tailor the little boy with all his soul; he attended his moth her churching, and the child to the font; and, as a pr to his little godson on his christening, he sent two of the finest white kerseymere in his shop to make h cloak. The duke had had a pair of inexpressibles off that piece.

House-furniture is bought and sold, music-lessons are g children are born and christened, ladies are confined and chu —time, in other words, passes,—and yet Captain Walker remains in prison! Does it not seem strange that he should languish there between palisaded walls near Fleet Market that he should not be restored to that active and fashio world of which he was an ornament? The fact is, the ca had been before the court for the examination of his debts the commissioners, with a cruelty quite shameful towards a man, had qualified his ways of getting money in most s language, and had sent him back to prison again for the sp nine calendar months, an indefinite period, and until his acc could be made up. This delay Walker bore like a philos

and, far from repining, was still the gayest fellow of the tennis-court, and the soul of the midnight carouse.

There is no use in raking up old stories, and hunting through files of dead newspapers, to know what were the specific acts which made the commissioner so angry with Captain Walker. Many a rogue has come before the court, and passed through it since then: and I would lay a wager that Howard Walker was not a bit worse than his neighbours. But as he was not a lord, and as he had no friends on coming out of prison, and had settled no money on his wife, and had, as it must be confessed, an exceedingly bad character, it is not likely that the latter would be forgiven him when once more free in the world. For instance, when Doublequits left the Fleet, he was received with open arms by his family, and had two-and-thirty horses in his stables before a week was over. Pam, of the Dragoons, came out, and instantly got a place as government courier,—a place found so good of late years (and no wonder, it is better pay than that of a colonel), that our noblemen and gentry eagarly press for it. Frank Hurricane was sent out as registrar of Tobago, or Sago, or Ticonderago; in fact, for a younger son of good family it is rather advantageous to get into debt twenty or thirty thousand pounds; you are sure of a good place afterwards in the colonies. Your friends are so anxious to get rid of you, that they will move heaven and earth to serve you. And so all the above companions of misfortune with Walker were speedily made comfortable; but he had no rich parents; his old father was dead in York jail. How was he to start in the world again? What friendly hand was there to fill his pocket with gold, and his cup with sparkling champagne? He was, in fact, an object of the greatest pity,—for I know of no greater than a gentleman of his habits without the means of gratifying them. He must live well, and he has not the means. Is there a more pathetic case? As for a mere low beggar—some labourless labourer, or some weaver out of place—don't let us throw away our compassion upon *them*. Psha! they're accustomed to starve. They *can* sleep upon boards, or dine off a crust; whereas a gentleman would die in the same situation. I think this was poor Morgiana's way of reasoning.

For Walker's cash in prison beginning presently to run low, and

knowing quite well that the dear fellow could not exist there without the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, she borrowed money from her mother, until the poor old lady was *à sec.* She even confessed, with tears, to Woolsey, that she was in particular want of twenty pounds, to pay a poor milliner, whose debt she could not bear to put in her husband's schedule. And I need not say she carried the money to her husband, who might have been greatly benefited by it,—only he had a bad run of luck at the cards; and how the deuce can a man help *that?*

Woolsey had repurchased for her one of the Cashmere shawls. She left it behind her one day at the Fleet prison, and some rascal stole it there, having the grace, however, to send Woolsey the ticket, signifying the place where it had been pawned. Who could the scoundrel have been? Woolsey swore a great oath, and fancied he knew; but if it was Walker himself (as Woolsey fancied, and probably as was the case) who made away with the shawl, being pressed thereto by necessity, was it fair to call him a scoundrel for so doing, and should we not rather laud the delicacy of his proceeding? He was poor; who can command the cards? but he did not wish his wife should know *how* poor he could not bear that she should suppose him arrived at the necessity of pawning a shawl.

She who had such beautiful ringlets of a sudden pleaded cold in the head, took to wearing caps. One summer evening, as she and the baby and Mrs. Crump and Woolsey (let us say all four babies together) were laughing and playing in Mrs. Crump's drawing-room—playing the most absurd gambols, fat Mrs. Crump, for instance, hiding behind the sofa, Woolsey chuck-chucking, cock-a-doodle-doing, and performing those indescribable freaks which gentlemen with philoprogenitive organs will execute in the company of children, in the midst of their play the baby gave a tug at his mother's cap; off it came—her hair was cut close to her head!

Morgiana turned as red as sealing-wax, and trembled very much; Mrs. Crump screamed, "My child, where is your hair?" and Woolsey bursting out with a most tremendous oath against Walker that would send Miss Prim into convulsions, put his handkerchief to his face, and actually wept. "The infernal

bubble-ubble-ackguard!" said he, roaring and clenching his fists.

As he had passed the Bower of Bloom a few days before, he saw Mossrose, who was combing out a jet-black ringlet, and held it up as if for Woolsey's examination, with a peculiar grin. The tailor did not understand the joke, but he saw now what had happened. Morgiana had sold her hair for five guineas; she would have sold her arm had her husband bidden her. On looking in her drawers it was found she had sold almost all her wearing apparel; the child's clothes were all there, however. It was because her husband talked of disposing of a gilt coral that the child had, that she had parted with the locks which had formed her pride.

"I'll give you twenty guineas for that hair, you infamous fat coward," roared the little tailor to Eglantine that evening. "Give it up, or I'll kill you—me——"

"Mr. Mossrose! Mr. Mossrose!" shouted the perfumer.

"Vell, vatsh de matter, vatsh de row, fight avay, my boys; two to one on the tailor," said Mr. Mossrose, much enjoying the sport (for Woolsey, striding through the shop without speaking to him, had rushed into the studio, where he plumped upon Eglantine).

"Tell him about that hair, sir."

"That hair! Now keep yourself quiet, Mister Timble, and don't tink for to bully *me*. You mean Mrs. Valker's 'air? Vy, she sold it me."

"And the more blackguard you for buying it? Will you take twenty guineas for it?"

"No," said Mossrose.

"Twenty-five?"

"Can't," said Mossrose.

"Hang it; will you take forty? There."

"I vish I'd kep it," said the Hebrew gentleman, with unfeigned regret. "Eglantine dressed it this very night."

"For Countess Baldenstiern, the Swedish Hambassador's lady," says Eglantine (his Hebrew partner was by no means a favourite with the ladies, and only superintended the accounts of the concern). "It's this very night at Devonshire 'Ouse, with four hostrich plumes, lappets, and trimmings. And now, Mr. Woolsey, I'll trouble you to apologise."

Mr. Woolsey did not answer, but walked up to Mr. Eglant and snapped his fingers so close under the perfumer's nose t the latter started back and seized the bell-rope. Mossrose bu out laughing, and the tailor walked majestically from the sh with both hands stuck between the lappets of his coat.

"My dear," said he to Morgiana a short time afterwards, "y must not encourage that husband of yours in his extravagan and sell the clothes off your poor back, that he may feast and the fine gentleman in prison."

"It is his health, poor dear soul!" interposed Mrs. Walk "his chest. Every farthing of the money goes to the docto poor fellow!"

"Well, now listen: I am a rich man (it was a great fib, Woolsey's income, as a junior partner of the firm, was but a sm one); I can very well afford to make him an allowance while is in the Fleet, and have written to him to say so. But if y ever give him a penny, or sell a trinket belonging to you, up my word and honour I will withdraw the allowance, and, thou it would go to my heart, I'll never see you again. You would make me unhappy, would you?"

"I'd go on my knees to serve you, and Heaven bless you said the wife.

"Well, then, you must give me this promise." And she di "And now," said he, "your mother, and Podmore, and I, ha been talking over matters, and we've agreed that you may ma a very good income for yourself, though, to be sure, I wish could have been managed any other way; but needs must, y know. You're the finest singer in the universe."

"La!" said Morgiana, highly delighted.

"*I* never heard anything like you, though I'm no jud Podmore says he is sure you will do very well, and has no dou you might get very good engagements at concerts or on the sta and as that husband will never do any good, and you have a ch to support, sing you must."

"Oh! how glad I should be to pay his debts and repay all has done for me," cried Mrs. Walker. "Think of his giving t hundred guineas to Mr. Baroski to have me taught. Was that kind of him? Do you *really* think I should succeed?"

"There's Miss Larkins has succeeded."

"The little, high-shouldered, vulgar thing!" says Morgiana. "I'm sure I ought to succeed if *she* did."

"She sing against Morgiana?" said Mrs. Crump. "I'd like to see her, indeed! She ain't fit to snuff a candle to her."

"I dare say not," said the tailor, "though I don't understand the thing myself; but if Morgiana can make a fortune, why shouldn't she?"

"Heaven knows we want it, Woolsey," cried Mrs. Crump. "And to see her on the stage was always the wish of my heart;" and so it had formerly been the wish of Morgiana, and now, with the hope of helping her husband and child, the wish became a duty, and she fell to practising once more from morning till night.

One of the most generous of men and tailors who ever lived now promised, if further instruction should be considered necessary (though that he could hardly believe possible), that he would lend Morgiana any sum required for the payment of lessons; and accordingly she once more betook herself, under Podmore's advice, to the singing school. Baroski's academy was, after the passages between them, out of the question, and she placed herself under the instruction of the excellent English composer Sir George Thrum, whose large and awful wife, Lady Thrum, dragon of virtue and propriety, kept watch over the master and the pupils, and was the sternest guardian of female virtue on or off any stage.

Morgiana came at a propitious moment. Baroski had launched Miss Larkins under the name of Ligonier. The Ligonier was enjoying considerable success, and was singing classical music to tolerable audiences, whereas Miss Butts, Sir George's last pupil, had turned out a complete failure, and the rival house was only able to make a faint opposition to the new star with Miss M'Whirter, who, though an old favourite, had lost her upper notes and her front teeth, and, the fact was, drew no longer.

Directly Sir George heard Mrs. Walker he tapped Podmore, who accompanied her, on the waistcoat, and said, "Poddy, thank you; we'll cut the orange boy's throat with that voice." It was by the familiar title of orange-boy that the great Baroski was known among his opponents.

"We'll crush him, Podmore," said Lady Thrum, in her deep

hollow voice. "You may stop and dine." And Podmore stayed to dinner, and ate cold mutton, and drank Marsala with the greatest reverence for the great English composer. The very next day Lady Thrum hired a pair of horses, and paid a visit to Mrs. Crump and her daughter at Sadler's Wells.

All these things were kept profoundly secret from Walker, who received very magnanimously the allowance of two guineas a-week which Woolsey made him, and with the aid of the few shillings his wife could bring him, managed to exist as best he might. He did not dislike gin when he could get no claret, and the former liquor, under the name of "tape" used to be measured out pretty liberally in what was formerly her Majesty's prison of the Fleet.

Morgiana pursued her studies under Thrum, and we shall hear in the next chapter how it was she changed her name to RAVENSWING.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MORGIANA ADVANCES TOWARDS FAME AND HONOUR, AND IN WHICH SEVERAL GREAT LITERARY CHARACTERS MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE.

"WE must begin, my dear madam," said Sir George Thrum, "by unlearning all that Mr. Baroski (of whom I do not wish to speak with the slightest disrespect) has taught you!"

Morgiana knew that every professor says as much, and submitted to undergo the study requisite for Sir George's system with perfect good grace. *Au fond*, as I was given to understand, the methods of the two artists were pretty similar; but as there was rivalry between them, and continual desertion of scholars from one school to another, it was fair for each to take all the credit he could get in the success of any pupil. If a pupil failed, for instance, Thrum would say Baroski had spoiled her irretrievably; while the German would regret "Dat dat yong voman, who had a good organ, should have trown away her dime wid dat old Drum." When one of these deserters succeeded, "Yes, yes," would either professor cry, "I formed her, she owes her fortune to me." Both of them thus, in future days, claimed the education of the famous Ravenswing; and even Sir George Thrum, though he wished to *écraser* the Ligonier, pretended that her present

success was his work, because once she had been brought by her mother, Mrs. Larkins, to sing for Sir George's approval.

When the two professors met it was with the most delighted cordiality on the part of both. "*Mein lieber Herr*," Thrum would say (with some malice), "your sonata in x flat is divine." "Chevalier," Baroski would reply, "Dat andante movement in w is worthy of Beethoven. I gif you my sacred honour," and so forth. In fact, they loved each other, as gentlemen in their profession always do.

The two famous professors conduct their academies on very opposite principles. Baroski writes ballet music; Thrum, on the contrary, says "he cannot but deplore the dangerous fascinations of the dance," and writes more for Exeter Hall and Birmingham. While Baroski drives a cab in the park with a very suspicious Mademoiselle Léocadie, or Aménaide, by his side, you may see Thrum walking to evening church with his lady, and hymns are sung there of his own composition. He belongs to the Athenæum Club, he goes to the levee once a-year, he does everything that a respectable man should, and if, by the means of this respectability, he manages to make his little trade far more profitable than it otherwise would be, are we to quarrel with him for it?

Sir George, in fact, had every reason to be respectable. He had been a choir-boy at Windsor, had played to the old king's violoncello, had been intimate with him, and had received knighthood at the hand of his revered sovereign. He had a snuff-box which his majesty gave him, and portraits of him and the young princes all over the house. He had also a foreign order (no other, indeed, than the Elephant and Castle of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel), conferred upon him by the Grand Duke when here with the allied sovereigns in 1814. With this riband round his neck, on gala days, and in a white waistcoat, the old gentleman looked splendid as he moved along in a Windsor button, and neat black small-clothes, and silk stockings. He lived in an old, tall, dingy house, furnished in the reign of George III., his beloved master, and not much more cheerful now than a family vault. They are awfully funereal those ornaments of the close of the last century,—tall, gloomy, horse-hair chairs, mouldy Turkey carpets, with wretched druggets to guard them, little cracked sticking-

plaster miniatures of people in *tours* and pig-tails over high-shouldered mantel-pieces, two dismal urns on each side of a lanky side-board, and in the midst a queer twisted receptacle for worn-out knives with green handles. Under the side-board stands a cellaret that looks as if it held half a bottle of currant wine, and a shivering plate-warmer that never could get any comfort out of the wretched old cramped grate yonder. Don't you know in such houses the gray gloom that hangs over the stairs, the dull-coloured old carpet that winds its way up the same, growing thinner, duller, and more threadbare, as it mounts to the bed-room floors? There is something awful in the bed-room of a respectable old couple of sixty-five. Think of the old feathers, turbans, bugles, petticoats, pomatum-pots, spencers, white satin shoes, false fronts, the old flaccid, boneless stays tied up in faded riband, the dusky fans, the old forty years old baby-linen, the letters of Sir George when he was young, poor Maria's doll, who died in 1803, Frederick's first corduroy breeches, and the newspaper which contains the account of his distinguishing himself at the siege of Seringapatam. All these lie somewhere damp and squeezed down into glum old presses and wardrobes. At that glass the wife has sat many times these fifty years; in that old morocco bed her children were born. Where are they now? Fred, the brave captain, and Charles, the saucy colleger; there hangs a drawing of him done by Mr. Beechy, and that sketch by Cosway was the very likeness of Louisa before * * *

"Mr. Fitz-Boodle! for Heaven's sake come down. What are you doing in a lady's bed-room?"

"The fact is, madam, I had no business there in life, but, having had quite enough wine with Sir George, my thoughts had wandered up-stairs into the sanctuary of female excellence, where your ladyship nightly reposes. You do not sleep so well now as in old days, though there is no patter of little steps to wake you overhead."

They call that room the nursery still, and the little wicket still hangs at the upper stairs: it has been there for forty years—*bon Dieu!* Can't you see the ghosts of little faces peering over it! I wonder whether they get up in the night as the moonlight shines into the blank, vacant old room, and play there solemnly

with little ghostly horses, and the spirits of dolls, and tops that turn and turn, but don't hum.

Once more, sir, come down to the lower story—that is, to the Morgiana story—with which the above sentences have no more to do than this morning's leading article in "The Times;" only it was at this house of Sir George Thrum's that I met Morgiana. Sir George, in old days, had instructed some of the female members of our family, and I recollect cutting my fingers as a child with one of these attenuated green-handled knives in the queer box yonder.

In those days Sir George Thrum was the first great musical teacher of London, and the royal patronage brought him a great number of fashionable pupils, of whom Lady Fitz-Boodle was one. It was a long, long time ago; in fact, Sir George Thrum was old enough to remember persons who had been present at Mr. Braham's first appearance, and the old gentleman's days of triumph had been those of Billington and Incledon, Catalani and Madame Storace.

He was the author of several operas ("The Camel Driver," "Britons Alarmed; or, the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom," &c. &c.), and, of course, of songs which had considerable success in their day, but are forgotten now, and are as much faded and out of fashion as those old carpets which we have described in the professor's house, and which were, doubtless, very brilliant once. But such is the fate of carpets, of flowers, of music, of men, and of the most admirable novels—even this story will not be alive for many centuries. Well, well, why struggle against Fate?

But, though his hey-day of fashion was gone, Sir George still held his place among the musicians of the old school, conducted occasionally at the Ancient Concerts and the Philharmonic, and his glees are still favourites after public dinners, and are sung by those old bacchanalians, in chestnut wigs, who attend for the purposes of amusing the guests on such occasions of festivity. The great old people at the gloomy old concerts before mentioned always pay Sir George marked respect; and, indeed, from the old gentleman's peculiar behaviour to his superiors it is impossible they should not be delighted with him, so he leads at almost every one of the concerts in the old-fashioned houses in town.

Becomingly obsequious to his superiors, he is with the rest of the world properly majestic, and has obtained no small success by his admirable and undeviating respectability. Respectability has been his great card through life; ladies can trust their daughters at Sir George Thrum's academy. "A good musician, madam," says he to the mother of a new pupil, "should not only have a fine ear, a good voice, and an indomitable industry, but, above all, a faultless character—faultless, that is, as far as our poor nature will permit. And you will remark that those young persons with whom your lovely daughter, Miss Smith, will pursue her musical studies, are all, in a moral point of view, as spotless as that charming young lady. How should it be otherwise? I have been myself the father of a family; I have been honoured with the intimacy of the wisest and best of kings, my late sovereign George III., and I can proudly show an example of decorum to my pupils in my Sophia. Mrs. Smith, I have the honour of introducing to you my Lady Thrum."

The old lady would rise at this, and make a gigantic courtesy, such a one as had begun the minuet at Ranelagh fifty years ago, and, the introduction ended, Mrs. Smith would retire, after having seen the portraits of the princes, his late majesty's snuff-box, and a piece of music which he used to play, noted by himself—Mrs. Smith, I say, would drive back to Baker Street delighted to think that her Frederica had secured so eligible and respectable a master. I forgot to say that, during the interview between Mrs. Smith and Sir George, the latter would be called out of his study by his black servant, and my Lady Thrum would take that opportunity of mentioning when he was knighted, and how he got his foreign order, and deploring the sad condition of *other* musical professors, and the dreadful immorality which sometimes arose in consequence of their laxness. Sir George was a good deal engaged to dinners in the season, and if invited to dine with a nobleman, as he might possibly be on the day when Mrs. Smith requested the honour of his company, he would write back "that he should have had the sincerest happiness in waiting upon Mrs. Smith in Baker Street, if, previously, my Lord Tweedledale had not been so kind as to engage him." This letter, of course, shown by Mrs. Smith to her friends, was

received by them with proper respect; and thus, in spite of age and new fashions, Sir George still reigned pre-eminent for a mile round Cavendish Square. By the young pupils of the academy he was called Sir Charles Grandison, and, indeed, fully deserved this title on account of the indomitable respectability of his whole actions.

It was under this gentleman that Morgiana made her *début* in public life. I do not know what arrangements may have been made between Sir George Thrum and his pupil regarding the profits which were to accrue to the former from engagements procured by him for the latter; but there was, no doubt, an understanding between them. For Sir George, respectable as he was, had the reputation of being extremely clever at a bargain; and Lady Thrum herself, in her great high-tragedy way, could purchase a pair of soles or select a leg of mutton with the best housekeeper in London.

When, however, Morgiana had been for some six months under his tuition, he began for some reason or other to be exceedingly hospitable, and invited his friends to numerous entertainments, at one of which, as I have said, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Walker.

Although the worthy musician's dinners were not good, the old knight had some excellent wine in his cellar, and his arrangement of his party deserves to be commended.

For instance, he meets me and Bob Fitz-Urse in Pall Mall, at whose paternal house he was also a visitor. "My dear young gentlemen," says he, "will you come and dine with a poor musical composer? I have some comet-hock, and, what is more curious to you perhaps, as men of wit, one or two of the great literary characters of London whom you would like to see—quite curiosities, my dear young friends." And we agreed to go.

To the literary men he says, "I have a little quiet party at home, Lord Roundtowers, the Honourable Mr. Fitz-Urse of the Life Guards, and a few more. Can you tear yourself away from the war of wits, and take a quiet dinner with a few mere men about town?"

The literary men instantly purchase new satin stocks and white gloves, and are delighted to fancy themselves members of

the world of fashion. Instead of inviting twelve Royal Academicians, or a dozen authors, or a dozen men of science to dinner, as his Grace the Duke of ——, and the Right Honourable Sir Robert ——, are in the habit of doing once a year, this plan of fusion is the one they should adopt. Not invite all artists, as they would invite all farmers to a rent-dinner; but they should have a proper commingling of artists and men of the world. There is one of the latter whose name is George Savage Fitz-Boodle, who——But let us return to Sir George Thrum.

Fitz-Urse and I arrive at the dismal old house, and are conducted up the staircase by a black servant, who shouts out, "Missa Fiss-Boodle—the *Honourable* Missa Fiss-Urse!" It was evident that Lady Thrum had instructed the swarthy groom of the chambers (for there is nothing particularly honourable in my friend Fitz's face that I know of, unless an abominable squint may be said to be so). Lady Thrum, whose figure is something like that of the shot-tower opposite Waterloo Bridge, makes a majestic inclination and a speech to signify her pleasure at receiving under her roof two of the children of Sir George's best pupils. A lady in black velvet is seated by the old fireplace, with whom a stout gentleman in an exceedingly light coat and ornamental waistcoat is talking very busily. "The great star of the night," whispers our host. "Mrs. Walker, gentlemen—the *Ravenswing!* She is talking to the famous Mr. Slang, of the —— theatre."

"Is she a fine singer?" says Fitz-Urse. "She's a very fine woman."

"My dear young friends, you shall hear to-night! I, who have heard every fine voice in Europe, confidently pledge my respectability that the Ravenswing is equal to them all. She has the graces, sir, of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a syren, sir, without the dangerous qualities of one. She is hallowed, sir, by her misfortunes as by her genius; and I am proud to think that my instructions have been the means of developing the wondrous qualities that were latent within her until now."

"You don't say so!" says gobemouche Fitz-Urse.

Having thus indoctrinated Mr. Fitz-Urse, Sir George talks another of his guests, and proceeds to work upon him, "My dear

Mr. Bludyer, how do you do? Mr. Fitz-Boodle, Mr. Bludyer, the brilliant and accomplished wit, whose sallies in the 'Tomahawk' delight us every Saturday. Nay, no blushes my dear sir; you are very wicked, but oh! *so* pleasant. Well, Mr. Bludyer, I am glad to see you, sir, and hope you will have a favourable opinion of our genius, sir. As I was saying to Mr. Fitz-Boodle, she has the graces of a Venus with the mind of a muse. She is a syren, without the dangerous qualities of one," &c. This little speech was made to half-a-dozen persons in the course of the evening—persons, for the most part, connected with the public journals or the theatrical world. There was Mr. Squinny, the editor of the "Flowers of Fashion," Mr. Desmond Mulligan, the poet, and reporter for a morning paper; and other worthies of their calling. For though Sir George is a respectable man, and as high-minded and moral an old gentleman as ever wore knee-buckles, he does not neglect the little arts of popularity, and can condescend to receive very queer company if need be.

For instance, at the dinner-party at which I had the honour of assisting, and at which on the right hand of Lady Thrum sat the *obligé* nobleman, whom the Thrums were a great deal too wise to omit (the sight of a lord does good to us commoners, or why else should we be so anxious to have one?). In the second place of honour, and on her ladyship's left hand, sat Mr. Slang, the manager of one of the theatres, a gentleman whom my Lady Thrum would scarcely, but for a great necessity's sake, have been induced to invite to her table. He had the honour of leading Mrs. Walker to dinner, who looked splendid in black velvet and turban, full of health and smiles.

Lord Roundtowers is an old gentleman who has been at the theatres five times a week for these fifty years, a living dictionary of the stage, recollecting every actor and actress who has appeared upon it for half a century. He perfectly well remembered Miss Delancy in Morgiana; he knew what had become of Ali Baba, and how Cassim had left the stage, and was now the keeper of a public-house. All this store of knowledge he kept quietly to himself, or only delivered in confidence to his next neighbour in the intervals of the banquet, which he enjoys prodigiously. He lives at an hotel: if not invited to dine, eats a mutton-chop very

humbly at his club, and finishes his evening after the play at Crockford's, whither he goes not for the sake of the play but of the supper there. He is described in the "Court Guide" as of Simmer's Hotel, and of Roundtowers, County Cork. It is said that the round towers really exist. But he has not been in Ireland since the rebellion; and his property is so hampered with ancestral mortgages, and rent-charges, and annuities, that his income is barely sufficient to provide the modest mutton-chop before alluded to. He has, any time these fifty years, lived in the wickedest company in London, and is, withal, as harmless, mild, good-natured, innocent an old gentleman, as can readily be seen.

"Roundy," shouts the elegant Mr. Slang, across the table, with a voice which makes Lady Thrum shudder, "Tuff, a glass of wine."

My lord replies meekly, "Mr. Slang, I shall have very much pleasure. What shall it be?"

"There is Madeira near you, my lord," says my lady, pointing to a tall thin decanter of the fashion of the year.

"Madeira! Marsala, by Jove, your ladyship means?" shouts Mr. Slang. "No, no, old birds are not caught with chaff. Thrum, old boy, let's have some of your comet-hock."

"My Lady Thrum, I believe that *is* Marsala," says the knight, blushing a little, in reply to a question from his Sophia. "Ajax, the hock to Mr Slang."

"I'm in that," yells Bludyer from the end of the table. "My lord, I'll join you."

"Mr. ——, I beg your pardon—I shall be very happy to take wine with you, sir."

"It is Mr. Bludyer, the celebrated newspaper writer, whispers Lady Thrum.

"Bludyer, Bludyer? A very clever man, I dare say. He has a very loud voice, and reminds me of Brett. Does your ladyship remember Brett, who played the 'Fathers' at the Haymarket in 1802?"

"What an old stupid Roundtowers is!" says Slang, archly, nudging Mrs. Walker in the side. "How's Walker, eh?"

"My husband is in the country," replied Mrs. Walker, hesitatingly.

"Gammon! *I* know where he is! Law bless you!—don't blush. I've been there myself a dozen times. We were talking about quod, Lady Thrum. Were you ever in college?"

"I was at the Commemoration at Oxford in 1814, when the sovereigns were there, and at Cambridge when Sir George received his degree of Doctor of Music."

"Laud, Laud, *that's* not the college *we* mean."

"There is also the college in Gower Street, where my grandson——"

"This is the college in *Queer Street*, ma'am, haw, haw! Mulligan, you divvle (in an Irish accent), a glass of wine with you. Wine, here, you waiter! What's your name, you black niggar? 'Possom up a gum-tree, eh? Fill him up. Dere he go" (imitating the Mandingo manner of speaking English).

In this agreeable way would Mr. Slang rattle on, speedily making himself the centre of the conversation, and addressing graceful familiarities to all the gentlemen and ladies round him.

It was good to see how the little knight, the most moral and calm of men, was compelled to receive Mr. Slang's stories, and the frightened air with which at the conclusion of one of them, he would venture upon a commendatory grin. His lady, on her part too, had been laboriously civil; and, on the occasion on which I had the honour of meeting this gentleman and Mrs. Walker, it was the latter who gave the signal for the withdrawing to the lady of the house, by saying, "I think, Lady Thrum, it is quite time for us to retire." Some exquisite joke of Mr. Slang's was the cause of this abrupt disappearance. But, as they went up stairs to the drawing-room, Lady Thrum took occasion to say, "My dear, in the course of your profession you will have to submit to many such familiarities on the part of persons of low breeding, such as I fear Mr. Slang is. But let me caution you against giving way to your temper as you did. Did you not perceive that *I* never allowed him to see my inward dissatisfaction? And I make it a particular point that you should be very civil to him to-night. Your interests—our interests—depend upon it."

"And are my interests to make me civil to a wretch like that?"

"Mrs. Walker, would you wish to give lessons in morality and behaviour to Lady Thrum?" said the old lady, drawing herself up

with great dignity. It was evident that she had a very strong desire indeed to conciliate Mr. Slang; and hence I have no doubt that Sir George was to have a considerable share of Morgiana's earnings.

Mr. Bludyer, the famous editor of the *Tomahawk*, whose jokes Sir George pretended to admire so much (Sir George who never made a joke in his life), was a press bravo of considerable talent and no principle, and who, to use his own words, would "back himself for a slashing article against any man in England!" He would not only write, but fight on a pinch, was a good scholar, and as savage in his manner as with his pen. Mr. Squinny is of exactly the opposite school, as delicate as milk and water, harmless in his habits, fond of the flute when the state of his chest would allow him, a great practiser of waltzing and dancing in general, and in his journal mildly malicious. He never goes beyond the bounds of politeness, but manages to insinuate a great deal that is disagreeable to an author in the course of twenty lines of criticism. Personally he is quite respectable, and lives with two maiden aunts at Brompton. Nobody, on the contrary, knows where Mr. Bludyer lives. He has houses of call, mysterious taverns where he may be found at particular hours by those who need him, and where panting publishers are in the habit of hunting him up. For a bottle of wine and a guinea he will write a page of praise or abuse of any man living, or on any subject or on any line of politics. "Hang it, sir," says he, "pay me enough and I will write down my own father!" According to the state of his credit he is dressed either almost in rags, or else in the extreme flush of fashion. With the latter attire he puts on a haughty and aristocratic air, and would slap a duke on the shoulder. If there is one thing more dangerous than to refuse to lend him a sum of money when he asks for it, it is to lend it to him, for he never pays, and never pardons a man to whom he owes. "Walker refused to cash a bill for me," he had been heard to say, "and I'll do for his wife when she comes out on the stage!" Mrs. Walker and Sir George Thrum were in an agony about the *Tomahawk*, hence the latter's invitation to Mr. Bludyer. Sir George was in a great tremor about the *Flowers of Fashion*, hence his invitation to Mr. Squinny. Mr. Squinny was introduced to Lord Round

and Mr. Fitz-Urse as one of the most delightful and
l of our young men of genius; and Fitz, who believes
hing any one tells him, was quite pleased to have the
of sitting near the live editor of a paper. I have reason
t that Mr. Squinny himself was no less delighted. I saw
ing his card to Fitz-Urse at the end of the second course.
articular attention was paid to Mr. Desmond Mulligan.
l enthusiasm is his forte. He lives and writes in a rapture.
f course, a member of an inn of court, and greatly addicted
-dinner speaking as a preparation for the bar, where as a
nan of genius he hopes one day to shine. He is almost
r man to whom Bludyer is civil, for, if the latter will fight
y when there is a necessity for so doing, the former fights
Irishman, and has a pleasure in it. He has been "on the
" I don't know how many times, and quitted his country
ınt of a quarrel with government regarding certain articles
ɔd by him in the *Phœnix* newspaper. With the third
ıe becomes overpoweringly great on the wrongs of Ireland,
hat period generally volunteers a couple or more of Irish
s, selecting the most melancholy in the collection. At
he afternoon, you are sure to see him about the House of
ns, and he knows the Reform Club (he calls it the
ım) as well as if he were a member. It is curious for the
ɔlative mind to mark those mysterious hangers-on of Irish
s of parliament—strange runners and aides-de-camp which
ıonourable gentlemen appear to possess. Desmond, in his
capacity, is one of these, and besides his calling as
· to a newspaper, is "our well-informed correspondent" of
ıous Munster paper, the *Green Flag of Skibbereen.*

Mr. Mulligan's qualities and history I only became sub-
ly acquainted. On the present evening he made but a
ıy at the dinner-table, being compelled by his professional
o attend the House of Commons.

.bove formed the party with whom I had the honour to
What other repasts Sir George Thrum may have given,
ısemblies of men of mere science he may have invited to
ir opinion regarding his prodigy, what other editors of
ıe may have pacified or rendered favourable, who knows?

On the present occasion, we did not quit the dinner-table until Mr. Slang the manager was considerably excited by wine, and music had been heard for some time in the drawing-room overhead during our absence. An addition had been made to the Thrum party by the arrival of several persons to spend the evening,—a man to play on the violin between the singing, a youth to play on the piano, Miss Horsman to sing with Mrs. Walker, and other scientific characters. In a corner sat a red-faced old lady, of whom the mistress of the mansion took little notice; and a gentleman with a royal button, who blushed and looked exceedingly modest.

"Hang me!" says Mr. Bludyer, who had perfectly good reasons for recognising Mr. Woolsey, and who on this day chose to assume his aristocratic air, "there's a tailor in the room! What do they mean by asking *me* to meet tradesmen?"

"Delancy, my dear," cries Slang, entering the room with a red, "how's your precious health? Give us your hand! When *are* we to be married? Make room for me on the sofa, that's a duck!"

"Get along, Slang," says Mrs. Crump, addressed by the manager by her maiden name (artists generally drop the title of honour which people adopt in the world, and call each other by their simple surnames)—"get along, Slang, or I'll tell Mrs. S.!" The enterprising manager replies by sportively striking Mrs. Crump on the side a blow which causes a great giggle from the lady insulted, and a most good-humoured threat to box Slang's ears. I fear very much that Morgiana's mother thought Mr. Slang an exceedingly gentlemanlike and agreeable person; besides, she was eager to have his good opinion of Mrs. Walker's singing.

The manager stretched himself out with much gracefulness on the sofa, supporting two little dumpy legs encased in varnished boots on a chair.

"Ajax, some tea to Mr. Slang," said my lady, looking towards that gentleman with a countenance expressive of some alarm, I thought.

"That's right, Ajax, my black prince!" exclaimed Slang, when the negro brought the required refreshment; "and now I suppose you'll be wanted in the orchestra yonder. Don't Ajax play cymbals, Sir George?"

, ha ha! very good—capital!" answered the knight, exceed- rightened; "but ours is not a *military* band. Miss Hors- Ir. Craw, my dear Mrs. Ravenswing, shall we begin the trio? , gentlemen, if you please, it is a little piece from my opera *Brigand's Bride*. Miss Horsman takes the Page's part, Mr. s Stiletto the Brigand, my accomplished pupil is the Bride," e music began.

"*The Bride.*

My heart with joy is beating,
My eyes with tears are dim;

The Page.

Her heart with joy is beating,
Her eyes are fixed on him;

The Brigand.

My heart with rage is beating,
In blood my eye-balls swim!"

it may have been the merits of the music or the singing, I, se, cannot guess. Lady Thrum sat opposite the tea-cups, g her head and beating time very gravely. Lord Round- , by her side, nodded his head too, for awhile, and then fell.

I should have done the same but for the manager, whose were worthy of remark. He sung with all the three , and a great deal louder than any of them; he shouted or hissed as he thought proper; he criticised all the points . Walker's person. "She'll do, Crump, she'll do—a splendid 'ou'll see her eyes in the shilling gallery! What sort of a s she? She's five feet three, if she's an inch! Bravo— —capital—hurra!" and he concluded by saying, with the he Ravenswing, he would put Ligonier's nose out of joint! enthusiasm of Mr. Slang almost reconciled Lady Thrum to ruptness of his manners, and even caused Sir George to that his chorus had been interrupted by the obstreperous ity of the manager.

d what do *you* think, Mr. Bludyer," said the tailor, delighted s *protégée* should be thus winning all hearts, "isn't Mrs. a tip-top singer, ey, sir?"

"I think she's a very bad one, Mr. Woolsey!" said the illustrious author, wishing to abbreviate all communications with a tailor to whom he owed forty pounds.

"Then, sir," says Mr. Woolsey, fiercely, "I'll—I'll thank you to pay me my little bill!"

It is true there was no connexion between Mrs. Walker's singing and Woolsey's little bill; that the "*Then*, sir," was perfectly illogical on Woolsey's part, but it was a very happy hit for the future fortunes of Mrs. Walker. Who knows what would have come of her *début* but for that "Then, sir," and whether a "smashing article from the *Tomahawk* might not have ruined her for ever?"

"Are you a relation of Mrs. Walker's," said Mr. Bludyer, in reply to the angry tailor.

"What's that to you, whether I am or not?" replied Woolsey, fiercely. "But I'm the friend of Mrs. Walker, sir; proud am I to say so, sir; and, as the poet says, sir, 'a little learning's a dangerous thing,' sir; and I think a man who don't pay his bills may keep his tongue quiet at least, sir, and not abuse a lady, sir, whom everybody else praises, sir. You shan't humbug *me* any more, sir; you shall hear from my attorney to-morrow, so mark that!"

"Hush, my dear Mr. Woolsey," cried the literary man, "don't make a noise; come into this window; is Mrs. Walker *really* a friend of yours?"

"I've told you so, sir."

"Well, in that case, I shall do my utmost to serve her; and, look you, Woolsey, any article you choose to send about her to the *Tomahawk* I promise you I'll put in."

"*Will* you, though? then we'll say nothing about the little bill."

"You may do on that point," answered Bludyer, haughtily, "exactly as you please. I am not to be frightened from my duty, mind that; and mind, too, that I can write a slashing article better than any man in England: I could crush her by ten lines."

The tables were now turned, and it was Woolsey's turn to be alarmed.

"Pooh! pooh! I *was* angry," said he, "because you abuse

Mrs. Walker, who's an angel on earth; but I'm very willing to apologise. I say—come—let me take your measure for some new clothes, eh! Mr. B.?"

"I'll come to your shop," answered the literary man, quite appeased. "Silence! they're beginning another song."

The songs, which I don't attempt to describe (and, upon my word and honour, as far as *I* can understand matters, I believe, to this day, that Mrs. Walker was only an ordinary singer), the songs lasted a great deal longer than I liked, but I was nailed, as it were, to the spot, having agreed to sup at Knightsbridge barracks with Fitz-Urse, whose carriage was ordered at eleven o'clock.

"My dear Mr. Fitz-Boodle," said our old host to me, "you can do me the greatest service in the world."

"Speak, sir!" said I.

"Will you ask your honourable and gallant friend, the captain, to drive home Mr. Squinny to Brompton?"

"Can't Mr. Squinny get a cab?" Sir George looked particularly arch.

"Generalship, my dear young friend,—a little harmless generalship. Mr. Squinny will not give much for *my* opinion of my pupil, but he will value very highly the opinion of the Honourable Mr. Fitz-Urse."

For a moral man, was not the little knight a clever fellow? He had bought Mr. Squinny for a dinner worth ten shillings, and for a ride in a carriage with a lord's son. Squinny was carried to Brompton, and set down at his aunt's door, delighted with his new friends, and exceedingly sick with a cigar they had made him smoke.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH MR. WALKER SHOWS GREAT PRUDENCE AND FORBEARANCE.

THE describing of all these persons does not advance Morgiana's story much. But, perhaps, some country readers are not acquainted with the class of persons by whose printed opinions they are guided, and are simple enough to imagine that mere merit will make a reputation on the stage or elsewhere. The making of a theatrical success is a much more complicated and curious thing

than such persons fancy it to be. Immense are the pain to get a good word from Mr. This of the *Star*, or Mr. Tha *Courier*, to propitiate the favour of the critic of the day, the editors of the metropolis into a good humour,—abov have the name of the party to be puffed perpetually be public. Artists cannot be advertised like Macassar oil or b and they want it to the full as much; hence endless in must be practised in order to keep the popular attention Suppose a great actor moves from London to Windsor, the *ford Champion* must state, "That yesterday Mr. Blazes a passed rapidly through our city; the celebrated come engaged, we hear, at Windsor, to give some of his ini readings of our great national bard to the *most illustrious* in the realm." This piece of intelligence the *Hammersn server* will question the next week, as thus:—"A conten the *Brentford Champion*, says that Blazes is engaged Shaksperean readings, at Windsor, to 'the most illu audience in the realm.' We question this fact very muc would, indeed, that it were true; but *the most illustrious* in the realm prefers *foreign* melodies to *the native wood-no* of the sweet song-bird of Avon. Mr. Blazes is simply Eton, where his son, Master Massinger Blazes, is suffer regret to hear, under a severe attack of the chicken-pox. Th plaint (incident to youth) has raged, we understand, with f virulence in Eton School."

And if, after the above paragraphs, some London paper to attack the folly of the provincial press, which talks Blazes, and chronicles his movements, as if he were a c head, what harm is done? Blazes can write in his own n the London journal, and say that it is not *his* fault if pr journals choose to chronicle his movements, and that he from wishing that the afflictions of those who are dear should form the subject of public comment, and be held public ridicule. "We had no intention of hurting the fee an estimable public servant," writes the editor; "and our r on the chicken-pox were general, not personal. We si trust that Master Massinger Blazes has recovered from th plaint, and that he may pass through the measles, the h

, the fourth form, and all other diseases to which youth is t, with comfort to himself, and credit to his parents and rs." At his next appearance on the stage after this consy, a British public calls for Blazes three times after the ınd somehow there is sure to be some one with a laurel-ı in a stage-box, who flings that chaplet at the inspired s feet.

ɔn't know how it was, but before the *début* of Morgiana the ɜh press began to heave and throb in a convulsive manner, ndicative of the near birth of some great thing. For instance, ɜad in one paper,—

ecdote of Karl Maria Von Weber.—When the author of *Oberon* was in d, he was invited by a noble duke to dinner, and some of the most ted of our artists were assembled to meet him. The signal being given ɜend to the *salle-à-manger*, the German composer was invited by his host (a bachelor) to lead the way. 'Is it not the fashion in your ƴ,' said he, simply, 'for the man of the first eminence to take the first Here is one whose genius entitles him to be first *any where*.' And, so he pointed to our admirable English composer, Sir George Thrum. vo musicians were friends to the last, and Sir George has still the al piece of rosin which the author of the *Freischutz* gave him."—*The* morning paper), 2d June.

rge III. a Composer.—Sir George Thrum has in his possession the score ir, the words from *Samson Agonistes*, an autograph of the late revered h. We hear that that excellent composer has in store for us not only ra, but a pupil, with whose transcendant merits the *élite* of our racy are already familiar."—*Ibid.* June 5.

sic with a Vengeance.—The march to the sound of which the 49th and giments rushed up the breach of Badajoz was the celebrated air from *Alarmed; or, the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom*, by our famous English ser, Sir George Thrum. Marshal Davoust said that the French line stood when that air was performed to the charge of the bayonet. We ıe veteran musician has an opera now about to appear, and have no that *Old England* will now, as then, show its superiority over *all* foreign nts."—*Albion.*

› have been accused of preferring the *produit* of the *étranger* to the of our own native shores;—but those who speak so, little know us. *fanatici per la musica* wherever it be, and welcome merit *dans chaque* ı *monde.* What do we say? *Le mérite n'a point de pays*, as Napoleon nd Sir George Thrum (Chevalier de l'ordre de l'Éléphant et Chateau, ıma) is a maestro, whose fame *appartient à l'Europe.*

have just heard the lovely *élève*, whose rare qualities the cavaliere has ; to perfection,—we have heard THE RAVENSWING (*pourquoi cacher* ma

nom que demain un monde va saluer), and a creature more beautiful a never bloomed before *dans nos climats*. She sung the delicious du 'Nabucodonosore,' with Count Pizzicato, with a *bellezza*, a *grandezza*, that excited in the bosom of the audience a corresponding *fur scherzando* was exquisite, though we confess we thought the co *fioritura* in the passage in y flat a leetle, a very leetle *sporzata*. the words,

'Giorno d'orrore,
Delire, dolore,
Nabucodonosore,'

should be given *andante*, and not *con strepito:* but this is a *faute bien* the midst of such unrivalled excellence, and only mentioned here may have *something* to criticise.

"We hear that the enterprising *impresario* of one of the royal the made an engagement with the Diva; and, if we have a regret, it is should be compelled to sing in the unfortunate language of our rude clime, which does not *prêter* itself near so well to the *bocca* of the as do the mellifluous accents of the Lingua Toscana, the *langue par* of song.

"The Ravenswing's voice is a magnificent contra-basso of nine octa —*Flowers of Fashion*, June 10.

"Old Thrum, the composer, is bringing out an opera and a pup opera is good, the pupil first-rate. The opera will do much m compete with the infernal twaddle and disgusting slip-slop of Doniz the milk-and-water fools who imitate him: it will (and we ask the re the *Tomahawk*, were we EVER mistaken?) surpass all these; it is downright English stuff. The airs are fresh and pleasing, the chorus and noble, the instrumentation solid and rich, the music is carefully We wish old Thrum and his opera well.

"His pupil is a SURE CARD, a splendid woman, and a splendid sing is so handsome that she might sing as much out of tune as Miss Ligo the public would forgive her; and sings so well, that were she as ug aforesaid Ligonier, the audience would listen to her. The Ravensw is her fantastical theatrical name (her real name is the same with notorious scoundrel in the Fleet, who invented the Panama swin Pontine marshes' swindle, the soap swindle—*how are you off for s* Mr. W-lk-r?) the Ravenswing, we say, will DO. Slang has engage thirty guineas per week, and she appears next month in Thrum's which the words are written by a great ass with some talent, Mr. Mulligan.

"There is a foreign fool in the *Flowers of Fashion* who is doing hi disgust the public by his filthy flattery. It is enough to make Why is the foreign beast not kicked out of the paper?"—*The T* June 17.

The three first "anecdotes" were supplied by Mulligan paper, with many others which need not here be repeat kept them up with amazing energy and variety. Anecd

Sir George Thrum met you unexpectedly in queer corners of country papers; puffs of the English school of music appeared perpetually in "notices to correspondents" in the Sunday prints, some of which Mr. Slang commanded, and in others over which the indefatigable Mulligan had a control. This youth was the soul of the little conspiracy for raising Morgiana into fame; and humble as he is, and great and respectable as is Sir George Thrum, it is my belief that the Ravenswing would never have been the Ravenswing she is but for the ingenuity and energy of the honest Hibernian reporter.

It is only the business of the great man who writes the leading articles which appear in the large type of the daily papers to compose those astonishing pieces of eloquence; the other parts of the paper are left to the ingenuity of the sub-editor, whose duty it is to select paragraphs, reject or receive horrid accidents, police reports, &c.; with which, occupied as he is in the exercise of his tremendous functions, the editor himself cannot be expected to meddle. The fate of Europe is his province, the rise and fall of empires, and the great questions of state demand the editor's attention: the humble puff, the paragraph about the last murder, or the state of the crops, or the sewers in Chancery Lane, is confided to the care of the sub; and it is curious to see what a prodigious number of Irishmen exist among the sub-editors of London. When the liberator enumerates the services of his countrymen, how the battle of Fontenoy was won by the Irish brigade, how the battle of Waterloo would have been lost but for the Irish regiments, and enumerates other acts for which we are indebted to Milesian heroism and genius,—he ought at least to mention the Irish brigade of the press, and the amazing services they do to this country.

The truth is, the Irish reporters and soldiers appear to do their duty right well; and my friend Mr. Mulligan is one of the former. Having the interests of his opera and the Ravenswing strongly at heart, and being amongst his brethren an exceedingly popular fellow, he managed matters so that never a day passed but some paragraph appeared somewhere regarding the new singer, in whom, for their countryman's sake, all his brothers and sub-editors felt an interest.

These puffs, destined to make known to all the world the merits of the Ravenswing, of course had an effect upon a gentleman very closely connected with that lady, the respectable prisoner in the Fleet, Captain Walker. As long as he received his weekly two guineas from Mr. Woolsey, and the occasional half-crowns which his wife could spare in her almost daily visits to him, he had never troubled himself to inquire what her pursuits were, and had allowed her (though the worthy woman longed with all her might to betray herself) to keep her secret. He was far from thinking indeed, that his wife would prove such a treasure to him.

But when the voice of fame and the columns of the public journals brought him each day some new story regarding the merits, genius, and beauty, of the Ravenswing: when rumours reached him that she was the favourite pupil of Sir George Thrum; when she brought him five guineas after singing at the Philharmonic (other five the good soul had spent in purchasing some smart new cockades, hats, cloaks, and laces, for her little son); when, finally, it was said that Slang, the great manager, offered her an engagement at thirty guineas per week, Mr. Walker became exceedingly interested in his wife's proceedings, of which he demanded from her the fullest explanation.

Using his marital authority, he absolutely forbade Mrs. Walker's appearance on the public stage; he wrote to Sir George Thrum a letter expressive of his highest indignation that negotiations so important should ever have been commenced without his authorisation; and he wrote to his dear Slang (for these gentlemen were very intimate, and in the course of his transactions as an agent Mr. W. had had many dealings with Mr. S.) asking his dear Slang whether the latter thought his friend Walker would be so green as to allow his wife to appear on the stage, and he remain in prison with all his debts on his head?

And it was a curious thing now to behold how eager those very creditors who but yesterday (and with perfect correctness) had denounced Mr. Walker as a swindler; who had refused to come to any composition with him, and had sworn never to release him, how they on a sudden became quite eager to come to an arrangement with him, and offered, nay, begged and prayed him to

ree,—only giving them his own and Mrs. Walker's acknowledgnent of their debt, with a promise that a part of the lady's salary hould be devoted to the payment of the claim.

"The lady's salary!" said Mr. Walker, indignantly, to these gentlemen and their attorneys. "Do you suppose I will allow Mrs. Walker to go on the stage?—do you suppose I am such a fool as to sign bills to the full amount of these claims against me, when in a few months more I can walk out of prison without paying a shilling? Gentlemen, you take Howard Walker for an idiot. I like the Fleet, and rather than pay I'll stay here for these ten years."

In other words, it was the captain's determination to make some advantageous bargain for himself with his creditors and the gentlemen who were interested in bringing forward Mrs. Walker on the stage. And who can say that in so determining he did not act with laudable prudence and justice?

"You do not, surely, consider, my very dear sir, that half the amount of Mrs. Walker's salaries is too much for my immense trouble and pains in teaching her?" cried Sir George Thrum (who, in reply to Walker's note, thought it most prudent to wait personally on that gentleman). "Remember that I am the first master in England; that I have the best interest in England; that I can bring her out at the Palace, and at every concert and musical festival in England; that I am obliged to teach her every single note that she utters; and that without me she could no more sing a song than her little baby could walk without its nurse."

"I believe about half what you say," said Mr. Walker.

"My dear Captain Walker! would you question my integrity? Who was it that made Mrs. Millington's fortune,—the celebrated Mrs. Millington, who has now got a hundred thousand pounds? Who was it that brought out the finest tenor in Europe, Popplemus? Ask the *Musical World*, ask those great artists themselves, and they will tell you they owe their reputation, their fortune, to Sir George Thrum."

"It is very likely," replied the captain, coolly. "You *are* a good master, I dare say, Sir George; but I am not going to article Mrs. Walker to you for three years, and sign her articles in the

Fleet. Mrs. Walker shan't sing till I'm a free man, that's flat; if I stay here till you're dead she shan't."

"Gracious powers, sir!" exclaimed Sir George, "do you expect me to pay your debts?"

"Yes, old boy," answered the captain, "and to give me something handsome in hand, too; and that's my ultimatum: and so I wish you good morning, for I'm engaged to play a match at tennis below."

This little interview exceedingly frightened the worthy knight, who went home to his lady in a delirious state of alarm occasioned by the audacity of Captain Walker.

Mr. Slang's interview with him was scarcely more satisfactory. He owed, he said, four thousand pounds. His creditors might be brought to compound for five shillings in the pound. He would not consent to allow his wife to make a single engagement until the creditors were satisfied, and until he had a handsome sum in hand to begin the world with. "Unless my wife comes out, you'll be in the *Gazette* yourself, you know you will. So you may take her or leave her, as you think fit."

"Let her sing one night as a trial," said Mr. Slang.

"If she sings one night, the creditors will want their money in full," replied the captain. "I shan't let her labour, poor thing, for the profit of those scoundrels!" added the prisoner, with much feeling. And Slang left him with a much greater respect for Walker than he had ever before possessed. He was struck with the gallantry of the man who could triumph over misfortunes, nay, make misfortune itself an engine of good luck.

Mrs. Walker was instructed instantly to have a severe sore throat. The journals in Mr. Slang's interest deplored this illness pathetically; while the papers in the interest of the opposition theatre magnified it with great malice. "The new singer," said one, "the great wonder which Slang promised us, is as hoarse as a *raven!*" "Dr. Thorax pronounces," wrote another paper, "that the quinsy, which has suddenly prostrated Mrs. Ravenswing, whose singing at the Philharmonic, previous to her appearance at the T. R——, excited so much applause, has destroyed the lady's voice for ever. We luckily need no other prima donna, when the place, as nightly thousands acknowledge, is held by Miss Ligonier.

The *Looker-on* said, "That although some well-informed contemporaries had declared Mrs. W. Ravenswing's complaint to be a quinsy, others, on whose authority they could equally rely, had pronounced it to be a consumption. At all events, she was in an exceedingly dangerous state, from which, though we do not expect, we heartily trust she may recover. Opinions differ as to the merits of this lady, some saying that she was altogether inferior to Miss Ligonier, while other connoisseurs declare the latter lady to be by no means so accomplished a person. This point, we fear," continued the *Looker-on*, "can never now be settled, unless, which we fear is improbable, Mrs. Ravenswing should ever so far recover as to be able to make her *début;* and even then, the new singer will not have a fair chance unless her voice and strength shall be fully restored. This information, which we have from exclusive resources, may be relied on," concluded the *Looker-on*, "as authentic."

It was Mr. Walker himself, that artful and audacious Fleet prisoner, who concocted those very paragraphs against his wife's health which appeared in the journals of the Ligonier party. The partisans of that lady were delighted, the creditors of Mr. Walker astounded, at reading them. Even Sir George Thrum was taken in, and came to the Fleet prison in considerable alarm.

"Mum's the word, my good sir!" said Mr. Walker. "Now is the time to make arrangements with the creditors."

Well, these arrangements were finally made. It does not matter how many shillings in the pound satisfied the rapacious creditors of Morgiana's husband. But it is certain that her voice returned to her all of a sudden upon the captain's release. The papers of the Mulligan faction again trumpeted her perfections; the agreement with Mr. Slang was concluded; that with Sir George Thrum the great composer satisfactorily arranged; and the new opera underlined in immense capitals in the bills, and put in rehearsal with immense expenditure on the part of the scene-painter and costumier.

Need we tell with what triumphant success the *Brigand's Bride* was received? All the Irish sub-editors the next morning took care to have such an account of it as made Miss Ligonier and

Baroski die with envy. All the reporters who could spare time were in the boxes to support their friend's work. All the journeymen tailors of the establishment of Linsey, Woolsey, and Co., had pit tickets given to them, and applauded with all their might. All Mr. Walker's friends of the Regent Club lined the side-boxes with white kid gloves; and in a little box by themselves sat Mrs. Crump and Mr. Woolsey, a great deal too much agitated to applaud—so agitated, that Woolsey even forgot to fling down the *bouquet* he had brought for the Ravenswing.

But there was no lack of those horticultural ornaments. The theatre servants wheeled away a wheelbarrow full (which were flung on the stage the next night over again); and Morgiana blushing, panting, weeping, was led off by Mr. Poppleton, the eminent tenor, who had crowned her with one of the most conspicuous of the chaplets.

Here she flew to her husband, and flung her arms round his neck. He was flirting behind the side-scenes with Mademoiselle Flicflac, who had been dancing in the divertissement; and was probably the only man in the theatre of those who witnessed the embrace that did not care for it. Even Slang was affected, and said with perfect sincerity that he wished he had been in Walker's place. The manager's fortune was made, at least for the season. He acknowledged so much to Walker, who took a week's salary for his wife in advance that very night.

There was, as usual, a grand supper in the green-room. The terrible Mr. Bludyer appeared in a new coat of the well-known Woolsey cut, and the little tailor himself and Mrs. Crump were not the least happy of the party. But when the Ravenswing took Woolsey's hand, and said she never would have been there but for him, Mr. Walker looked very grave, and hinted to her that she must not, in her position, encourage the attentions of persons in that rank of life. "I shall pay," said he, proudly, "every farthing that is owing to Mr. Woolsey, and shall employ him for the future. But you understand, my love, that one cannot at one's own table receive one's own tailor."

Slang proposed Morgiana's health in a tremendous speech, which elicited cheers, and laughter, and sobs, such as only managers have the art of drawing from the theatrical gentlemen and ladies

in their employ. It was observed, especially among the chorus-singers at the bottom of the table, that their emotion was intense. They had a meeting the next day and voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq., for his eminent services in the cause of the drama.

Walker returned thanks for his lady. That was, he said, the proudest moment of his life. He was proud to think that he had educated her for the stage, happy to think that his sufferings had not been vain, and that his exertions in her behalf were crowned with full success. In her name and his own he thanked the company, and sat down, and was once more particularly attentive to Mademoiselle Flicflac.

Then came an oration from Sir George Thrum, in reply to Slang's toast to *him*. It was very much to the same effect as the speech by Walker, the two gentlemen attributing to themselves individually the merit of bringing out Mrs. Walker. He concluded by stating that he should always hold Mrs. Walker as the daughter of his heart, and to the last moment of his life should love and cherish her. It is certain that Sir George was exceedingly elated that night, and would have been scolded by his lady on his return home but for the triumph of the evening.

Mulligan's speech of thanks, as author of the *Brigand's Bride*, was, it must be confessed, extremely tedious. It seemed there would be no end to it; when he got upon the subject of Ireland especially, which somehow was found to be intimately connected with the interests of music and the theatre. Even the choristers pooh-poohed this speech, coming though it did from the successful author, whose songs of wine, love, and battle, they had been repeating that night.

The *Brigand's Bride* ran for many nights. Its choruses were aned on the organs of the day. Morgiana's airs "the Rose upon ny Balcony" and "the Lightning on the Cataract" (recitative nd scena) were on every body's lips, and brought so many uineas to Sir George Thrum that he was encouraged to have his ortrait engraved, which still may be seen in the music-shops. Not many persons, I believe, bought proof impressions of the plate, price two guineas: whereas, on the contrary, all the young clerks in banks, and all the *fast* young men of the universities,

had pictures of the Ravenswing in their apartments—as Biondetta (the brigand's bride), as Zelyma (in the *Nuptials of Benares*), as Barbareska (in the *Mine of Tobolsk*), and in all her famous characters. In the latter she disguises herself as an uhlan, in order to save her father, who is in prison; and the Ravenswing looked so fascinating in this costume in pantaloons and yellow boots, that Slang was for having her instantly in Captain Macheath, whence arose their quarrel.

She was replaced at Slang's theatre by Snooks, the rhinoceros-tamer, with his breed of wild buffaloes. Their success was immense. Slang gave a supper, at which all the company burst into tears, and assembling in the green-room next day, they, as usual, voted a piece of plate to Adolphus Slang, Esq., for his eminent services to the drama.

In the Captain Macheath dispute Mr. Walker would have had his wife yield; but on this point, and for once, she disobeyed her husband and left the theatre. And when Walker cursed her (according to his wont) for her abominable selfishness and disregard of his property, she burst into tears and said she had spent but twenty guineas on herself and baby during the year, that her theatrical dressmaker's bills were yet unpaid, and that she had never asked him how much he spent on that odious French *figurante*.

All this was true, except about the French *figurante*. Walker, as the lord and master, received all Morgiana's earnings, and spent them as a gentleman should. He gave very neat dinners at a cottage in the Regent's Park (Mr. and Mrs. Walker lived in Green Street, Grosvenor Square), he played a good deal at the Regent; but for the French *figurante*, it must be confessed, that Mrs. Walker was in a sad error; *that* lady and the captain had parted long ago; it was Madame Dolores de Tras-os-Montes who inhabited the cottage in St. John's Wood now.

But if some little errors of this kind might be attributable to the captain, on the other hand, when his wife was in the provinces, he was the most attentive of husbands; made all her bargains, and received every shilling before he would permit her to sing a note. Thus he prevented her from being cheated, as a person of her easy temper doubtless would have been, by designing managers and needy concert-givers. They always travelled with four

horses; and Walker was adored in every one of the principal hotels in England. The waiters flew at his bell. The chambermaids were afraid he was a sad naughty man, and thought his wife no such great beauty; the landlords preferred him to any duke. *He* never looked at their bills, not he! In fact his income was at least four thousand a year for some years of his life.

Master Woolsey Walker was put to Dr. Wapshot's seminary, whence after many disputes on the doctor's part as to getting his half-year's accounts paid, and after much complaint of ill-treatment on the little boy's side, he was withdrawn, and placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Swishtail, at Turnham Green; where all his bills are paid by his godfather, now the head of the firm of Woolsey and Co.

As a gentleman, Mr. Walker still declines to see him; but he has not, as far as I have heard, paid the sums of money which he threatened to refund; and, as he is seldom at home, the worthy tailor can come to Green Street at his leisure; and he and Mrs. Crump, and Mrs. Walker, often take the omnibus to Brentford, and a cake with them to little Woolsey at school; to whom the tailor says he will leave every shilling of his property.

The Walkers have no other children; but when she takes her airing in the Park she always turns away at the sight of a low phaeton, in which sits a woman with rouged cheeks, and a great number of over-dressed children with a French *bonne*, whose name, I am given to understand, is Madame Dolores de Tras-os-Montes. Madame de Tras-os-Montes always puts a great gold glass to her eye as the Ravenswing's carriage passes, and looks into it with a sneer. The two coachmen used always to exchange queer winks at each other in the ring, until Madame de Tras-os-Montes lately adopted a tremendous chasseur, with huge whiskers and a green and gold livery; since which time the formerly named gentlemen do not recognise each other.

The Ravenswing's life is one of perpetual triumph on the stage; and, as every one of the fashionable men about town have been in love with her, you may fancy what a pretty character she has. Lady Thrum would die sooner than speak to that unhappy young woman; and, in fact, the Thrums have a new pupil, who is a syren without the dangerous qualities of one, who

has the person of a Venus and the mind of a Muse, and who is coming out at one of the theatres immediately. Baroski says, "De liddle Rafenschwing is just as font of me as effer!" People are very shy about receiving her in society! and when she goes to sing at a concert, Miss Prim starts up and skurries off in a state of the greatest alarm, lest "that person" should speak to her.

Walker is voted a good, easy, rattling, gentlemanly fellow, and nobody's enemy but his own. His wife, they say, is dreadfully extravagant; and, indeed, since his marriage, and, in spite of his wife's large income, he has been in the Bench several times, but she signs some bills and he comes out again, and is as gay and genial as ever. All mercantile speculations he has wisely long since given up; he likes to throw a main of an evening, as I have said, and to take his couple of bottles at dinner. On Friday he attends at the theatre for his wife's salary, and transacts no other business during the week. He grows exceedingly stout, dyes his hair, and has a bloated purple look about the nose and cheeks very different from that which first charmed the heart of Morgiana.

By the way, Eglantine has been turned out of the Bower of Bloom, and now keeps a shop at Tunbridge Wells. Going down thither last year without a razor, I asked a fat, seedy man, lolling in a faded nankeen jacket at the door of a tawdry little shop in the Pantiles, to shave me. He said in reply, "Sir, I do not practise in that branch of the profession!" and turned back into the little shop. It was Archibald Eglantine. But in the wreck of his fortunes, he still has his captain's uniform, and his grand cross of the order of the Elephant and Castle of Panama.

POSTSCRIPT.

G. FITZ-BOODLE, ESQ., TO O. YORKE, ESQ

Zum Trierischen Hof, Coblenz, July 10, 1843.

MY DEAR YORKE,—The story of the Ravenswing was written a long time since, and I never could account for the bad taste of the publishers of the metropolis who refused it an insertion in their various magazines. The fact would never have been alluded to but for the following circumstance:

yesterday, as I was dining at this excellent hotel, I remarked a bald-
gentleman in a blue coat and brass buttons, who looked like a colonel
pay, and by his side a lady and a little boy of twelve, whom the
an was cramming with an amazing quantity of cherries and cakes. A
l dame in a wonderful cap and ribands was seated by the lady's side,
as easy to see they were English, and I thought I had already made
quaintance elsewhere.

ounger of the ladies at last made a bow with an accompanying blush.
ely," said I, "I have the honour of speaking to Mrs. Ravenswing?"

. WOOLSEY, sir," said the gentleman; "my wife has long since left the
and at this the old lady in the wonderful cap trod on my toes very
, and nodded her head and all her ribands in a most mysterious way.
ly the two ladies rose and left the table, the elder declaring that she
he baby crying.

olsey, my dear, go with your mamma," said Mr. Woolsey, patting the
the head: the young gentleman obeyed the command, carrying off
f macaroons with him.

r son is a fine boy, sir," said I.

step-son, sir," answered Mr. Woolsey; and added in a louder voice,
r you, Mr. Fitz-Boodle, at once, but did not mention your name for
gitating my wife. She don't like to have the memory of old times
, sir; her former husband, whom you knew, Captain Walker, made
unhappy. He died in America, sir, of this, I fear" (pointing to
le), "and Mrs. W. quitted the stage a year before I quitted business.
going on to Wiesbaden?"

went off in their carriage that evening, the boy on the box making
orts to blow out of the postilion's tasselled horn.

glad that poor Morgiana is happy at last, and hasten to inform you of
: I am going to visit the old haunts of my youth at Pumpernickel.

Adieu. Yours, G. F. B.

A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

A SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.*

CHAPTER I.

that remarkable period when Louis XVIII. was restored a
d time to the throne of his fathers, and all the English who
ioney or leisure rushed over to the Continent, there lived in
ain boarding-house at Brussels a genteel young widow, who
the elegant name of Mrs. Wellesley Macarty.

the same house and room with the widow lived her mamma,
y who was called Mrs. Crabb. Both professed to be rather
onable people. The Crabbs were of a very old English stock,
the Macartys were, as the world knows, county Cork people;
ed to the Sheenys, Finnigans, Clancys, and other distinguished
lies in their part of Ireland. But Ensign Wellesley Mac,
having a shilling, ran off with Miss Crabb, who possessed the
independence; and after having been married about six
ths to the lady, was carried off suddenly, on the 18th of June,
, by a disease very prevalent in those glorious times—the
cannon-shot morbus. He, and many hundred young fellows
is regiment, the Clonakilty Fencibles, were attacked by this
emic on the same day, at a place about ten miles from
sels, and there perished. The ensign's lady had accompanied
husband to the Continent, and about five months after his
h brought into the world two remarkably fine female children.
rs. Wellesley's mother had been reconciled to her daughter
his time—for, in truth, Mrs. Crabb had no other child but her

'A Shabby Genteel Story" appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine* in

runaway Juliana, to whom she flew when she heard of her destitute condition. And, indeed, it was high time that some one should come to the young widow's aid; for as her husband did not leave money, nor any thing that represented money, except a number of tailors' and boot-makers' bills, neatly docketed in his writing-desk, Mrs. Wellesley was in danger of starvation, should no friendly person assist her.

Mrs. Crabb, then, came off to her daughter, whom the Sheenys, Finnigans, and Clancys, refused, with one scornful voice, to assist. The fact is, that Mr. Crabb had once been butler to a lord, and his lady a lady's maid; and at Crabb's death, Mrs. Crabb disposed of the Ram hotel and posting-house, where her husband had made three thousand pounds, and was living in genteel ease in a country town, when Ensign Macarty came, saw, and run away with Juliana. Of such a connection, it was impossible that the great Clancys and Finnigans could take notice; and so once more widow Crabb was compelled to share with her daughter her small income of a hundred and twenty a-year.

Upon this, at a boarding-house in Brussels, the two managed to live pretty smartly, and to maintain an honourable reputation. The twins were put out, after the foreign fashion, to nurse, at a village in the neighbourhood; for Mrs. Macarty had been too ill to nurse them; and Mrs. Crabb could not afford to purchase the most expensive article, a private wet-nurse.

There had been numberless tiffs and quarrels between mother and daughter when the latter was in her maiden state; and Mrs. Crabb was, to tell the truth, in nowise sorry when her Jooly eloped appeared with the ensign,—for the old lady dearly loved a gentleman, and was not a little flattered at being the mother to Mrs. Ensign Macarty. Why the ensign should have run away with his lady at all, as he might have had her for the asking, is no business of ours; nor are we going to rake up old stories and village scandals which insinuate that Miss Crabb ran away with *him*, but with these points the writer and the reader have nothing to do.

Well, then, the reconciled mother and daughter lived once more together, at Brussels. In the course of a year, Mrs. Macarty's sorrow had much abated; and having a great natural love of dress, and a tolerably handsome face and person, she was indu

without much reluctance, to throw her weeds aside, and to appear in the most becoming and varied costumes which her means and ingenuity could furnish. Considering, indeed, the smallness of the former, it was agreed on all hands that Mrs. Crabb and her daughter deserved wonderful credit,—that is, they managed to keep up as respectable an appearance as if they had five hundred a-year; and at church, at tea-parties, and abroad in the streets, to be what is called quite the gentlewomen. If they starved at home, nobody saw it; if they patched and pieced, nobody (it was to be hoped) knew it; if they bragged about their relations and property, could any one say them nay? Thus they lived, hanging on with desperate energy to the skirts of genteel society; Mrs. Crabb, a sharp woman, rather respected her daughter's superior rank; and Mrs. Macarty did not quarrel so much as heretofore with her mamma, on whom herself and her two children were entirely dependent.

While affairs were at this juncture, it happened that a young Englishman, James Gann, Esq., of the great oil-house of Gann, Stubbery and Gann (as he took care to tell you before you had been an hour in his company),—it happened, I say, that James Gann, Esq., came to Brussels for a month, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the French language; and while in that capital went to lodge at the very boarding-house which contained Mrs. Crabb and her daughter. Gann was young, weak, inflammable; he saw and adored Mrs. Wellesley Macarty; and she, who was at this period all but engaged to a stout, old, wooden-legged Scotch regimental surgeon, pitilessly sent Dr. M'Lint about his business, and accepted the addresses of Mr. Gann. How the young man arranged matters with his papa, the senior partner, I don't know; but it is certain that there was a quarrel, and afterwards a reconciliation; and it is also known that James Gann fought a duel with the surgeon,—receiving the Æsculapian fire, and discharging his own bullet into the azure skies. About nine thousand times, in the course of his after-years, did Mr. Gann narrate the history of the combat; it enabled him to go through life with the reputation of a man of courage, and won for him, as he said with pride, the hand of his Juliana; perhaps this was rather a questionable benefit. One part of the tale, however, honest James never did dare to

tell, except when peculiarly excited by wrath or liquor; it was this: that on the day after the wedding, and in the presence of many friends who had come to offer their congratulations, a stout nurse, bearing a brace of chubby little ones, made her appearance; and these rosy urchins, springing forward at the sight of Mr. James Gann, shouted affectionately, "*Maman! Maman!*" at which the lady, blushing rosy red, said, "James, these two are yours;" and poor James well nigh fainted at this sudden paternity so put upon him. "Children!" screamed he, aghast; "whose children?" at which Mrs. Crabb, majestically checking him, said, "These, my dear James, are the daughters of the gallant and good Ensign Macarty, whose widow you yesterday led to the altar. May you be happy with her, and may these blessed children (tears) find in you a father, who shall replace him that fell in the field of glory!"

Mrs. Crabb, Mrs. James Gann, Mrs. Major Lolly, Mrs. Piffle, and several ladies present, set up a sob immediately; and James Gann, a good-humoured, soft-hearted man, was quite taken aback. Kissing his lady hurriedly, he vowed that he would take care of the poor little things, and proposed to kiss them likewise; which caress the darlings refused with many roars. Gann's fate was sealed from that minute; and he was properly henpecked by his wife and mother-in-law during the life of the latter. Indeed, it was to Mrs. Crabb that the stratagem of the infant concealment was due; for when her daughter innocently proposed to have Gann to see the children, the old lady strongly pointed out the folly of such an arrangement, which might, perhaps, frighten away Mr. Gann from the delightful matrimonial trap into which (lucky rogue!) he was about to fall.

Soon after the marriage, the happy pair returned to England, occupying the house in Thames Street, city, until the death of Gann, senior; when his son, becoming head of the firm of Gann and Blubbery, quitted the dismal precincts of Billingsgate and colonised in the neighbourhood of Putney; where a neat box, a couple of spare bed-rooms, a good cellar, and a smart gig to drive into and out from town, made a real gentleman of him. Mrs. Gann treated him with much scorn, to be sure, called him a muff, and abused hugely the male companions that he brought down

him to Putney. Honest James would listen meekly, would
, and would bring down a brace more friends the next day,
whom he would discuss his accustomed number of bottles of
About this period, a daughter was born to him, called
ine Brandenburg Gann; so named after a large mansion
Hammersmith, and an injured queen who lived there at the
f the little girl's birth, and who was greatly compassioned and
ised by Mrs. James Gann, and other ladies of distinction.
James *was* a lady in those days, and gave evening parties of
ry first order.
this period of time, Mrs. James Gann sent the twins, Rosalind
r and Isabella Finnigan Wellesley Macarty, to a boarding-
for young ladies, and grumbled much at the amount of the
ar's bill which her husband was called upon to pay for them;
ugh James discharged them with perfect good humour, his
egan to entertain a mean opinion indeed of her pretty
children. They could expect no fortune, she said, from
ann, and she wondered that he should think of bringing
ıp expensively, when he had a darling child of his own, for
he was bound to save all the money that he could lay by.
ndmamma, too, doted on the little Caroline Brandenburgh,
wed that she would leave her three thousand pounds to
ear infant; for in this way does the world show its respect
ıt most respectable thing prosperity. Who in this life get
iles, and the acts of friendship, and the pleasing legacies?
rich. And I do, for my part, heartily wish that some one
leave me a trifle—say twenty thousand pounds—being
tly confident that some one else would leave me more; and
should sink into my grave worth a plum at least.
le Caroline then had her maid, her airy nursery, her little
e to drive in, the promise of her grandmamma's consols,
hat priceless treasure—her mamma's undivided affection.
too, loved her sincerely, in his careless, good-humoured
but he determined, notwithstanding, that his step-daughters
have something handsome at his death, but—but for a
But.
n and Blubbery were in the oil line,—have we not said so?
profits arose from contracts for lighting a great number of

streets in London; and about this period GAS came into use. Gann and Blubbery appeared in the "Gazette;" and, I am sorry to say, so bad had been the management of Blubbery,—so great the extravagance of both partners and their ladies,—that they only paid their creditors fourteen pence halfpenny in the pound.

When Mrs. Crabb heard of this dreadful accident—Mrs. Crabb, who dined thrice a-week with her son-in-law; who never would have been allowed to enter the house at all had not honest James interposed his good nature between her quarrelsome daughter and herself—Mrs. Crabb, I say, proclaimed James Gann to be a swindler, a villain, a disreputable, tipsy, vulgar man, and made over her money to the Misses Rosalind Clancy and Isabella Sheeny Macarty; leaving poor little Caroline without one single maravedi. Half of one thousand five hundred pounds allotted to each was to be paid at marriage, the other half on the death of Mrs. James Gann, who was to enjoy the interest thereof. Thus do we rise and fall in this world—thus does Fortune shake her swift wings, and bid us abruptly to resign the gifts (or rather loans) which we have had from her.

How Gann and his family lived after their stroke of misfortune, I know not; but as the failing tradesman is going through the process of bankruptcy, and for some months afterwards, it may be remarked, that he has usually some mysterious means of subsistence—stray spars of the wreck of his property, on which he manages to seize, and to float for a while. During his retirement in an obscure lodging in Lambeth, where the poor fellow was so tormented by his wife as to be compelled to fly to the public house for refuge, Mrs. Crabb died; a hundred a-year thus came into the possession of Mrs. Gann; and some of James's friends who thought him a good fellow in his prosperity, came forward and furnished a house, in which they placed him, and came to see and comfort him. Then they came to see him not quite so often; then they found out that Mrs. Gann was a sad tyrant, and a silly woman; then the ladies declared *her* to be insupportable, and *Gann* to be a low, tipsy fellow: and the gentlemen could but shake their heads, and admit that the charge was true. Then they left off coming to see him altogether; for such is the way of the world, where many of us have good impulses, and are generous

an occasion, but are wearied by perpetual want, and begin to
r angry at its importunities—being very properly vexed at
daily recurrence of hunger, and the impudent unreasonableness
tarvation. Gann, then, had a genteel wife and children, a
shed house, and a hundred pounds a-year. How should he

The wife of James Gann, Esq., would never allow him to
an himself by taking a clerk's place; and James himself,
; as idle a fellow as ever was known, was fain to acquiesce in
determination of hers, and to wait for some more genteel
)yment. And a curious list of such genteel employments
; be made out, were one inclined to follow this interesting
:t far; shabby compromises with the world, into which poor
's enter, and still fondly talk of their "position," and strive
agine that they are really working for their bread.

mberless lodging-houses are kept by the females of families
have met with reverses: are not "boarding-houses, with a
musical society, in the neighbourhood of the squares,"
ained by such? Do not the gentlemen of the boarding-
s issue forth every morning to the city, or make-believe to
:ther, on some mysterious business which they have? After
ain period, Mrs. James Gann kept a lodging-house (in her
words, received "two inmates into her family"), and Mr.
had his mysterious business.

the year 1835, when this story begins, there stood in a
n back street in the town of Margate a house, on the door
ich might be read in gleaming brass the name of Mr. GANN.
s the work of a single smutty servant-maid to clean this
plate every morning, and to attend as far as possible to the
of Mr. Gann, his family, and lodgers; and his house being
:ry far from the sea, and as you might, by climbing up to
of, get a sight between two chimneys of that multitudinous
nt, Mrs. Gann set down her lodgings as fashionable; and
ed on her cards that her house commanded "a fine view of
a."

the wire window-blind of the parlour was written, in large
:ters, the word OFFICE; and here it was that Gann's
es came into play. He was very much changed, poor fellow!
umbled; and from two cards that hung outside the blind, I

am led to believe that he did not disdain to be agent to the "London and Jamaica Ginger-Beer Company," and also for a certain preparation called "Gaster's Infants' Farinacio, or Mothers' Invigorating Substitute,"—a damp, black, mouldy, half-pound packet of which stood in permanence at one end of the "office" mantelpiece; while a fly-blown ginger-beer bottle occupied the other extremity. Nothing else indicated that this ground-floor chamber was an office, except a huge black inkstand, in which stood a stumpy pen, richly crusted with ink at the nib, and to all appearance for many months enjoying a sinecure.

To this room you saw every day, at two o'clock, the *employé* from the neighbouring hotel bring two quarts of beer; and if you called at that hour, a tremendous smoke, and smell of dinner, would gush out upon you from the "office," as you stumbled over sundry battered tin dish-covers, which lay gaping at the threshold. Thus had that great bulwark of gentility, the dining at six o'clock, been broken in; and the reader must therefore judge that the house of Gann was in a demoralised state.

Gann certainly was. After the ladies had retired to the back parlour (which, with yellow gauze round the frames, window-curtains, a red silk cabinet piano, and an album, was still tolerably genteel), Gann remained, to transact business in the office. This took place in the presence of friends, and usually consisted in the production of a bottle of gin from the corner-cupboard, or, mayhap, a *litre* of brandy, which was given by Gann with a knowing wink, and a fat finger placed on a twinkling red nose: when Mrs. G. was out, James would also produce a number of pipes, that gave this room a constant and agreeable odour of shag tobacco.

In fact, Mr. Gann had nothing to do from morning till night. He was now a fat, bald-headed man, of fifty; a dirty dandy on week-days, with a shawl waistcoat, a tuft of hair to his great double chin, a snuffy shirt-frill, and enormous breast-pin and seals: he had a pilot-coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons, and always wore a great rattling telescope, with which he might be seen for hours on the sea-shore or the pier, examining the ships, the bathing-machines, the ladies' schools as they paraded up and down the esplanade, and all other objects which the telescope's view might give him. He knew every person connected with

every one of the Deal and Dover coaches, and was sure to be witness to the arrival or departure of several of them in the course of the day; he had a word for the hostler about "that grey mare," a nod for the "shooter" or guard, and a bow for the dragsman; he could send parcels for nothing up to town; had twice had Sir Rumble Tumble (the noble driver of the Flash-o'-lightning-light-four-inside-post-coach) "up at his place," and took care to tell you that some of the party were pretty considerably "sewn up," too. He did not frequent the large hotels; but in revenge he knew every person who entered or left them; and was a great man at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie and Punchbowl, where he was president of a club; he took the bass in "Mynheer Van Dunk," "the Wolf," and many other morsels of concerted song, and used to go backwards and forwards to London in the steamers as often as ever he liked, and have his "grub," too, on board. Such was James Gann. Many people, when they wrote to him, addressed him James Gann, Esq.

His reverses and former splendours afforded a never-failing theme of conversation to honest Gann and the whole of his family; and it may be remarked that such pecuniary misfortunes, as they are called, are by no means misfortunes to people of certain dispositions, but actual pieces of good luck. Gann, for instance, used to drink liberally of port and claret, when the house of Gann and Blubbery was in existence, and was henceforth compelled to imbibe only brandy and gin. Now he loved these a thousand times more than the wine; and had the advantage of talking about the latter, and of his great merit in giving them up. In those prosperous days, too, being a gentleman, he could not frequent the public-house as he did at present; and the sanded tavern-parlour was Gann's supreme enjoyment. He was obliged to spend many hours daily in a dark unsavoury room in an alley off Thames Street; and Gann hated books and business, except of other people's. His tastes were low; he loved public-house jokes and company; and now being fallen, was voted at the Bag of Nails and the Magpie before-mentioned a tip-top fellow and real gentleman, whereas he had been considered an ordinary vulgar man by his fashionable associates at Putney. Many men are there who are made to fall, and to profit by the tumble.

As for Mrs. G., or Jooly as she was indifferently called by her husband, she, too, had gained by her losses. She bragged of her former acquaintances in the most extraordinary way, and to hear her you would fancy that she was known and connected to half the peerage. Her chief occupation was taking medicine, and mending and altering of her gowns. She had a huge taste for cheap finery, loved raffles, tea-parties, and walks on the pier, where she flaunted herself and daughters as gay as butterflies. She stood upon her rank, did not fail to tell her lodgers that she was "a gentlewoman," and was mighty sharp with Becky the maid, and poor Carry, her youngest child.

For the tide of affection had turned now, and the "Misses Wellesley Macarty" were the darlings of their mother's heart, as Caroline had been in the early days of Putney prosperity. Mrs. Gann respected and loved her elder daughters, the stately heiresses of fifteen hundred pounds, and scorned poor Caroline, who was likewise scorned (like Cinderella in the sweetest of all stories) by her brace of haughty, thoughtless sisters. These young women were tall, well-grown, black-browed girls, little scrupulous, fond of fun, and having great health and spirits. Caroline was pale and thin, and had fair hair and meek grey eyes; nobody thought her a beauty in her moping cotton gown; whereas the sisters, in flaunting printed muslins, with pink scarfs, and artificial flowers, and brass *ferronières* and other fallals, were voted very charming and genteel by the Ganns' circle of friends. They had pink cheeks, white shoulders, and many glossy curls stuck about their shining foreheads, as damp and as black as leeches. Such charms, madam, cannot fail of having their effect; and it was very lucky for Caroline that she did not possess them, for she might have been rendered as vain, frivolous, and vulgar, as these young ladies were.

While these enjoyed their pleasures and tea-parties abroad, it was Carry's usual fate to remain at home, and help the servant in the many duties which were required in Mrs. Gann's establishment. She dressed that lady and her sisters, brought her papa his tea in bed, kept the lodgers' bells, bore their scoldings, if they were ladies, and sometimes gave a hand in the kitchen if any extra pie-crust or cookery was required. At two she made a little toilet for dinner, and was employed on numberless household darnings

and mendings in the long evenings, while her sisters giggled over the jingling piano, mamma sprawled on the sofa, and Gann was over his glass at the club. A weary lot, in sooth, was yours, poor little Caroline! since the days of your infancy, not one hour of sunshine, no friendship, no cheery play-fellows, no mother's love; but that being dead, the affections which would have crept round it, withered and died too. Only James Gann, of all the household, had a good-natured look for her, and a coarse word of kindness; nor, indeed, did Caroline complain, nor shed many tears, nor call for death, as she would if she had been brought up in genteeler circles. The poor thing did not know her own situation; her misery was dumb and patient; it is such as thousands and thousands of women in our society bear, and pine, and die of; made up of sums of small tyrannies, and long indifference, and bitter wearisome injustice, more dreadful to bear than any tortures that we of the stronger sex are pleased to cry Ah! Ah! about. In our intercourse with the world (which is conducted with that kind of cordiality that we see in Sir Harry and my lady in a comedy—a couple of painted, grinning fools, talking parts that they have learned out of a book); as we sit and look at the smiling actors, we get a glimpse behind the scenes, from time to time, and alas for the wretched nature that appears there!—among women especially, who deceive even more than men, having more to hide, feeling more, living more than we who have our business, pleasure, ambition, which carries us abroad. Ours are the great strokes of misfortune, as they are called, and theirs the small miseries. While the male thinks, labours, and battles without, the domestic woes and wrongs are the lot of the women; and the little ills are so bad, so infinitely fiercer and bitterer than the great, that I would not change my condition—no, not to be Helen, Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Coutts, or the luckiest she in history.

Well, then, in the manner we have described lived the Gann family. Mr. Gann all the better for his "misfortunes," Mrs. Gann little the worse; the two young ladies greatly improved by the circumstance, having been cast thereby into a society where their expected two thousand pounds made great heiresses of them; and poor Caroline, as luckless a being as any that the wide sun shone upon. Better to be alone in the world and utterly friend-

less, than to have sham friends and no sympathy; ties of kindre which bind one as it were to the corpse of relationship, and oblig one to bear through life the weight and the embraces of thi lifeless, cold connection.

I do not mean to say that Caroline would ever have made use of this metaphor, or suspected that her connection with her mamma and sisters was anything so loathsome. She felt that she was ill-treated, and had no companion; but was not on that account envious, only humble and depressed, not desiring so much to resist as to bear injustice, and hardly venturing to think for herself. This tyranny and humility served her in place of educa-tion, and formed her manners, which were wonderfully gentle and calm. It was strange to see such a person growing up in such a family; the neighbours spoke of her with much scornful com-passion. "A poor half-witted thing," they said, "who could not say bo to a goose;" and I think it is one good test of gentility to be thus looked down on by vulgar people.

It is not to be supposed that the elder girls had reached their present age without receiving a number of offers of marriage, and being warmly in love a great many times. But many unfortunate occurrences had compelled them to remain in their virgin condition. There was an attorney who had proposed to Rosalind; but findi that she would receive only 750*l.* down, instead of 1500*l.*, th monster had jilted her pitilessly, handsome as she was. A apothecary, too, had been smitten by her charms; but to li in a shop was beneath the dignity of a Wellesley Macarty, and s waited for better things. Lieutenant Swabber, of the coast-gu service, had lodged two months at Gann's; and if letters, lo walks, and town-talk could settle a match, a match between h and Isabella must have taken place. Well, Isabella was a married; and the lieutenant, a colonel in Spain, seemed to h given up all thoughts of her. She meanwhile consoled her with a gay young wine-merchant, who had lately established hi self at Brighton, kept a gig, rode out with the hounds, and voted perfectly genteel; and there was a certain French marqu with the most elegant black mustachios, who had made a impression upon the heart of Rosalind, having met her first at circulating library, and afterwards, by the most extraordi

series of chances, coming upon her and her sister daily in their walks upon the pier.

Meek little Caroline, meanwhile, trampled upon though she was, was springing up to womanhood; and though pale, freckled, thin, meanly dressed, had a certain charm about her which some people might prefer to the cheap splendours and rude red and white of the Misses Macarty. In fact we have now come to a period of her history when, to the amaze of her mamma and sisters, and not a little to the satisfaction of James Gann, Esquire, she actually inspired a passion in the breast of a very respectable young man.

CHAPTER II.

HOW MRS. GANN RECEIVED TWO LODGERS.

It was the winter season when the events recorded in this history occurred; and as at that period not one out of a thousand lodging-houses in Margate are let, Mrs. Gann, who generally submitted to occupy her own first and second floors during this cheerless season, considered herself more than ordinarily lucky when circumstances occurred which brought no less than two lodgers to her establishment.

She had to thank her daughters for the first inmate; for, as these two young ladies were walking one day down their own street, talking of the joys of the last season, and the delight of the waffles and singing at the libraries, and the intoxicating pleasures of the Vauxhall balls, they were remarked and evidently admired by a young gentleman who was sauntering listlessly up the street.

He stared, and it must be confessed that the fascinating girls stared too, and put each other's head into each other's bonnet, and giggled and said, "Lor!" and then looked hard at the young gentleman again. Their eyes were black, their cheeks were very red. Fancy how Miss Bella's and Miss Linda's hearts beat when the gentleman, dropping his glass out of his eye, actually stepped across the street, and said, "Ladies, I am seeking for lodgings,

and should be glad to look at those which I see are to let in y house."

"How did the conjuror know it was our house?" thou Bella and Linda (they always thought in couples),—from very simple fact that Miss Bella had just thrust into the do latch-key.

Most bitterly did Mrs. James Gann regret that she had not her best gown when a stranger—a stranger in February—actu called to look at the lodgings. She made up, however, for slovenliness of her dress by the dignity of her demeanour; asked the gentleman for references, informed him that she w gentlewoman, and that he would have peculiar advantages in establishment; and finally, agreed to receive him at the rat twenty shillings per week. The bright eyes of the young la had done the business, but to this day Mrs. James Gann is vinced that her peculiar dignity of manner, and great fluenc brag regarding her family, have been the means of brin hundreds of lodgers to her house, who but for her would n have visited it.

"Gents," said Mr. James Gann at the Bag of Nails that evening, "we have got a new lodger, and I'll stand glasses ro to his jolly good health!"

The new lodger, who was remarkable for nothing except black eyes, a sallow face, and a habit of smoking cigars in until noon, gave his name George Brandon, Esq. As to his ten and habits, when humbly requested by Mrs. Gann to pa advance, he laughed and presented her with a bank-note, n quarrelled with a single item in her bills, walked much, and ate mutton-chops per diem. The young ladies, who examined all boxes and letters of the lodgers, as young ladies will, could find one single document relative to their new inmate, exce tavern-bill of the Albion, to which the name of George Bran Esquire, was prefixed. Any other papers which might eluci his history, were locked up in a Bramah box, likewise ma G. B.; and though these were but unsatisfactory points by w to judge a man's character, there was a something about Brandon which caused all the ladies at Mrs. Gann's to vot was quite a gentleman.

When this was the case, I am happy to say it would not unfrequently happen that Miss Rosalind or Miss Isabella would appear in the lodger's apartments, bearing in the breakfast-cloth, or blushingly appearing with the weekly bill, apologising for mamma's absence, "and hoping that everything was to the gentleman's liking."

Both the Misses Wellesley Macarty took occasion to visit Mr. Brandon in this manner, and he received both with such a fascinating ease and gentleman-like freedom of manner, scanning their points from head to foot, and fixing his great black eyes so earnestly in their faces, that the blushing creatures turned away abashed, and yet pleased, and had many conversations about him.

"Law, Bell," said Miss Rosalind, "what a chap that Brandon is! I don't half like him, I do declare!" Than which there can be no greater compliment from a woman to a man.

"No more do I neither," says Bell. "The man stares so, and says such things! Just now, when Becky brought his paper and sealing-wax—the silly girl brought black and red too—I took them up to ask which he would have, and what do you think he said?"

"Well, dear, what?" said Mrs. Gann.

"Miss Bell," says he, "looking at me, and with such eyes! 'I'll keep every thing: the red wax, because it's like your lips; the black wax, because it's like your hair; and the satin paper, because it's like your skin!' Wasn't it genteel?"

"Law, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Gann.

"Upon my word, I think it's very rude!" said Miss Lindy; and if he'd said so to me, I'd have slapped his face for his impudence!" And much to her credit, Miss Lindy went to his room ten minutes after to see if he *would* say any thing to her. What Mr. Brandon said, I never knew; but the little pang of envy which had caused Miss Lindy to retort sharply upon her sister, had given place to a pleased good-humour, and she allowed Bella to talk about the new lodger as much as ever she liked.

And now if the reader is anxious to know what was Mr. Brandon's character, he had better read the following letter from him. It was addressed to no less a person than a viscount; and given, perhaps, with some little ostentation to Becky, the maid,

to carry to the post. Now Becky, before she executed errands, always showed the letters to her mistress or one of young ladies (it must not be supposed that Miss Caroline v whit less curious on these matters than her sisters); and t the family beheld the name of Lord Viscount Cinqbars upo superscription, their respect for their lodger was greater than it had been:—

MARGATE, *January*, 183

"MY DEAR VISCOUNT,—For a reason I have, on coming down to Marg with much gravity informed the people of the White Hart that my nam Brandon, and intend to bear that honourable appellation during my For the same reason (I am a modest man, and love to do good in sec left the public hotel immediately, and am now housed in private lod humble, and at a humble price. I am here, thank Heaven, quite Robinson Crusoe had as much society in his island, as I in this of Thane compensation I sleep a great deal, do nothing, and walk much, silent, t side of the roaring sea, like Calchas, priest of Apollo.

"The fact is, that until papa's wrath is appeased, I must live wit utmost meekness and humility, and have barely enough money in m session to pay such small current expenses as fall on me here, where str are many and credit does not exist. I pray you, therefore, to tell Mr. S the tailor, Mr. Jackson the bootmaker, honest Solomonson the discoun bills, and all such friends in London and Oxford as may make inquirie me, that I am at this very moment at the city of Munich in Bavaria which I shall not return until my marriage with Miss Goldmore, the Indian heiress; who, upon my honour, will have me, I believe, any d the asking.

"Nothing else will satisfy my honoured father, I know, whose pur already bled pretty freely for me, I must confess, and who has taken th oath that never is broken, to bleed no more unless this marriage is b about. Come it must. I can't work, I can't starve, and I can't live u thousand a-year.

"Here, to be sure, the charges are not enormous; for your edificatio my week's bill:—

'George Brandon, Esquire,

'To Mrs. James Gann.

	£	s.	d.
A week's lodging	1	0	0
Breakfast, cream, eggs	0	9	0
Dinner (fourteen mutton-chops) .	0	10	6
Fire, boot-cleaning, &c.	0	3	6
	£2	3	0

'Settled, Juliana Gann.'

"Juliana Gann! Is it not a sweet name? it sprawls over half the

you but see the owner of the name, my dear fellow! I love to examine
toms of natives of all countries, and upon my word, there are some
ms in our own; less known, and more worthy of being known, than
ots, wild Irish, Otaheiteans, or any such savages. If you could see the
t this woman gives herself; the rouge, ribands, rings, and other female
ks that she wears; if you could hear her reminiscences of past times,
he and Mr. Gann moved in the very genteelest circles of society;' of
rage, which she knows by heart; and of the fashionable novels, in
ord of which she believes, you would be proud of your order, and
he intense respect which the *canaille* show towards it. There never
an old woman, not even our tutor at Christchurch.

re is a he Gann, a vast, bloated old man, in a rough coat, who has met
, and asked me, with a grin, if my mutton-chops was to my liking?
trical monster? What *can* I eat in this place but mutton-chops? A
eeding beef-steak, or a filthy, reeking *gigot à l'eau*, with a turnip
? I should die if I did. As for fish in a watering-place, I never
; it is sure to be bad. Nor care I for little, sinewy, dry, black-legged
Cutlets are my only resource; I have them nicely enough broiled by a
mble companion of the family (a companion, ye gods, in *this* family!),
shed hugely when she confessed that the cooking was hers, and that
e was Caroline. For drink I indulge in gin, of which I consume two
sses daily, in two tumblers of cold water; it is the only liquor that
be sure to find genuine in a common house in England.

Gann, I take it, has similar likings, for I hear him occasionally at
t floundering up the stairs (his boots lie dirty in the passage)—
ing, I say, up the stairs, and cursing the candlestick, whence escape
. anon the snuffers and extinguisher, and with brazen rattle disturb
ce of the night. Thrice a week, at least, does Gann breakfast in bed
ign of pridian intoxication; and thrice a-week, in the morning, I hear
voice roaring for 'my soda-water.' How long have the rogues drunk
er?

ine, Mrs. Gann and daughters are accustomed to breakfast; a hand-
r of girls, truly, and much followed, as I hear, in the quarter. These
atures are always paying me visits—visits with the tea-kettle, visits
newspaper (one brings it, and one comes for it); but the one is always
ther's heels, and so one cannot show oneself to be that dear, gay
fellow that one has been, at home and on the Continent. Do you
r *cette chère marquise* at Pau? That cursed conjugal pistol-bullet stil
e deuce with my shoulder. Do you remember Betty Bundy, the
daughter? A pretty race of fools are we to go mad after such
nd risk all—oaths, prayers, promises, long wearisome courtships—
, for vanity, truly. When the battle is over, behold your conquest!
ndy is a vulgar country wench; and *cette belle marquise* is old
nd has false hair. *Vanitas vanitatum!* what a moral man I will be
r or other!

e found an old acquaintance (and be hanged to him!), who has come
in this very house. Do you recollect at Rome a young artist, Fitch
, the handsome gaby with the large beard, that mad Mrs. Carrick-
as doubly mad about? On the second floor of Mrs. Gann's house

dwells this youth. His beard brings the *gamins* of the streets trooping and yelling about him; his fine braided coats have grown somewhat shabby now; and the poor fellow is, like your humble servant (by the way, have you a 500 franc billet to spare?)—like your humble servant, I say, very low in pocket. The young Andrea bears up gaily, however; twangles his guitar, paints the worst pictures in the world, and pens sonnets to his imaginary mistress's eyebrow. Luckily the rogue did not know my name, or I should have been compelled to unbosom to him; and when I called out to him, dubious as to my name, 'Don't you know me? I met you in Rome. My name is Brandon,' the painter was perfectly satisfied, and majestically bade me welcome.

"Fancy the continence of this young Joseph—he has absolutely run away from Mrs. Carrickfergus! 'Sir,' said he, with some hesitation and blushes, when I questioned him about the widow, 'I was compelled to leave Rome in consequence of the fatal fondness of that woman. I am an 'andsome man, sir, —I know it—all the chaps in the Academy want me for a model; and that woman, sir, is sixty. Do you think I would ally myself with her; sacrifice my happiness for the sake of a creature that's as hugly as an 'arpy? I'd rather starve, sir. I'd rather give up my hart and my 'opes of rising in it than do a haction so dis*hhhh*onorable.'

"There is a stock of virtue for you! and the poor fellow half-starved. He lived at Rome upon the seven portraits that the Carrickfergus ordered of him; and, as I fancy, now does not make twenty pounds in the year. O me, chastity! O wondrous silly hopes! *O motus animorum, atque O certamina tanta!—pulveris exigui jactu,* in such an insignificant little lump of mud as this! Why the deuce does not the fool marry the widow? His betters would. There was a captain of dragoons, an Italian prince, and four sons of Irish peers, all at her feet; but the Cockney's beard and whiskers have overcome them all. Here my paper has come to an end; and I have the honour to bid your lordship a respectful farewell.

"G. R."

Of the young gentleman who goes by the name of Brandon, the reader of the above letter will not be so misguided, we trust, as to have a very exalted opinion. The noble viscount read this document to a supper party in Christchurch, in Oxford, and left it in a bowl of milk-punch; whence a scout abstracted it, and handed it over to us. My lord was twenty years of age when he received the epistle, and had spent a couple of years abroad, before going to the university, under the guardianship of the worthy individual who called himself George Brandon.

Mr. Brandon was the son of a half-pay colonel, of good family, who, honouring the great himself, thought his son would vastly benefit by an acquaintance with them, and sent him to Eton, on cruel charges upon a slender purse. From Eton the lad went to Oxford, took honours there, frequented the best society, followed

kind of proud obsequiousnes all the tufts of the university,
; it owing exactly two thousand pounds. Then there came
at home; fury on the part of the stern old "governor;"
ıl payment of the debt. But while this settlement was
;, Master George had contracted many more debts among
:ounters, and was glad to fly to the Continent as tutor to
Lord Cinqbars, in whose company he learned every one of
es in Europe; and having a good natural genius, and a
ot unkindly, had used these qualities in such an admirable
as to be at twenty-seven utterly ruined in purse and
e—an idler, a spendthrift, and a glutton. He was free of
ıey; would spend his last guinea for a sensual gratification;
›orrow from his neediest friend; had no kind of conscience
ırse left, but believed himself to be a good-natured devil-
'e fellow; had a good deal of wit, and indisputably good
s, and a pleasing, dashing frankness in conversation with
[should like to know how many such scoundrels our
ities have turned out; and how much ruin has been caused
accursed system, which is called in England "the educa-
a gentleman." Go, my son, for ten years to a public
that "world in miniature;" learn "to fight for yourself"
the time when your real struggles shall begin. Begin to
h at ten years of age; study for other ten years; get a
ent knowledge of boxing, swimming, rowing, and cricket,
›retty knack of Latin hexameters, and a decent smattering
k plays,—do this and a fond father shall bless you—bless
thousand pounds which he has spent in acquiring all these
for you. And, besides, what else have you not learned?
ve been many hundreds of times to chapel, and have learned
ider the religious service performed there as the vainest
in the world. If your father is a grocer, you have been
:or his sake, and have learned to be ashamed of him. You
arned to forget (as how should you remember, being
d from them for three-fourths of your time?) the ties
ıral affections of home. You have learned, if you have a
eart and an open hand, to compete with associates much
althy than yourself; and to consider money as not much,
our—the honour of dining and consorting with your

betters—as a great deal. All this does the public sch college-boy learn; and wo be to his knowledge! Ala natural tenderness and kindly-clinging filial affection is he to trample on and despise! My friend Brandon had gone t this process of education, and had been irretrievably ruined his heart and his honesty had been ruined by it, that is and he had received, in return for them, a small quantity of and mathematics—pretty compensation for all he had gaining them!

But I am wandering most absurdly from the point; r wrong, so nature and education had formed Mr. Brandon, one of a considerable class. Well, this young gentlem established at Mrs. Gann's house; and we are obliged t into all these explanations concerning him, because they ar sary to the right understanding of our story—Brandon nc altogether a bad man, nor much worse than many a one w through a course of regular selfish swindling all his life lo dies religious, resigned, proud of himself, and universally re by others: for this eminent advantage has the getting-and-l scoundrel over the extravagant and careless one.

One day, then, as he was gazing from the window of his l house, a cart, containing a vast number of easels, po wooden-cases of pictures, and a small carpet-bag that mig a change of clothes, stopped at the door. The vehicle was panied by a remarkable young fellow, dressed in a frc covered over with frogs, a dirty turned-down shirt-collar, blue satin cravat, and a cap placed wonderfully on one e had evidently hired apartments at Mr. Gann's. This new was no other than Mr. Andrew Fitch; or, as he wrote cards, without the prefix,

ANDREA FITCH.

Preparations had been made at Gann's for the recep Mr. Fitch, whose aunt (an auctioneer's lady in the tow

made arrangements that he should board and lodge with the Gann family, and have the apartments on the second floor as his private rooms. In these, then, young Andrea was installed. He was a youth of a poetic temperament, loving solitude; and where is such to be found more easily than on the storm-washed shores of Margate in winter? Then the boarding-house keepers have shut up their houses, and gone away in anguish; then the taverns take their carpets up, and you can have your choice of a hundred and twenty beds in any one of them; then but one dismal waiter remains to superintend this vast echoing pile of loneliness, and the landlord pines for summer; then the flies for Ramsgate stand tenantless beside the pier; and about four sailors, in pea-jackets, are to be seen in the three principal streets; in the rest, silence, silence, closed shutters, torpid chimneys, enjoying their unnatural winter sinecure—not the clack of a patten echoing over the cold dry flags!

This solitude had been chosen by Mr. Brandon for good reasons of his own; Gann and his family would have fled, but that they had no other house wherein to take refuge; and Mrs. Hammerton, the auctioneer's lady, felt so keenly the kindness which she was doing to Mrs. Gann, in providing her with a lodger at such a period, that she considered herself fully justified in extracting from the latter a bonus of two guineas, threatening on refusal to send her darling nephew to a rival establishment over the way.

Andrea was here, then, in the loneliness that he loved,—a fantastic youth, who lived but for his art; to whom the world was like the Coburg Theatre, and he in a magnificent costume acting a principal part. His art, and his beard and whiskers, were the darlings of his heart. His long pale hair fell over a high polished brow, which looked wonderfully thoughtful; and yet no man was more guiltless of thinking. He was always putting himself into attitudes; he never spoke the truth; and was so entirely affected and absurd, as to be quite honest at last: for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer, and was when he was alone, when he was in company, nay, when he was unconscious and sound asleep snoring in bed, one complete lump of affectation. When his apartments on the second floor were arranged according to his fancy, they made a tremendous show.

He had a large Gothic chest, in which he put his wardrobe (namely, two velvet waistcoats, four varied satin under ditto, two pairs braided trousers, two shirts, half-a-dozen false collars, and a couple of pairs of dreadfully dilapidated Blucher boots). He had some pieces of armour; some China jugs and Venetian glasses; some bits of old damask rags, to drape his doors and windows: and a rickety lay-figure, in a Spanish hat and cloak, over which slung a long Toledo rapier, and a guitar, with a riband of dirty sky-blue.

Such was our poor fellow's stock in trade. He had some volumes of poems—"Lallah Rookh," and the sterner compositions of Byron: for, to do him justice, he hated "Don Juan," and a woman was in his eyes an angel; a *h*angel, alas! he would call her, for nature and the circumstances of his family had taken sad Cockney advantages over Andrea's pronunciation.

The Misses Wellesley Macarty were not, however, very squeamish with regard to grammar, and, in this dull season, voted Mr. Fitch an elegant young fellow. His immense beard and whiskers gave them the highest opinion of his genius; and before long the intimacy between the young people was considerable, for Mr. Fitch insisted upon drawing the portraits of the whole family. He painted Mrs. Gann in her rouge and ribbands, as described by Mr. Brandon; Mr. Gann, who said that his picture would be very useful to the artist, as every soul in Margate knew him; and the Misses Macarty (a neat group, representing Miss Bella embracing Miss Linda, who was pointing to a pianoforte).

"I suppose you'll do my Carry next," said Mr. Gann, expressing his approbation of the last picture.

"Law, sir," said Miss Linda, "Carry, with her red hair!—it would be *ojus*."

"Mr. Fitch might as well paint Becky, our maid," said Miss Bella.

"Carry is quite impossible, Gann," said Mrs. Gann; "she hasn't a gown fit to be seen in. She's not been at church for thirteen Sundays in consequence."

"And more shame for you, ma'am," said Mr. Gann, who liked his child; "Carry *shall* have a gown, and the best of gowns." And jingling three-and-twenty shillings in his pocket, Mr. Gann determined to spend them all in the purchase of a robe for Carry.

But, alas, the gown never came; half the money was spent that very evening at the Bag of Nails.

"Is that—that young lady, your daughter?" said Mr. Fitch, surprised, for he fancied Carry was a humble companion of the family.

"Yes, she is, and a very good daughter, too, sir," answered Mr. Gann. *Fetch* and Carry I call her, or else Carryvan—she's so useful. An't you, Carry?"

"I'm very glad if I am, papa," said the young lady, who was blushing violently, and in whose presence all this conversation had been carried on.

"Hold your tongue, miss," said her mother; "you are very expensive to us, that you are, and need not brag about the work you do. You would not live on charity, would you, like some folks (here she looked fiercely at Mr. Gann); and if your sisters and me starve to keep you and some folks, I presume you are bound to make us some return."

When any allusion was made to Mr. Gann's idleness and extravagance, or his lady showed herself in any way inclined to be angry, it was honest James's habit not to answer, but to take his hat and walk abroad to the public-house; or if haply she scolded him at night, he would turn his back and fall a snoring. These were the only remedies he found for Mrs. James's bad temper, and the first of them he adopted on hearing these words of his lady, which we have just now transcribed.

Poor Caroline had not her father's refuge of flight, but was obliged to stay and listen; and a wondrous eloquence, God wot! had Mrs. Gann upon the subject of her daughter's ill conduct. The first lecture Mr. Fitch heard, he set down Caroline for a monster. Was she not idle, sulky, scornful, and a sloven? For these and many more of her daughter's vices Mrs. Gann vouched, declaring that Caroline's misbehaviour was hastening her own death, and finishing by a fainting fit. In the presence of all these charges, there stood Miss Caroline, dumb, stupid, and careless; nay, when the fainting-fit came on, and Mrs. Gann fell back on the sofa, the unfeeling girl took the opportunity to retire, and never offered to smack her mamma's hands, to give her the smelling-bottle, or to restore her with a glass of water.

One stood close at hand; for Mr. Fitch, when this first fit occurred, was sitting in the Gann parlour, painting that lady's portrait; and he was making towards her with his tumbler, when Miss Linda cried out, "Stop! the water's full of paint;" and straightway burst out laughing. Mrs. Gann jumped up at this, cured suddenly, and left the room, looking somewhat foolish.

"You don't know ma," said Miss Linda, still giggling; "she's always fainting."

"Poor thing!" cried Fitch; "very nervous, I suppose?"

"Oh, very!" answered the lady, exchanging arch glances with Miss Bella.

"Poor, dear lady!" continued the artist; "I pity her from my hinmost soul. Doesn't the himmortal bard of Havon observe how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child! And is it true, ma'am, that that young woman has been the ruin of her family?"

"Ruin of her fiddlestick!" replied Miss Bella. "Law, Mr. Fitch, you don't know ma yet; she is in one of her tantrums."

"What, then, it *isn't* true?" cried simple-minded Fitch; to which neither of the young ladies made any answer in words, nor could the little artist comprehend why they looked at each other and burst out laughing. But he retired pondering on what he had seen and heard; and being a very soft young fellow, most implicitly believed the accusations of poor dear Mrs. Gann, and thought her daughter Caroline was no better than a Regan or Goneril.

A time, however, was to come when he should believe her to be a most pure and gentle Cordelia; and of this change in Fitch's opinions we shall speak in Chapter III.

CHAPTER III.

A SHABBY GENTEEL DINNER, AND OTHER INCIDENTS OF A LIKE NATURE.

Mr. Brandon's letter to Lord Cinqbars produced, as we have said, a great impression upon the family of Gann; an impression which was considerably increased by their lodger's subsequent behaviour: for although the persons with whom he now associated were of a very vulgar, ridiculous kind, they were by no means so low or ridiculous that Mr. Brandon should not wish to appear before them in the most advantageous light; and, accordingly, he gave himself the greatest airs when in their company, and bragged incessantly of his acquaintance and familiarity with the nobility. Mr. Brandon was a tuft-hunter of the genteel sort; his pride being quite as slavish, and his haughtiness as mean and cringing, in fact, as poor Mrs. Gann's stupid wonder and respect for all the persons whose names are written with titles before them. O free and happy Britons, what a miserable, truckling, cringing race you are!

The reader has no doubt encountered a number of such swaggerers in the course of his conversation with the world—men of a decent middle rank, who affect to despise it, and herd only with persons of the fashion. This is an offence in a man which none of us can forgive; we call him tuft-hunter, lickspittle, sneak, unmanly; we hate, and profess to despise him. I fear it is no such thing. We envy Lickspittle, that is the fact; and therefore hate him. Were he to plague us with the stories of Jones and Brown, our familiars, the man would be a simple bore, his stories heard patiently; but so soon as he talks of my lord or the duke, we are in arms against him. I have seen a whole merry party in Russel Square grow suddenly gloomy and dumb, because a pert barrister, in a loud, shrill voice, told a story of Lord This or the Marquess of That. We all hated that man; and I would lay a wager that every one of the fourteen persons assembled round

the boiled turkey and saddle of mutton (not to mention side-dishes from the pastrycook's opposite the British Museum)—I would wager, I say, that every one was muttering inwardly, "A plague on that fellow! he knows a lord, and I never spoke to more than three in the whole course of my life." To our betters we can reconcile ourselves, if you please, respecting them very sincerely, laughing at their jokes, making allowance for their stupidities, meekly suffering their insolence; but we can't pardon our equals going beyond us. A friend of mine who lived amicably and happily among his friends and relatives at Hackney, was on a sudden disowned by the latter, cut by the former, and doomed in innumerable prophecies to ruin, because he kept a footboy,—a harmless, little blowsy-faced urchin, in light snuff-coloured clothes, glistering over with sugar-loaf buttons. There is another man, a great man, a literary man, whom the public loves, and who took a sudden leap from obscurity into fame and wealth. This was a crime; but he bore his rise with so much modesty, that even his brethren of the pen did not envy him. One luckless day he set up a one-horse chaise; from that minute he was doomed.

"Have you seen his new carriage?" says Snarley.

"Yes," says Yow; "he's so consumedly proud of it, that he can't see his old friends while he drives."

"Ith it a donkey-cart," lisps Simper, "thith gwand cawwaige? I always thaid that the man, from hith thtile, wath fitted to be a vewy dethent cothtermonger."

"Yes, yes," cries old Candour, "a sad pity indeed! —dreadfully extravagant, I'm told—bad health—expensive family—works going down every day—and now he must set up a carriage, forsooth!"

Snarley, Yow, Simper, Candour, hate their brother. If he is ruined, they will be kind to him and just; but he is successful, and wo be to him!

* * * * *

This trifling digression of half a page or so, although it seems to have nothing to do with the story in hand, has, nevertheless, the strongest relation to it; and you shall hear what.

In one word, then, Mr. Brandon bragged so much, and assumed

such airs of superiority, that after a while he perfectly disgusted Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty, who were gentlefolks themselves, and did not at all like his way of telling them that he was their better. Mr. Fitch was swallowed up in his hart, as he called it, and cared nothing for Brandon's airs. Gann, being a low-spirited fellow, completely submitted to Mr. Brandon, and looked up to him with deepest wonder. And poor little Caroline followed her father's faith, and in six weeks after Mr. Brandon's arrival at the lodgings had grown to believe him the most perfect, finished, polished, agreeable of mankind. Indeed, the poor girl had never seen a gentleman before, and towards such her gentle heart turned instinctively. Brandon never offended her by hard words; insulted her by cruel scorn, such as she met with from her mother and her sisters; there was a quiet manner about the man quite different to any that she had before seen amongst the acquaintances of her family; and if he assumed a tone of superiority in his conversation with her and the rest, Caroline felt that he *was* their superior, and as such admired and respected him.

What happens when in the innocent bosom of a girl of sixteen such sensations arise? What has happened ever since the world began?

I have said that Miss Caroline had no friend in the world but her father, and must here take leave to recall that assertion;—a friend she most certainly had, and that was honest Becky, the smutty maid, whose name has been mentioned before. Miss Caroline had learned, in the course of a life spent under the tyranny of her mamma, some of the notions of the latter, and would have been very much offended to call Becky her friend: but friends, in fact, they were; and a great comfort it was for Caroline to descend to the calm kitchen from the stormy back-parlour, and there vent some of her little woes to the compassionate servant of all work.

When Mrs. Gann went out with her daughters, Becky would take her work and come and keep Miss Caroline company; and if the truth must be told, the greatest enjoyment the pair used to have was in these afternoons, when they read together out of the precious greasy, marble-covered volumes that Mrs. Gann

was in the habit of fetching from the library. Many and many a tale had the pair so gone through. I can see them over "Manfrone; or the One-handed Monk"—the room dark, the street silent, the hour ten—the tall, red, lurid candlewick waggling down, the flame flickering pale upon Miss Caroline's pale face as she read out, and lighting up honest Becky's goggling eyes, who sat silent, her work in her lap: she had not done a stitch of it for an hour. As the trap-door slowly opens, and the scowling Alonzo, bending over the sleeping Imoinda, draws his pistol, cocks it, looks well if the priming be right, places it then to the sleeper's ear, and—*thunder-under-under*—down fall the snuffers! Becky has had them in hand for ten minutes, afraid to use them. Up starts Caroline, and flings the book back into her mamma's basket. It is that lady returned with her daughters from a tea party, where two young gents from London have been mighty genteel indeed.

For the sentimental, too, as well as for the terrible, Miss Caroline and the cook had a strong predilection, and had wept their poor eyes out over "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Scottish Chiefs." Fortified by the examples drawn from those instructive volumes, Becky was firmly convinced that her young mistress would meet with a great lord some day or other, or be carried off like Cinderella, by a brilliant prince, to the mortification of her elder sisters, whom Becky hated. And when, therefore, the new lodger came, lonely, mysterious, melancholy, elegant, with the romantic name of George Brandon—when he wrote a letter directed to a lord, and Miss Caroline and Becky together examined the superscription, such a look passed between them as the pencil of Leslie or Maclise could alone describe for us. Becky's orbs were lighted up with a preternatural look of wondering wisdom; whereas, after an instant, Caroline dropped her and blushed, and said, "Nonsense, Becky."

"*Is* it nonsense?" said Becky, grinning and snapping her fingers with a triumphant air; "the cards comes true; I knew they would. Didn't you have king and queen of hearts three deals running? What did you dream about last Tuesday, tell me that?"

But Miss Caroline never did tell, for her sisters came bouncing

down the stairs, and examined the lodger's letter. Caroline, however, went away musing much upon these points; and she began to think Mr. Brandon more wonderful and beautiful every day.

In the meantime, while Miss Caroline was innocently indulging in her inclination for the brilliant occupier of the first floor, it came to pass that the tenant of the second was inflamed by a most romantic passion for her.

For, after partaking for about a fortnight of the family dinner, and passing some evenings with Mrs. Gann and the young ladies, Mr. Fitch, though by no means quick of comprehension, began to perceive that the nightly charges that were brought against poor Caroline could not be founded upon truth. "Let's see," mused he to himself; "Tuesday, the old lady said her daughter was bringing her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, because the cook had not boiled the potatoes. Wednesday, she said Caroline was an assassin, because she could not find her own thimble. Thursday she vows Caroline has no religion, because that old pair of silk stockings were not darned. And this can't be," reasoned Fitch, deeply. "A gal haint a murderess because her ma can't find her thimble. A woman that goes to slap her grown-up daughter on the back, and before company too, for such a paltry thing as a hold pair of stockings, can't be surely a-speaking the truth." And thus gradually his first impression against Caroline wore away. As this disappeared, pity took possession of his soul—and we know what pity is akin to; and, at the same time, a corresponding hatred for the oppressors of a creature so amiable. To sum up, in six short weeks after the appearance of the two gentlemen, we find our chief *dramatis personæ* as follows:

> CAROLINE, an innocent young woman, in love with BRANDON.
> FITCH, a celebrated painter, almost in love with CAROLINE.
> BRANDON, a young gentleman in love with himself.

At first he was pretty constant in his attendance upon the Misses Macarty when they went out to walk, nor were they displeased at his attentions; but he found that there were a great number of Margate beaux—ugly, vulgar fellows as ever were—who always followed in the young ladies' train, and made

themselves infinitely more agreeable than he was. These men Mr. Brandon treated with a great deal of scorn: and, in return, they hated him cordially. So did the ladies speedily: his haughty manners, though quite as impertinent and free, were not half so pleasant to them as Jones's jokes or Smith's charming romps; and the girls gave Brandon very shortly to understand that they were much happier without him. "Ladies, your humble," he heard Bob Smith say, as that little linendraper came skipping to the door from which they were issuing, "the sun's hup and trade is down; if you're for a walk, I'm your man." And Miss Linda and Miss Bella each took an arm of Mr Smith, and sailed down the street. "I'm glad you aint got that proud gent with the glass hi," said Mr. Smith; "he's the most hillbred, supercilious beast I ever see."

"So he is," says Bella.

"Hush!" says Linda.

The "proud gent with the glass hi" was at this moment lolling out of the first-floor window, smoking his accustomed cigar; and his eye-glass was fixed upon the ladies, to whom he made a very low bow. It may be imagined how fond he was of them afterwards, and what looks he cast at Mr. Bob Smith the next time he met him. Mr. Bob's heart beat for a day afterwards; and he found he had business in town.

But the love of society is stronger than even pride; and the great Mr. Brandon was sometimes fain to descend from his high station, and consort with the vulgar family with whom he lodged. But, as we have said, he always did this with a wonderfully condescending air, giving his associates to understand how great was the honour he did them.

One day, then, he was absolutely so kind as to accept of an invitation from the ground-floor, which was delivered in the passage by Mr. James Gann, who said, "It was hard to see a gent eating mutton-chops from week's end to week's end; and if Mr. Brandon had a mind to meet a devilish good fellow as ever was, my friend Swigby, a man who rides his horse, and has his five hundred a-year to spend, and to eat a prime cut out of as good a leg of pork (though he said it) as ever a knife was stuck into, they should dine that day at three o'clock sharp, and Mrs. G. and the gals would be glad of the honour of his company."

The person so invited was rather amused at the terms in which Mr. Gann conveyed his hospitable message; and at three o'clock made his appearance in the back-parlour, whence he had the honour of conducting Mrs. Gann (dressed in a sweet yellow *mousseline de laine*, with a large red turban, a *ferronière*, and a smelling-bottle attached by a ring to a very damp, fat hand) to the "office," where the repast was set out. The Misses Macarty were in costumes equally tasty; one on the guest's right hand; one near the boarder, Mr. Fitch, who, in a large beard, an amethyst velvet waistcoat, his hair fresh wetted, and parted accurately down the middle to fall in curls over his collar, would have been irresistible if the collar had been a little, little whiter than it was.

Mr. Brandon, too, was dressed in his very best suit; for though he affected to despise his hosts very much, he wished to make the most favourable impression upon them, and took care to tell Mrs. Gann that he and Lord So-and-so were the only two men in the world who were in possession of that particular waistcoat which she admired: for Mrs. Gann was very gracious, and had admired the waistcoat, being desirous to impress with awe Mr. Gann's friend and admirer, Mr. Swigby, who, man of fortune as he was, was a constant frequenter of the club at the Bag of Nails.

About this club and its supporters Mr. Gann's guest, Mr. Swigby, and Gann himself, talked very gaily before dinner; all the jokes about all the club being roared over by the pair.

Mr. Brandon, who felt he was the great man of the party, indulged himself in his great propensities without restraint, and told Mrs. Gann stories about half the nobility. Mrs. Gann conversed knowingly about the Opera; and declared that she thought Taglioni the sweetest singer in the world.

"Mr.—a—Swigby, have you ever seen Lablache dance?" asked Mr. Brandon of that gentleman, to whom he had been formally introduced.

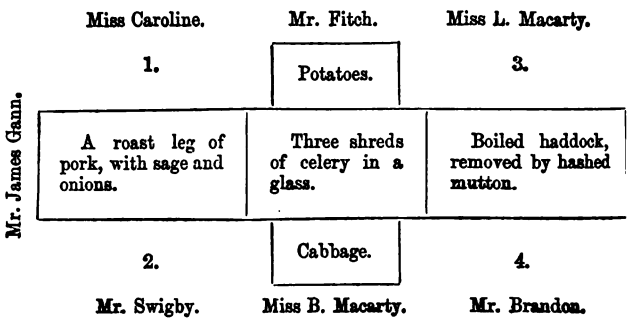
"At Vauxhall is he?" said Mr. Swigby, who was just from town.

"Yes, on the tight rope; a charming performer."

On which Mr. Gann told how he had been to Vauxhall when the princes were in London; and his lady talked of these knowingly. And then they fell to conversing about fire-works and rack-punch; Mr. Brandon assuring the young ladies that Vauxhall was the

very pink of the fashion, and longing to have the honou dancing a quadrille with them there. Indeed, Brandon w very sarcastic, that not a single soul at table understood him.

The table, from Mr. Brandon's plan of it, which was afterw sent to my Lord Cinqbars, was arranged as follows:—



1 and 2 are pots of porter; 3, a quart of ale, Mrs. G favourite drink; 4, a bottle of fine old golden sherry, the produce of the Uva grape, purchased at the Bag of Nails I for 1*s.* 9*d.* by Mr. J. Gann.

Mr. Gann. "Taste that sherry, sir. Your 'ealth, an services to you, sir. That wine, sir, is given me as a parti favour by my—ahem!—my wine merchant, who only will with a small quantity of it, and imports it direct, sir, from—a —from ——"

Mr. Brandon. "From Xeres, of course. It is, I really t the finest wine I ever tasted in my life—at a commoner's t that is."

Mrs. Gann. "Oh, in course, a commoner's table!—we hav titles, sir (Mr. Gann, I will trouble you for some more crackl though my poor dear girls are related, by their blessed fath side, to some of the first nobility in the land, I assure you."

Mr. Gann. "Gammon, Jooly, my dear. Them Irish nob you know, what are they? And, besides, it's my belief that gals are no more related to them than I am."

Miss Bella (*to Mr. Brandon, confidentially*). "You must that poor par is sadly vulgar, Mr. Brandon."

Mrs. Gann. "Mr. Brandon has never been accustomed to such language, I am sure; and I entreat you will excuse Mr. Gann's rudeness, sir."

Miss Linda. "Indeed, I assure you Mr. Brandon, that we've high connections as well as low; as high as some people's connections, per'aps, though, we are not always talking of the nobility." This was a double shot; the first barrel of Miss Linda's sentence hit her stepfather, the second part was levelled directly at Mr. Brandon. "Don't you think I'm right, Mr. Fitch?"

Mr. Brandon. "You are quite right, Miss Linda, in this as in every other instance; but I am afraid Mr. Fitch has not paid proper attention to your excellent remark: for, if I don't mistake the meaning of that beautiful design which he has made with his fork upon the table-cloth, his soul is at this moment wrapped up in his art."

This was exactly what Mr. Fitch wished that all the world should suppose. He flung back his hair, and stared wildly for a moment, and said, "Pardon me, madam: it is true my thoughts were at that moment far away in the regions of my hart." He was really thinking that his attitude was a very elegant one, and that a large garnet ring which he wore on his forefinger must be mistaken by all the company for a ruby.

"Art is very well," said Mr. Brandon; "but with such pretty natural objects before you, I wonder you were not content to think of them."

"Do you mean the mashed potatoes, sir?" said Andrea Fitch, wondering.

"I mean Miss Rosalind Macarty," answered Brandon, gallantly, and laughing heartily at the painter's simplicity. But this compliment could not soften Miss Linda, who had an uneasy conviction that Mr. Brandon was laughing at her, and disliked him accordingly.

At this juncture, Miss Caroline entered and took the place marked as hers, to the left hand of Mr. Gann, vacant. An old ricketty wooden stool was placed for her, instead of that elegant and commodious Windsor chair, which supported every other person at table; and by the side of the plate stood a curious old battered

tin mug, on which the antiquarian might possibly discover the inscription of the word "*Caroline.*" This, in truth, was poor Caroline's mug and stool, having been appropriated to her from childhood upwards; and here it was her custom meekly to sit, and eat her daily meal.

It was well that the girl was placed near her father, else I do believe she would have been starved; but Gann was much too good-natured to allow that any difference should be made between her and her sisters. There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them. Well, on the present occasion, and when the dinner was half over, poor Caroline stole gently into the room and took her ordinary place. Caroline's pale face was very red; for the fact must be told that she had been in the kitchen helping Becky, the universal maid; and having heard how the great Mr. Brandon was to dine with them upon that day, the simple girl had been showing her respect for him, by compiling, in her best manner, a certain dish, for the cooking of which her papa had often praised her. She took her place, blushing violently when she saw him, and if Mr. Gann had not been making a violent clattering with his knife and fork, it is possible that you might have heard Miss Caroline's heart thump, which it did violently. Her dress was somehow a little smarter than usual; and Becky the maid, who brought in that remove of hashed mutton which has been set down in the bill of fare, looked at her young lady with a good deal of complacency, as, loaded with plates, she quitted the room. Indeed, the poor girl deserved to be looked at; there was an air of gentleness and innocence about her that was apt to please some persons, much more than the bold beauties of her sisters. The two young men did not fail to remark this; one of them, the little painter, had long since observed it.

"You are very late, miss," cried Mrs. Gann, who affected not to know what had caused her daughter's delay. "You're always late!" and the elder girls stared and grinned at each other knowingly, as they always did when mamma made such attacks upon Caroline, who only kept her eyes down upon the tablecloth, and began to eat her dinner without saying a word.

"Come, my dear," cried honest Gann, "if she is late you know

why. A girl can't be here and there too, as I say; can they Swigby?"

"Impossible!" said Swigby.

"Gents," continued Mr. Gann, "our Carry, you must know, has been down stairs, making the pudding for her old pappy; and a good pudding she makes, I can tell you."

Miss Caroline blushed more vehemently than ever; the artist stared her full in the face; Mrs. Gann said, "nonsense" and "stuff," very majestically; only Mr. Brandon interposed in Caroline's favour.

"I would sooner that my wife should know how to make a pudding," said he, "than how to play the best piece of music in the world!"

"Law, Mr. Brandon! I, for my part, wouldn't demean myself by any such kitchen-work!" cries Miss Linda.

"Make puddns, indeed; it's ojous!" cries Bella.

"For you, my loves, of course!" interposed their mamma.

"Young women of your family and circumstances is not expected to perform any such work. It's different with Miss Caroline, who, if she does make herself useful now and then don't make herself near so useful as she should, considering that she's not a shilling, and is living on our charity, like some other folks."

Thus did this amiable woman neglect no opportunity to give her opinions about her husband and daughter. The former, however, cared not a straw, and the latter, in this instance, was perfectly happy. Had not kind Mr. Brandon approved of her work; and could she ask for more?

"Mamma may say what she pleases to-day," thought Caroline, "I am too happy to be made angry by her."

Poor little mistaken Caroline, to think you were safe against three women! The dinner had not advanced much further, when Miss Isabella, who had been examining her younger sister curiously for some short time, telegraphed Miss Linda across the table, and nodded, and winked, and pointed to her own neck; a very white one, as I have before had the honour to remark, and quite without any covering, except a smart necklace of twenty-four rows of the ghtest blue glass beads, finishing in a neat tassel. Linda had a

similar ornament of a vermilion colour; whereas Caroline, on this occasion, wore a handsome new collar up to the throat, and a brooch, which looked all the smarter for the shabby frock over which they were placed. As soon as she saw her sisters' signals, the poor little thing, who had only just done fluttering and blushing, fell to this same work over again. Down went her eyes once more, and her face and neck lighted up to the colour of Miss Linda's sham cornelian.

"What's the gals giggling and ogling about?" said Mr. Gann, innocently.

"What is it, my darling loves?" said stately Mrs. Gann.

"Why don't you see, ma?" said Linda. "Look at Miss Carry! I'm blessed if *she has not got on Becky's collar and brooch* that Sims, the pilot, gave her!"

The young ladies fell back in uproarious fits of laughter, and laughed all the time that their mamma was thundering out a speech, in which she declared that her daughter's conduct was unworthy a gentlewoman, and bid her leave the room and take off those disgraceful ornaments.

There was no need to tell her; the poor little thing gave one piteous look at her father, who was whistling, and seemed indeed to think the matter a good joke; and after she had managed to open the door and totter into the passage, you might have heard her weeping there, weeping tears more bitter than any of the many she had shed in the course of her life. Down she went to the kitchen, and when she reached that humble place of refuge, first pulled at her neck and made as if she would take off Becky's collar and brooch, and then flung herself into the arms of that honest scullion, where she cried and cried till she brought on the first fit of hysterics that ever she had had.

This crying could not at first be heard in the parlour, where the young ladies, Mrs. Gann, Mr. Gann, and his friend from the Bag of Nails were roaring at the excellence of the joke. Mr. Brandon, sipping sherry, sat by, looking very sarcastically and slyly from one party to the other; Mr. Fitch was staring about him too, but with a very different expression, anger and wonder inflaming his bearded countenance. At last, as the laughing died away and a faint voice of weeping came from the kitchen below,

Andrew could bear it no longer, but bounced up from his chair and rushed out of the room exclaiming,—

"By Jove, it's too bad!"

"What does the man mean?" said Mrs. Gann.

He meant that he was from that moment over head and ears in love with Caroline, and that he longed to beat, buffet, pummel, thump, tear to pieces, those callous ruffians who so piteously laughed at her.

"What's that chop wi' the beard in such tantrums about?" said the gentleman from the Bag of Nails.

Mr. Gann answered this query by some joke intimating that, "Praps Mr. Fitch's dinner did not agree with him," at which these worthies roared again.

The young ladies said, "Well, now, upon my word!"

"Mighty genteel behaviour truly!" cried mamma; "but what can you expect from the poor thing?"

Brandon only sipped more sherry, but he looked at Fitch as the latter flung out of the room, and his countenance was lighted up by a more unequivocal smile.

* * * * *

These two little adventures were followed by a silence of some few minutes, during which the meats remained on the table, and no signs were shown of that pudding upon which poor Caroline had exhausted her skill. The absence of this delicious part of the repast was first remarked by Mr. Gann; and his lady, after jangling at the bell for some time in vain, at last begged one of her daughters to go and hasten matters.

"BECKY!" shrieked Miss Linda from the hall, but Becky replied not. "Becky, are we to be kept waiting all day?" continued the lady in the same shrill voice. "Mamma wants the pudding!"

"TELL HER TO FETCH IT HERSELF!" roared Becky, at which remark Gann and his facetious friend once more went off into fits of laughter.

"This is too bad!" said Mrs. G. starting up; "she shall leave the house this instant!" and so no doubt Becky would, but that the lady owed her five quarters' wages; which she, at that period, did not feel inclined to pay.

Well, the dinner at last was at an end; the ladies went away to tea, leaving the gentlemen to their wine; Brandon, very condescendingly, partaking of a bottle of port, and listening with admiration to the toasts and sentiments with which it is still the custom among persons of Mr. Gann's rank of life to preface each glass of wine. As thus:—

Glass 1. "Gents," says Mr. Gann, rising, "this glass I need say nothink about. Here's the king, and long life to him and the family!"

Mr. Swigby, with his glass, goes knock, knock, knock on the table; and saying gravely, "The king!" drinks off his glass, and smacks his lips afterwards.

Mr. Brandon, who had drank half his, stops in the midst and says, "Oh, 'the king!'"

Mr. Swigby. "A good glass of wine that, Gann, my boy!"

Mr. Brandon. "Capital, really; though, upon my faith, I'm no judge of port."

Mr. Gann. (*smacks*). "A fine fruity wine as ever I tasted. I suppose you, Mr. B., are accustomed only to claret. I've 'ad it, too, in my time, sir, as Swigby there very well knows. I travelled, sir, *sure le Continong*, I assure you, and drank my glass of claret with the best man in France, or England either. I wasn't always what I am, sir."

Mr. Brandon. "You don't look as if you were."

Mr. Gann. "No, sir. Before that —— gas came in, I was head, sir, of one of the fust 'ouses in the hoil trade, Gann, Blubbery, and Gann, sir—Thames Street, City. I'd my box at Putney, as good a gig and horse as my friend there drives."

Mr. Swigby. "Ay, and a better, too, Gann, I make no doubt."

Mr. Gann. "Well, *say* a better. I *had* a better, if money could fetch it, sir; and I didn't spare that, I warrant you. No, no, James Gann didn't grudge his purse, sir; and had his friends around him, as he's 'appy to 'ave now, sir. Mr. Brandon, your 'ealth, sir, and may we hoften meet under this ma'ogany. Swigby, my boy, God bless you!"

Mr. Brandon. "Your very good health."

Mr. Swigby. "Thank you, Gann. Here's to you, and long life and prosperity and happiness to you and yours. Bless you

Jim, my boy; Heaven bless you! I say this, Mr. Bandon—Brandon—what's your name—there aint a better fellow in all Margate than James Gann,—no, nor in all England. Here's Mrs. Gann, gents, and the family. MRS. GANN!" (*drinks.*)

Mr. Brandon. "MRS. GANN. Hip, hip, hurra!" (*drinks.*)

Mr. Gann. "Mrs. Gann, and thank you, gents. A fine woman, Mr. B.; aint she, now? Ah, if you'd seener when I married her! Gad, she *was* fine then—an out and outer, sir! *Such* a figure!"

Mr. Swigby. "You'd choose none but a good 'un, I war'nt. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Gann. "Did I ever tell you of my duel along with the regimental doctor? No! Then I will. I was a young chap, you see, in those days; and when I saw her at Brussels—(*Brusell*, they call it)—I was right slick up over head and ears in love with her at once. But what was to be done? There was another gent in the case—a regimental doctor, sir—a reg'lar dragon. 'Faint heart,' says I, 'never won a fair lady,' and so I made so bold. She took me, sent the doctor to the right about. I met him one morning in the park at Brussels, and stood to him, sir, like a man. When the affair was over, my second, a leftenant of dragoons, told me, 'Gann,' says he, 'I've seen many a man under fire—I'm a Waterloo man,' says he,—'and have rode by Wellington many a long day; but I never, for coolness, see such a man as you.' Gents, here's the Duke of Wellington and the British army!" (*the gents drink.*)

Mr. Brandon. "Did you kill the doctor, sir?"

Mr. Gann. "Why no, sir; I shot in the hair."

Mr. Brandon. "Shot him in the hair! Egad, that was a severe shot, and a very lucky escape the doctor had of it? Whereabout in the hair? a whisker, sir; or, perhaps, a pig-tail?"

Mr. Swigby. "Haw, haw, haw! shot'n in the *hair*—capital, capital!"

Mr. Gann, who has grown very red. "No, sir, there may be some mistake in my pronounciation, which I didn't expect to have laughed at my hown table."

Mr. Brandon. "My dear sir! I protest and vow——"

Mr. Gann. "Never mind it, sir. I gave you my best, and did

my best to make you welcome. If you like better to make fun of me, do, sir. That may be the *genteel* way, but hang me if it's *our* way; is it, Jack? *Our* way; I beg your pardon, sir."

Mr. Swigby. "Jim, Jim! for Heaven's sake!—peace and harmony of the evening—conviviality—social enjoyment—didn't mean it—did you mean any thing, Mr. Whatd-ye-call-'em?"

Mr. Brandon. "Nothing, upon my honour as a gentleman!"

Mr. Gann. "Well, then, there's my hand!" and good-natured Gann tried to forget the insult, and to talk as if nothing had occurred: but he had been wounded in the most sensitive point in which a man can be touched by his superior, and never forgot Brandon's joke. That night at the club, when dreadfully tipsy, he made several speeches on the subject, and burst into tears many times. The pleasure of the evening was quite spoiled; and, as the conversation became rapid and dull, we shall refrain from reporting it. Mr. Brandon speedily took leave, but had not the courage to face the ladies at tea; to whom, it appears that reconciled Becky had brought that refreshing beverage.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH MR. FITCH PROCLAIMS HIS LOVE, AND MR. BRANDON PREPARES FOR WAR.

FROM the splendid halls in which Mrs. Gann was dispensing her hospitality, the celebrated painter, Andrea Fitch, rushed forth in a state of mind even more delirious than that which he usually enjoyed. He looked abroad into the street, all there was dull and lonely; the rain falling heavily, the wind playing Pandean pipes and whistling down the chimney-pots. "I love the storm," said Fitch, solemnly; and he put his great Spanish cloak round him in the most approved manner (it was of so prodigious a size that the tail of it, as it twirled over his shoulder, whisked away a lodging-card from the door of the house opposite Mr. Gann's). "I love the storm and solitude," said he, lighting a large pipe filled full of the fragrant Oronooko; and thus armed, he passed rapidly down the street, his hat cocked over his ringlets.

Andrea did not like smoking, but he used a pipe as a part of his profession as an artist, and as one of the picturesque parts of his costume; in like manner, though he did not fence, he always travelled about with a pair of foils; and quite unconscious of music, nevertheless had a guitar constantly near at hand. Without such properties a painter's spectacle is not complete, and now he determined to add to them another indispensable requisite—a mistress. "What great artist was ever without one?" thought he. Long, long had he sighed for some one whom he might love, some one to whom he might address the poems which he was in the habit of making. Hundreds of such fragments had he composed, addressed to Leila, Ximena, Ada—imaginary beauties, whom he courted in dreamy verse. With what joy would he replace all those by a real charmer of flesh and blood! Away he went, then, on this evening, the tyranny of Mrs. Gann towards poor Caroline having awakened all his sympathies in the gentle girl's favour, determined now and for ever to make her the mistress of his heart. Monna-Lisa, the Fornarina, Leonardo, Raphael—he thought of all these, and vowed that his Caroline should be made famous and live for ever on his canvass. While Mrs. Gann was preparing for her friends, and entertaining them at tea and whist; while Caroline, all unconscious of the love she inspired, was weeping up stairs in her little garret; while Mr. Brandon was enjoying the refined conversation of Gann and Swigby, over their glass and pipe in the office, Andrea walked abroad by the side of the ocean; and, before he was wet through, walked himself into the most fervid affection for poor persecuted Caroline. The reader might have observed him (had not the night been very dark, and a great deal too wet to allow a sensible reader to go abroad on such an errand) at the sea-shore standing on a rock, and drawing from his bosom a locket which contained a curl of hair tied up in riband. He looked at it for a moment, and then flung it away from him into the black boiling waters below him.

"No other 'air but thine, Caroline, shall ever rest near this 'art!" he said, and kissed the locket and restored it to its place. Light-minded youth, whose hair was it that he thus flung away? How many times had Andrea shown that very ringlet in strictest confidence to several brethren of the brush, and declared that it

was the hair of a dear girl in Spain whom he loved to madness? Alas! 'twas but a fiction of his fevered brain; every one of his friends had a locket of hair, and Andrea, who had no love until now, had clipped this precious token from the wig of a lovely lay-figure, with cast iron joints and a card-board head, that had stood for some time in his atelier. I don't know that he felt any shame about the proceeding, for he was of such a warm imagination that he had grown to believe that the hair did actually come from a girl in Spain, and only parted with it on yielding to a superior attachment.

This attachment being fixed on, the young painter came home wet through; passed the night in reading Byron; making sketches, and burning them; writing poems to Caroline, and expunging them with pitiless Indian rubber. A romantic man makes a point of sitting up all night, and pacing his chamber; and you may see many a composition of Andrea's dated "Midnight, 10th of March, A. F." with his peculiar flourish over the initials. He was not sorry to be told in the morning, by the ladies at breakfast, that he looked dreadfully pale; and answered, laying his hand on his forehead, and shaking his head gloomily, that he could get no sleep: and then he would heave a huge sigh; and Miss Bella and Miss Linda would look at each other, and grin according to their wont. He was glad, I say, to have his woe remarked, and continued his sleeplessness for two or three nights; but he was certainly still more glad when he heard Mr. Brandon, on the fourth morning, cry out, in a shrill angry voice, to Becky the maid, to give the gentleman up-stairs his compliments—Mr. Brandon's compliments—and tell him that he could not get a wink of sleep for the horrid trampling he kept up. "I am hanged if I stay in the house a night longer," added the first floor sharply, "if that Mr. Fitch kicks up such a confounded noise!" Mr. Fitch's point was gained, and henceforth he was as quiet as a mouse; but his wish was not only to be in love, but to let every body know that he was in love, or where is the use of a *belle passion?*

So, whenever he saw Caroline, at meals, or in the passage, he used to stare at her with the utmost power of his big eyes, and fall to groaning most pathetically. He used to leave his meals untasted, groan, heave sighs, and stare incessantly. Mrs. Gann

and her eldest daughters were astonished at these manœuvres; for they never suspected that any man could possibly be such a fool as to fall in love with Caroline. At length the suspicion came upon them, created immense laughter and delight; and the ladies did not fail to rally Caroline in their usual elegant way. Gann, too, loved a joke (much polite waggery had this worthy man practised in select inn-parlours for twenty years past), and would call poor Caroline "Mrs. F.;" and say that, instead of *Fetch*-and-Carry, as he used to name her, he should style her *Fitch*-and-Carry for the future; and laugh at this great pun, and make many others of a similar sort, that set Caroline blushing.

Indeed, the girl suffered a great deal more from this raillery than at first may be imagined; for after the first awe inspired by Fitch's whiskers had passed away, and he had drawn the young ladies' pictures, and made designs in their albums, and in the midst of their jokes and conversation had remained perfectly silent, the Gann family had determined that the man was an idiot: and, indeed, were not very wide of the mark. In every thing except his own peculiar art honest Fitch *was* an idiot; and as upon the subject of painting, the Ganns, like most people of their class in England, were profoundly ignorant, it came to pass that he would breakfast and dine for many days in their company, and not utter one single syllable. So they looked upon him with extreme pity and contempt, as a harmless, good-natured, crack-brained creature, quite below them in the scale of intellect, and only to be endured because he paid a certain number of shillings weekly to the Gann exchequer. Mrs. Gann in all companies was accustomed to talk about her idiot. Neighbours and children used to peer at him as he strutted down the street; and though every young lady, including my dear Caroline, is flattered by having a lover, at least they don't like such a lover as this. The Misses Macarty (after having set their caps at him very fiercely, and quarrelled concerning him on his first coming to lodge at their house) vowed and protested now that he was no better than a chimpanzee; and Caroline and Becky agreed that this insult was as great as any that could be paid to the former. "He's a good creature, too," said Becky, "crack-brained as he is. Do you

know, miss, he gave me half a sovereign to buy a new coll that business t'other day?"

"And did—Mr. ——,—did the first floor say any t asked Caroline.

"Didn't he! he's a funny gentleman, that Brando enough; and when I took him up breakfast next morning about Sims the pilot, and what I gied Sims for the co brooch,—he, he!"

And this was indeed a correct report of Mr. Brandon versation with Becky; he had been infinitely amused w whole transaction, and wrote his friend the viscount a facetious account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet.

And now, when Mr. Fitch's passion was fully develo far, that is, as sighs and ogles could give it utterance—a instance of that spirit of contradiction for which our remarkable was seen in the behaviour of Mr. Brandon. A Caroline, in the depths of her little silly heart, had set hi for her divinity, her wondrous fairy prince, who was to del from her present miserable durance, she had never by deed acquainted Brandon with her inclination for him, t with instinctive modesty, avoided him more sedulous before. He, too, had never bestowed a thought upon her should such a Jove as Mr. Brandon, from the cloudy su his fashionable Olympus, look down and perceive such an retiring being as poor little Caroline Gann? Thinking first not disagreeable, he had never, until the day of the bestowed one single further thought upon her; and onl exasperated by the Miss Macartys' behaviour towards him begin to think how sweet it would be to make them jeal unhappy.

"The uncouth grinning monsters," said he, "with their court of Bob Smiths and Jack Joneses, daring to look dow me, a gentleman,—me, the celebrated *mangeur des cœurs*- of genius, fashion, and noble family! If I could but myself on them! What injury can I invent to wound the

It is curious to what points a man in his passion will g Brandon had long since, in fact, tried to do the greatest

njury to the young ladies; for it had been, at the first dawn of is acquaintance, as we are bound with much sorrow to confess, is fixed intention to ruin one or the other of them. And when he young ladies had, by their coldness and indifference to him, rustrated this benevolent intention, he straightway fancied that hey had injured him severely, and cast about for means to revenge imself upon them.

This point is, to be sure, a very delicate one to treat,—for in ords, at least, the age has grown to be wonderfully moral, and efuses to hear discourses upon such subjects. But human nature, s far as I am able to learn, has not much changed since the time hen Richardson wrote and Hogarth painted, a century ago. here are wicked Lovelaces abroad, ladies, now, as then, when it as considered no shame to expose the rogues; and pardon us, herefore, for hinting that such there be. Elegant acts of *roueric*, uch as that meditated by Mr. Brandon, are often performed still y dashing young men of the world, who think no sin of an *mourette*, but glory in it, especially if the victim be a person of ean condition. Had Brandon succeeded (such is the high moral ate of our British youth), all his friends would have pronounced m, and he would have considered himself, to be a very lucky, tivating dog; nor, as I believe, would he have had a single g of conscience for the rascally action which he had committed. is supreme act of scoundrelism has man permitted to himself— deceive women. When we consider how he has availed himself the privilege so created by him, indeed one may sympathise h the advocates of woman's rights who point out this monstrous ong. We have read of that wretched woman of old whom the us Pharisees were for stoning incontinently; but we don't hear t they made any outcry against *the man* who was concerned in e crime. Where was he? Happy, no doubt, and easy in mind, d regaling some choice friends over a bottle with the history of s success.

Being thus injured then, Mr. Brandon longed for revenge. ow should he repay these impertinent young women for slighting s addresses? "*Pardi*," said he; "just to punish their pride d insolence, I have a great mind to make love to their sister." He did not, however, for some time condescend to perform this

threat. Eagles such as Brandon do not sail down from the clouds n order to pounce upon small flies, and soar airwards again, con- ented with such an ignoble booty. In a word, he never gave a ninute's thought to Miss Caroline, until further circumstances ccurred which caused this great man to consider her as an object omewhat worthy of his remark.

The violent affection suddenly exhibited by Mr. Fitch, the painter, towards poor little Caroline was the point which deter- nined Brandon to begin to act.

"My dear Viscount," wrote he to the same Lord Cinqbars, whom he formerly addressed, "give me joy; for in a week's time it is my intention to be violently in love,—and love is no small amusement in a watering-place in winter.

"I told you about the fair Juliana Gann and her family. I forgot whether I mentioned how the Juliana had two fair daughters, the Rosalind and the Isabella; and another, Caroline by name, not so good looking as her half sisters, but, nevertheless, a pleasing young person.

"Well, when I came hither, I had nothing to do but to fall in love with the two handsomest; and did so, taking many walks with them, talking much nonsense; passing long, dismal evenings over horrid tea with them and their mamma: laying regular siege, in fact to these Margate beauties, who, according to the common rule in such cases, could not, I thought, last long.

"Miserable deception! disgusting aristocratic blindness!" (Mr. Brandon always assumed that his own high birth and eminent position were granted.) 'Would you believe it, that I, who have seen, fought, and conquered in so many places, should have been ignominiously defeated here? Just as American Jackson defeated our Peninsular veterans, I, an old Continental conqueror, too, have been overcome by this ignoble enemy. These women have entrenched themselves so firmly in their vulgarity, that I have been beaten back several times with disgrace, being quite unable to make an impression. The monsters, too, keep up a dreadful fire from behind their entrenchments; and besides have raised the whole country against me: in a word, all the snobs of their acquaintance are in arms. There is Bob Smith, the linendraper; Harry Jones, who keeps the fancy tea-shop; young Glauber, the apothecary; and sundry other persons, who are ready to eat me when they see me in the streets; and are all at the beck of the victorious Amazon.

"How is a gentleman to make head against such a *canaille* as this!—a regular *jacquerie*. Once or twice I have thought of retreating; but a retreat for sundry reasons I have, is inconvenient. I can't go to London; I am known at Dover; I believe there is a bill against me at Canterbury; at Chatham there are sundry quartered regiments whose recognition I should be unwilling to risk. I must stay here—and be hanged to the place—until a better star shall rise.

"But I am determined that my stay shall be to some purpose; and, to show how persevering I am, I shall make one more trial upon the third daughter,—yes, upon the third daughter, a family Cinderella, who shall

am determined, make her sisters *crever* with envy. I merely mean fun, you now—not mischief,—for Cinderella is but a little child: and, besides, I am ie most harmless fellow breathing, but must have my joke. Now, Cinderella as a lover, the bearded painter of whom I spoke to you in a former letter. [e has lately plunged into the most extraordinary fits of passion for her, and i more mad than even he was before. Wo betide you, O painter! I have othing to do: a month to do that nothing in: in that time, mark my words, will laugh at that painter's beard. Should you like a lock of it, or a sofa uffed with it? there is beard enough: or should you like to see a specimen f poor little Cinderella's golden ringlets? Command your slave. I wish I ad paper enough to write you an account of a grand Gann dinner at which I assisted, and of a scene which there took place; and how Cinderella was ressed out, not by a fairy, but by a charitable kitchen-maid, and was turned ut of the room by her indignant mamma, for appearing in the scullion's nery. But my *forte* does not lie in such descriptions of polite life. We rank port, and toasts after dinner: here is the *menu*, and the names and rder of the eaters."

* * * * * * * *

The bill of fare has been given already, and need not, therefore, be again laid before the public.

"What a fellow that is!" said young Lord Cinqbars, reading the letter to his friends, and in a profound admiration of his tutor's genius.

"And to think that he was a reading man too, and took a double first," cried another; "why, the man's an Admirable Crichton."

"Upon my life, though, he's a little too bad," said a third, who was a moralist. And with this a fresh bowl of milk-punch came rocking from the college butteries, and the jovial party discussed that.

CHAPTER V.

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF COMPLICATED LOVE MAKING.

THE Misses Macarty were excessively indignant that Mr. Fitch should have had the audacity to fall in love with their sister; and Miss Caroline's life was not, as may be imagined, made much the happier by the envy and passion thus excited. Mr. Fitch's amour was the source of a great deal of pain to her. Her mother would untingly say, that as both were beggars, they could not do better than marry; and declared, in the same satirical way, that she

should like nothing better than to see a large family of
children about her, to be plagues and burdens upon her,
daughter was. The short way would have been, when the
painter's intentions were manifest, which they pretty sp
were, to have requested him immediately to quit the house;
Mr. Gann said, "to give him the sack at once;" to which m
the worthy man indignantly avowed that he would have
But his lady would not allow of any such rudeness; althou
her part, she professed the strongest scorn and contempt
painter. For the painful fact must be stated: Fitch had
time previously paid no less a sum than a whole quarter's
and lodging in advance, at Mrs. Gann's humble request,
possessed his landlady's receipt for that sum; the mention o
circumstance silenced Gann's objections at once. And ind
is pretty certain that, with all her taunts to her daughter a
abuse of Fitch's poverty, Mrs. Gann in her heart was not alto
averse to the match. In the first place, she loved match-m
next, she would be glad to be rid of her daughter at any rate
besides, Fitch's aunt, the auctioneer's wife, was rich, and
children; painters, as she had heard, make often a gre
of money, and Fitch might be a clever one, for aught she
So he was allowed to remain in the house, an undeclared b
assiduous lover; and to sigh, and to moan, and make vers
portraits of his beloved, and build castles in the air as
might. Indeed our humble Cinderella was in a very
position. She felt a tender passion for the first floor, a
adored by the second floor, and had to wait upon both
summons of the bell of either; and as the poor little thi
compelled not to notice any of the sighs and glances wh
painter bestowed upon her, she also had schooled her
maintain a quiet demeanour towards Mr. Brandon, and no
him to discover the secret which was labouring in her little

I think it may be laid down as a pretty general rule, tha
romantic little girls of Caroline's age have such a budding
ment as this young person entertained; quite innocent of c
nourished and talked of in delicious secrecy to the *confid*
the hour. Or else what are novels made for? Had Caroline
Valancourt and Emily for nothing, or gathered no good e

om those five tear-fraught volumes which describe the loves of iss Helen Mar and Sir William Wallace? Many a time had she picted Brandon in a fancy costume, such as the fascinating lancourt wore; or painted herself as Helen, tying a sash round r knight's cuirass, and watching him forth to battle. Silly fancies, doubt; but consider, madam, the poor girl's age and education; e only instruction she had ever received was from these tender, nd-hearted, silly books: the only happiness which Fate had owed her, was in this little silent world of fancy. It would be rd to grudge the poor thing her dreams; and many such did e have, and impart blushingly to honest Becky, as they sat by e humble kitchen-fire.

Although it cost her heart a great pang, she had once ventured implore her mother not to send her upstairs to the lodgers' oms, for she shrunk at the notion of the occurrence that Brandon ould discover her regard for him; but this point had never ntered Mrs. Gann's sagacious head. She thought her daughter ished to avoid Fitch, and sternly bade her do her duty, and not ve herself such impertinent airs; and, indeed, it can't be said at poor Caroline was very sorry at being compelled to continue see Brandon. To do both gentlemen justice, neither ever said word unfit for Caroline to hear. Fitch would have been torn to eces by a thousand wild horses rather than have breathed a single llable to hurt her feelings; and Brandon, though by no means so eamish on ordinary occasions, was innately a gentleman, and m taste rather than from virtue, was carefully respectful in his haviour to her.

As for the Misses Macarty themselves, it has been stated that ey had already given away their hearts several times; Miss abella being at this moment attached to a certain young wine-erchant, and to Lieutenant or Colonel Swabber of the Spanish rvice; and Miss Rosalind having a decided fondness for a foreign bleman, with black mustachios, who had paid a visit to Margate. Miss Bella's lovers, Swabber had disappeared; but she still met wine-merchant pretty often, and it is believed had gone very gh to accept him. As for Miss Rosalind, I am sorry to say at the course of her true love ran by no means smoothly: the enchman had turned out to be not a marquess, but a billiard-

marker; and a sad, sore subject the disappointment was
neglected lady.

We should have spoken of it long since, had the subje
one that was much canvassed in the Gann family; but on
Gann had endeavoured to rally his step-daughter on thi
tunate attachment (using for the purpose those delicate t
wit for which the honest gentleman was always famous
Linda had flown into such a violent fury, and comported h
a way so dreadful, that James Gann, Esquire, was fairly fri
out of his wits by the threats, screams, and imprecatior
she uttered. Miss Bella, who was disposed to be jocc
wise, was likewise awed into silence; for her dear siste
of tearing her eyes out that minute, and uttered some hi
regarding love matters personally affecting Miss Bella
which caused that young lady to turn pale-red, to mutter so
about "wicked lies," and to leave the room immediately.]
the subject ever again broached by the Ganns. Even wh
Gann once talked about that odious French impostor,
stopped immediately, not by the lady concerned, but by Mi
who cried, sharply, "Mamma, hold your tongue, and don't
dear Linda by alluding to any such stuff." It is most p
that the young ladies had had a private conference,
beginning a little fiercely at first, had ended amicably: an
marquess was mentioned no more.

Miss Linda, then, was comparatively free (for Bob Sm
linendraper, and young Glauber, the apothecary, went for nc
and, very luckily for her, a successor was found for the f
Frenchman, almost immediately.

This gentleman was a commoner, to be sure; but had
estate of five hundred a-year, kept his horse and gig, and
Mr. Gann remarked, as good a fellow as ever lived. Let u
once that the new lover was no other than Mr. Swigby.
the day when he had been introduced to the family he a
to be very much attracted by the two sisters; sent a turke
own farm, and six bottles of prime Hollands, to Mr. an
Gann, in presents; and, in ten short days after his first vi
informed his friend Gann that he was violently in love w
women whose names he would never—never breathe. The

Gann knew right well how the matter was; for he had not failed to remark Swigby's melancholy, and to attribute it to its right cause.

Swigby was forty-eight years of age, stout, hearty, gay, much given to drink, and had never been a lady's man, or, indeed, passed half-a-dozen evenings in ladies' society. He thought Gann the noblest and finest fellow in the world. He never heard any singing like James's, nor any jokes like his; nor had met with such an accomplished gentleman or man of the world. "Gann has his faults," Swigby would say at the Bag of Nails; "which of us has not?—but I tell you what, he's the greatest trump I ever see." Many scores of scores had he paid for Gann, many guineas and crown-pieces had he lent him, since he came into his property some three years before. What were Swigby's former pursuits I can't tell. What need we care? Hadn't he five hundred a-year now, and a horse and gig? Ay, that he had.

Since his accession to fortune, this gay young bachelor had taken his share (what he called "his whack") of pleasure; had been at one—nay, perhaps, at two—public-houses every night; and had been tipsy, I make no doubt, nearly a thousand times in the course of the three years. Many people had tried to cheat him; but, no, no! he knew what was what, and in all matters of money was simple and shrewd. Gann's gentility won him; his dagging, his *ton*, and the stylish tuft on his chin. To be invited to a house was a proud moment; and when he went away, after the banquet described in the last chapter, he was in a perfect ferment of love and liquor.

"What a stylish woman is that Mrs. Gann!" thought he, as he tumbled into bed at his inn: "fine she must have been as a girl!—fourteen stone now, without saddle or bridle, and no mistake. And them Miss Macartys, Jupiter! what spanking, handsome, elegant creatures!—real elegance in both on 'em! Such hair!—black's the word—as black as my mare; such cheeks, such necks, and shoulders!" At noon he repeated these observations to Gann himself, as he walked up and down the pier with that gentleman, smoking Manilla cheroots. He was in raptures with his evening. Gann received his praises with much majestic good-humour.

"Blood, sir!" said he, "blood's everything! Them gals have

been brought up as few ever have. I don't speak of myself; but their mother—their mother's a lady, sir. Show me a woman in England as is better bred or knows the world more than my Juliana!"

"It's impawsible," said Swigby.

"Think of the company we've kep, sir, before our misfortunes—the fust in the land. Brandenburg House, sir—England's injured queen. Law bless you! Juliana was always there."

"I make no doubt, sir; you can see it in her," said Swigby, solemnly.

"And as for those gals, why, ain't they related to the fust families in Ireland, sir?—In course they are. As I said before, blood's everything; and those young women have the best of it: they are connected with the reglar old noblesse."

"They have the best of every think, I'm sure," said Swigby, "and deserve it, too," and relapsed into his morning remarks. "What creatures! what elegance! what hair and eyes, sir!—black, and all's black, as I say. What complexion, sir!—ay, and what *makes*, too! Such a neck and shoulders I never see!"

Gann, who had his hands in his pockets (his friend's arm being hooked into one of his), here suddenly withdrew his hand from its hiding-place, clenched his fist, assumed a horrible knowing grin, and gave Mr. Swigby such a blow in the ribs as well-nigh sent him into the water. "You sly dog!" said Mr. Gann, with inexpressible emphasis; "you've found *that* out, too, have you? Have a care, Joe, my boy,—have a care."

And herewith Gann and Joe burst into tremendous roars of laughter, fresh explosions taking place at intervals of five minutes during the rest of the walk. The two friends parted exceedingly happy; and when they met that evening at "The Nails" Gann drew Swigby mysteriously into the bar, and thrust into his hand a triangular piece of pink paper, which the latter read:—

"Mrs. Gann and the Misses Macarty request the honour and pleasure of Mr. Swigby's company (if you have no better engagement) to tea to-morrow evening, at half-past five.

"*Margaretta Cottage,*
Salamanca Road North.
Thursday evening."

The faces of the two gentlemen were wonderfully expressive of satisfaction as this communication passed between them. And I am led to believe that Mrs. Gann had been unusually pleased with her husband's conduct on that day, for honest James had no less than thirteen and sixpence in his pocket, and insisted, as usual, upon standing glasses all round. Joe Swigby, left alone in the little parlour behind the bar, called for a sheet of paper, a new pen and a wafer, and in the space of half-an-hour concocted a very spirited and satisfactory answer to this note; which was carried off by Gann, and duly delivered. Punctually at half-past five Mr. Joseph Swigby knocked at Margaretta Cottage door, in his new coat with glistering brass buttons, his face clean shaved, and his great ears shining over his great shirt collar, delightfully bright and red.

What happened at this tea-party it is needless here to say; but Swigby came away from it quite as much enchanted as before, and declared that the duets sung by the ladies in hideous discord, were the sweetest music he had ever heard. He sent the gin and the turkey the next day; and, of course, was invited to dine.

The dinner was followed up on his part by an offer to drive all the young ladies and their mamma into the country; and he hired a very smart barouche to conduct them. The invitation was not declined; and Fitch, too, was asked by Mr. Swigby, in the height of his good-humour, and accepted with the utmost delight. "Me and Joe will go on the box," said Gann. "You four ladies and Mr. Fitch shall go inside. Carry must go bodkin; but she ain't very big."

"Carry, indeed, will stop at home," said her mamma; "she's not fit to go out."

At which poor Fitch's jaw fell; it was in order to ride with her that he had agreed to accompany the party; nor could he escape now, having just promised so eagerly.

"Oh, don't let's have that proud Brandon," said the young ladies, when the good-natured Mr. Swigby proposed to ask that gentleman; and therefore he was not invited to join them in their excursion: but he stayed at home very unconcernedly, and saw the barouche and its load drive off. Somebody else looked at it from the parlour-window with rather a heavy heart, and that some

one was poor Caroline. The day was bright and sunshiny; the spring was beginning early; it would have been pleasant to have been a lady for once, and to have driven along in a carriage with prancing horses. Mr. Fitch looked after her in a very sheepish, melancholy way; and was so dismal and silly during the first part of the journey, that Miss Linda, who was next him, said to her papa that she would change places with him; and actually mounted the box by the side of the happy, trembling Mr. Swigby. How proud he was, to be sure! How knowingly did he spank the horses along, and fling out the shillings at the turnpikes!

"Bless you, *he* don't care for change!" said Gann, as one of the toll-takers offered to render some coppers; and Joe felt infinitely obliged to his friend for setting off his amiable qualities in such a way.

O mighty Fate, that over us miserable mortals rulest supreme, with what small means are thy ends effected!—with what scornful ease and mean instruments does it please thee to govern mankind! Let each man think of the circumstances of his life, and how its lot has been determined. The getting up a little earlier or later, the turning down this street or that, the eating of this dish or the other, may influence all the years and actions of a future life. Mankind walks down the left-hand side of Regent Street instead of the right, and meets a friend who asks him to dinner, and goes, and finds the turtle remarkably good, and the iced punch very cool and pleasant; and, being in a merry, jovial, idle mood, has no objection to a social rubber of whist—nay, to a few more glasses of that cool punch. In the most careless, good-humoured way, he loses a few points; and still feels thirsty, and loses a few more points; and, like a man of spirit, increases his stakes, to be sure, and just by that walk down Regent Street is ruined for life. Or he walks down the right-hand side of Regent Street instead of the left, and, good Heavens! who is that charming young creature who has just stepped into her carriage from Mr. Fraser's shop, and to whom and her mamma Mr. Fraser has made the most elegant bow in the world? It is the lovely Miss Moidore, with a hundred thousand pounds, who has remarked your elegant figure, and regularly drives to town on the first of the month, to purchase her darling Magazine. You drive after her as fast as the hack-cab

will carry you. She reads the Magazine the whole way. She stops at her papa's elegant villa at Hampstead, with a conservatory, a double coach-house, and a park-like paddock. As the lodge-gate separates you from that dear girl, she looks back just once, and blushes. *Erubuit, salva est res.* She has blushed, and you are all right. In a week you are introduced to the family, and pronounced a charming young fellow of high principles. In three weeks you have danced twenty-nine quadrilles with her, and whisked her through several miles of waltzes. In a month Mrs. O'Flaherty has flung herself into the arms of her mother, just having come from a visit to the village of Gretna, near Carlisle; and you have an account at your banker's ever after. What is the cause of all this good fortune?—a walk on a particular side of Regent Street. And so true and indisputable is this fact, that there's a young north country gentleman with whom I am acquainted, that daily paces up and down the above-named street for many hours, fully expecting that such an adventure will happen to him; for which end he keeps a cab in readiness at the corner of Vigo Lane.

Now, after a dissertation in this history, the reader is pretty sure to know that a moral is coming; and the facts connected with our tale, which are to be drawn from the above little essay on fate, are simply these:—1. If Mr. Fitch had not heard Mr. Swigby invite *all* the ladies, he would have refused Swigby's invitation, and stayed at home. 2. If he had not been in the carriage, it is quite certain that Miss Rosalind Macarty would not have been seated by him on the back seat. 3. If he had not been sulky, she never would have asked her papa to let her take his place on the box. 4. If she had not taken her papa's place on the box, not one of the circumstances would have happened which did happen; and which were as follows:—

1. Miss Bella remained inside.

2. Mr. Swigby, who was wavering between the two, like a certain animal between two bundles of hay, was determined by this circumstance, and made proposals to Miss Linda, whispering to Miss Linda: "Miss, I ain't equal to the like of you; but I'm hearty, healthy, and have five hundred a-year. Will you marry me?" In fact, this very speech had been taught him by cunning Gann, who saw well enough that Swigby would speak to one or

other of his daughters. And to it the young lady replied, also in a whispering, agitated tone, "Law, Mr. S.! What an odd man! How can you?" And, after a little pause, added, "*Speak to mamma.*"

3. (And this is the main point of my story.) If little Caroline had been allowed to go out, she never would have been left alone with Brandon at Margate. When Fate wills that something should come to pass, she sends forth a million of little circumstances to clear and prepare the way.

In the month of April (as indeed in half-a-score of other months of the year) the reader may have remarked that the cold north-east wind is prevalent; and that when, tempted by a glimpse of sunshine, he issues forth to take the air, he receives not only it, but such a quantity of it as is enough to keep him shivering through the rest of the miserable month. On one of these happy days of English weather (it was the very day before the pleasure party described in the last chapter) Mr. Brandon, cursing heartily his country, and thinking how infinitely more congenial to him were the winds and habits prevalent in other nations, was marching over the cliffs near Margate, in the midst of a storm of shrill east wind which no ordinary mortal could bear, when he found perched on the cliff, his fingers blue with cold, the celebrated Andrea Fitch, employed in sketching a land or a sea scape on a sheet of grey paper.

"You have chosen a fine day for sketching," said Mr. Brandon, bitterly, his thin aquiline nose peering out livid from the fur collar of his coat.

Mr. Fitch smiled, understanding the allusion.

"An hartist, sir," said he, "dosn't mind the coldness of the weather. There was a chap in the Academy who took sketches twenty degrees below zero in Hiceland—Mount 'Ecla, sir! *E* was the man that gave the first hidea of Mount 'Ecla for the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

"He must have been a wonderful enthusiast!" said Mr. Brandon; "I fancy that most would prefer to sit at home, and not numb their fingers in such a freezing storm as this!"

"Storm, sir!" replied Fitch, majestically; "I live in a storm, sir! A true hartist is never so 'appy as when he can have the advantage to gaze upon yonder tempestuous hocean in one of its hangry moods."

"Ay, there comes the steamer," answered Mr. Brandon; "I can

fancy that there are a score of unhappy people on board who are not artists, and would wish to behold your ocean quiet."

"They are not poets, sir: the glorious hever-changing expression of the great countenance of Nature is not seen by them. I should consider myself unworthy my hart, if I could not bear a little privation of cold or 'eat for its sake. And besides, sir, whatever their hardships may be, such a sight hamply repays me; for, although my private sorrows may be (has they are) tremendous, I never can look abroad upon the green hearth and hawful sea, without in a measure forgetting my personal woes and wrongs; for what right has a poor creature like me to think of his affairs in the presence of such a spectacle as this? I can't, sir; I feel ashamed of myself; I bow my 'ead and am quiet. When I set myself to examining hart, sir (by which I mean nature), I don't dare to think of any thing else."

"You worship a very charming and consoling mistress," answered Mr. Brandon, with a supercilious air, lighting and beginning to smoke a cigar; "your enthusiasm does you credit."

"If you have another," said Andrea Fitch, "I should like to smoke one, for you seem to have a real feeling about hart, and I was a-getting so deucedly cold here, that really there was scarcely any bearing of it."

"The cold is very severe," replied Mr. Brandon.

"No, no, it's not the weather, sir!" said Mr. Fitch; "it's here, sir, here" (pointing to the left side of his waistcoat).

"What! you, too, have had sorrows?"

"Sorrows, sir! hagonies—hagonies, which I have never unfolded to any mortal! I have hendured halmost hevery thing, Poverty, sir 'unger, hobloquy, 'opeless love!—but for my hart, sir, I should be the most miserable wretch in the world!"

And herewith Mr. Fitch began to pour forth into Mr Brandon's ears the history of some of those sorrows under which he laboured, and which he communicated to every single person who would listen to him.

Mr. Brandon was greatly amused by Fitch's prattle, and the latter told him under what privations he had studied his art: how he had starved for three years in Paris and Rome, while labouring at his profession; how meanly jealous the Royal Academy was,

which would never exhibit a single one of his pictures; how he had been driven from the Heternal City by the attentions of an immense fat Mrs. Carrickfergus, who absolutely proposed marriage to him; and how he was at this moment (a fact of which Mr. Brandon was already quite aware) madly and desperately in love with one of the most beautiful maidens in this world. For Fitch, having a mistress to his heart's desire, was boiling with impatience to have a confidant; what, indeed, would be the joy of love, if one were not allowed to speak of one's feelings to a friend who could know how to sympathise with them? Fitch was sure Brandon did, because Brandon was the very first person with whom the painter had talked since he had come to the resolution recorded in the last chapter.

"I hope she is as rich as that unlucky Mrs. Carrickfergus, whom you treated so cruelly?" said the confidant, affecting entire ignorance.

"Rich, sir? no, I thank Heaven, she has not a penny!" said Fitch.

"I presume, then, you are yourself independent," said Brandon, smiling; "for in the marriage state, one or the other of the parties concerned should bring a portion of the filthy lucre?"

"Haven't I my profession, sir?" said Fitch, majestically, having declared five minutes before that he starved in his profession. "Do you suppose a painter gets nothing? Haven't I horders from the first people in Europe?—commissions, sir, to hexecute 'istory-pieces, battle-pieces, haltar-pieces?"

"Master-pieces, I am sure," said Brandon, bowing politely; "for a gentleman of your astonishing genius can do no other."

The delighted artist received this compliment with many blushes and vowed and protested that his performances were not really worthy of such high praise; but he fancied Mr. Brandon a great connoisseur, nevertheless, and unburdened his mind to him in a manner still more open. Fitch's sketch was by this time finished, and, putting his drawing implements together, he rose, and the gentlemen walked away. The sketch was hugely admired by Mr. Brandon, and when they came home, Fitch, culling it dexterously out of his book, presented it in a neat speech to his friend, "the gifted hamateur."

e gifted hamateur" received the drawing with a profusion of , and so much did he value it, that he had actually torn off to light a cigar with, when he saw that words were written other side of the paper, and deciphered the following:—

SONG OF THE VIOLET.

A humble flower long time I pined,
Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrunk before the bitter rain.
And, oh! 'twas in a blessed hour,
A passing wanderer chanced to see
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.

I fear no more the tempest rude,
On dreary heath no more I pine
But left my cheerless solitude,
To deck the breast of Caroline.
Alas! our days are brief at best,
Nor long I feel will mine endure,
Though shelter'd here upon a breast
So gentle and so pure.

It draws the fragrance from my leaves,
It robs me of my sweetest breath;
And every time it falls and heaves,
It warns me of my coming death.
But one I know would glad forego
All joys of life to be as I;
An hour to rest on that sweet breast,
And then, contented die.

"ANDREA."

n Mr. Brandon had finished the perusal of these verses, he ɜm down with an air of considerable vexation. "Egad!" "this fellow, fool as he is, is not so great a fool as he seems; he goes on this way, may finish by turning the girl's head. ın't resist a man if he but presses hard enough—I know n't!" And here Mr. Brandon mused over his various nce, which confirmed his observation, that be a man ever so gentlewoman will yield to him out of sheer weariness. ɜ thought of several cases in which, by the persevering ɔion of copies of verses, young ladies had been brought slike to sufferance of a man, from sufferance to partiality, m partiality to St. George's, Hanover Square. "A ruffian

who murders his h's to carry off such a delicate little creature s that!" cried he in a transport: "it shall never be if I can prevei it!" He thought Caroline more and more beautiful every instan and was himself by this time almost as much in love with her s Fitch himself.

Mr. Brandon, then, saw Fitch depart in Swigby's carriage wit no ordinary feelings of pleasure. Miss Caroline was not with ther "Now is my time!" thought Brandon; and, ringing the bell, h inquired with some anxiety, from Becky, where Miss Carolir was? It must be confessed that mistress and maid were at the usual occupation, working and reading novels in the back-parlou Poor Carry! what other pleasure had she?

She had not gone through many pages, or Becky advanced man stitches in the darning of that tablecloth which the good hous wife, Mrs. Gann, had confided to her charge, when an humbl knock was heard at the door of the sitting-room, that caused th blushing Caroline to tremble and drop her book, as Miss Lydi Languish does in the play.

Mr. George Brandon entered with a very demure air. He hel in his hand a black satin neck-scarf, of which a part had come t be broken. He could not wear it in its present condition, that wa evident; but Miss Caroline was blushing and trembling a grea deal too much to suspect that this wicked Brandon had himse torn his own scarf with his own hands one moment before h entered the room. I don't know whether Becky had any sus picions of this fact, or whether it was only the ordinary roguish look which she had when any thing pleased her, that now lighte up her eyes and caused her mouth to expand smilingly, and he fat, red cheeks to gather up into wrinkles.

"I have had a sad misfortune," said he, "and should be ver much obliged indeed to Miss Caroline to repair it." (Caroli was said with a kind of tender hesitation that caused the youn woman, so named, to blush more than ever.) "It is the on stock I have in the world, and I can't go bare-necked into th streets; can I, Mrs. Becky?"

"No, sure," said Becky.

"Not unless I was a celebrated painter, like Mr. Fitch," add Mr. Brandon, with a smile, which was reflected speedily upon th

ce of the lady whom he wished to interest. "Those great niuses," he added, "may do anything."

"For," says Becky, "hee's got enough beard on hees faze to ep hees neck warm!" At which remark, though Miss Caroline ry properly said, "For shame, Becky!" Mr. Brandon was so nvulsed with laughter, that he fairly fell down upon the sofa on hich Miss Caroline was seated. How she startled and trembled, he flung his arm upon the back of the couch! Mr. Brandon id not attempt to apologise for what was an act of considerable npertinence, but continued mercilessly to make many more jokes ncerning poor Fitch, which were so cleverly suited to the comehension of the maid and the young mistress, as to elicit a great mber of roars of laughter from the one, and to cause the other smile in spite of herself. Indeed, Brandon had gained a vast putation with Becky in his morning colloquies with her, and she s ready to laugh at any single word which it pleased him to utter. ow many of his good things had this honest scullion carried down airs to Caroline? and how pitilessly had she contrived to *estropier* em in their passage from the drawing-room to the kitchen?

Well, then, while Mr. Brandon "was a-going on," as Becky id, Caroline had taken his stock, and her little fingers were cupied in repairing the damage he had done to it. Was it msiness on her part? Certain it is that the rent took several inutes to repair: of them the *mangeur de cœurs* did not fail to ofit, conversing in an easy, kindly, confidential way, which set r fluttering heroine speedily at rest, and enabled her to reply to s continual queries, addressed with much adroitness and an air f fraternal interest, by a number of those pretty, little, timid, hispering, yeses and noes, and those gentle, quick looks of the es, wherewith young and modest maidens are wont to reply to e questions of seducing young bachelors. Dear yeses and noes, w beautiful you are when gently whispered by pretty lips!—nces of quick innocent eyes, how charming are you!—and how rming the soft blush that steals over the cheek, towards which e dark lashes are drawing the full blue-veined eyelids down. nd here let the writer of this solemnly declare upon his veracity, at he means nothing but what is right and moral. But look, I y you, at an innocent, bashful girl, of sixteen: if she be but

good, she must be pretty. She is a woman now, but a girl still. How delightful all her ways are! How exquisite her instinctive grace! All the arts of all the Cleopatras are not so captivating as her nature. Who can resist her confiding simplicity, or fail to be touched and conquered by her gentle appeal to protection?

All this Mr. Brandon saw and felt, as many a gentleman educated in this school will. It is not because a man is a rascal himself, that he cannot appreciate virtue and purity very keenly; and our hero did feel for this simple, gentle, tender, artless creature, a real respect and sympathy—a sympathy so fresh and delicious, that he was but too glad to yield to it and indulge in it, and which he mistook, probably, for a real love of virtue, and a return to the days of his innocence.

Indeed, Mr. Brandon, it was no such thing. It was only because vice and debauch were stale for the moment, and this pretty virtue new. It was only because your cloyed appetite was long unused to this simple meat that you felt so keen a relish for it; and I thought of you only the last blessed Saturday, at Mr. Lovegrove's, West India Tavern, Blackwall, where a company of fifteen epicures, who had scorned the turtle, poohpoohed the punch, and sent away the whitebait, did suddenly and simultaneously make a rush upon —a dish of *beans and bacon*. And if the assiduous reader of novels will think upon some of the most celebrated works of that species, which have lately appeared in this and other countries, he will find, amidst much debauch of sentiment, and enervating dissipation of intellect, that the writers have from time to time a returning appetite for innocence and freshness, and indulge us with occasional repasts of beans and bacon. How long Mr. Brandon remained by Miss Caroline's side I have no means of judging; it is probable, however, that he stayed a much longer time than was necessary for the mending of his black satin stock. I believe, indeed, that he read to the ladies a great part of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, over which they were engaged; and interspersed his reading with many remarks of his own, both tender and satirical. Whether he was in her company half-an-hour or four hours, this is certain, that the time slipped away very swiftly with poor Caroline; and w a carriage drove up to the door, and shrill voices were heard cr "Becky!" "Carry!" and Rebecca, the maid, starting up, cr

"Lor', here's missus!" and Brandon jumped rather suddenly off the sofa, and fled up the stairs—when all these events took place, I know Caroline felt very sad indeed, and opened the door for her parents with a very heavy heart.

Swigby helped Miss Linda off the box with excessive tenderness. Papa was bustling and roaring in high good-humour, and called for "hot water and tumblers immediately." Mrs. Gann was gracious; and Miss Bell sulky, as she had good reason to be, for she insisted upon taking the front seat in the carriage before her sister, and had lost a husband by that very piece of obstinacy.

Mr. Fitch, as he entered, bestowed upon Caroline a heavy sigh and a deep stare, and silently ascended to his own apartment. He was lost in thought. The fact is, he was trying to remember some verses regarding a violet, which he had made five years before, and which he had somehow lost from among his papers. So he went up stairs, muttering,

"A humble flower long since I pined
Upon a solitary plain ——"

CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIBES A SHABBY-GENTEEL MARRIAGE, AND MORE LOVE-MAKING.

It will not be necessary to describe the particulars of the festivities which took place on the occasion of Mr. Swigby's marriage with Miss Macarty. The happy pair went off in a post-chaise and four to the bridegroom's country seat, accompanied by the bride's blushing sister: and when the first week of their matrimonial bliss was ended, that worthy woman, Mrs. Gann, with her excellent husband, went to visit the young couple. Miss Caroline was left, therefore, sole mistress of the house, and received especial cautions from her mamma as to prudence, economy, the proper management of the lodgers' bills, and the necessity of staying at home.

Considering that one of the gentlemen remaining in the house was a declared lover of Miss Caroline, I think it is a little surprising that her mother should leave her unprotected; but in this

matter the poor are not so particular as the rich; and so this young lady was consigned to the guardianship of her own innocence, and the lodgers' loyalty: nor was there any reason why Mrs. Gann should doubt the latter. As for Mr. Fitch, he would have far preferred to be torn to pieces by ten thousand wild horses, rather than to offer to the young woman any unkindness or insult; and how was Mrs. Gann to suppose that her other lodger was a whit less loyal? that he had any partiality for a person of whom he always spoke of as a mean, insignificant little baby? So, without any misgivings, and in a one-horse fly with Mr. Gann by her side, with a bran new green coat and gilt buttons, Juliana Gann went forth to visit her beloved child, and console her in her married state.

And here, were I allowed to occupy the reader with extraneous matters, I could give a very curious and touching picture of the Swigby *ménage*. Mrs. S., I am very sorry to say, quarrelled with her husband on the third day after their marriage,—and for what pr'ythee? Why, because, he would smoke, and no gentleman ought to smoke. Swigby, therefore, patiently resigned his pipe and with it one of the quietest, happiest, kindest companions in his solitude. He was a different man after this; his pipe was an limb of his body. Having on Tuesday conquered the pipe, Mrs. Swigby, on Thursday did battle with her husband's rum-and-water, a drink of an odious smell, as she very properly observed and the smell was doubly odious, now that the tobacco smoke no longer perfumed the parlour-breeze, and counteracted the odour of the juice of West India sugar-canes. On Thursday, then, Mr. Swigby and rum held out pretty bravely. Mrs. S. attacked the punch with some sharp-shooting, and fierce charges of vulgarity, to which S. replied, by opening the battery of oaths (chiefly directed to his own eyes, however), and loud protestations that he would never surrender. In three days more, however, the rum-and-water was gone. Mr. Swigby, defeated and prostrate, had given up that stronghold; his young wife and sister were triumphant; and his poor mother, who occupied her son's house, and had till now taken her place at the head of his table, saw that her empire was for ever lost, and was preparing suddenly to succumb to the imperious claims of the mistress of the mansion.

All this, I say, I wish I had the liberty to describe at large, as lso to narrate the arrival of majestic Mrs. Gann; and a battle-oyal which speedily took place between the two worthy mothers-n-law. Noble is the hatred of ladies who stand in this relation to ach other; each sees what injury the other is inflicting upon her arling child; each mistrusts, detests, and to her offspring privily buses the arts and crimes of the other. A house with a wife is ften warm enough; a house with her wife and mother is rather armer than any spot on the known globe; a house with two others-in-law is so excessively hot, that it can be likened to no lace on earth at all, but one must go lower for a simile. Think of wife who despises her husband, and teaches him manners; of an legant sister, who joins in rallying him (this was almost the only oint of union between Bella and Linda now,—for since the arriage, Linda hated her sister consumedly). Think, I say, of wo mothers-in-law,—one, large, pompous, and atrociously gen-eel, — another coarse and shrill, determined not to have her son ut upon,—and you may see what a happy fellow Joe Swigby was, nd into what a piece of good luck he had fallen.

What would have become of him without his father-in-law? ndeed one shudders to think; but the consequence of that gen-leman's arrival and intervention was speedily this:—About four 'clock, when the dinner was removed, and the quarrelling used ommonly to set in, the two gents took their hats, and allied out; and as one has found when the body is inflamed ith the application of a stringent medicine may cause the ill to ppear for a while, only to return elsewhere with greater force; like manner, Mrs. Swigby's sudden victory over the pipe nd rum-and-water, although it had caused a temporary cessa-on of the evil of which she complained, was quite unable to op it altogether; it disappeared from one spot only to rage with ore violence elsewhere. In Swigby's parlour, rum and tobacco ours rose no more (except, indeed, when Mrs. Gann would par-ke of the former as a restorative); but if you could have seen Half-Moon and Snuffers down the village; if you could have en the good dry skittle-ground which stretched at the back of at inn, and the window of the back parlour which superintended at skittle-ground; if the hour at which you beheld these objects

was evening, what time the rustics from their toils released, the stout ball amidst the rattling pins (the oaken pins that ing in the sun did cast long shadows on the golden sward); had remarked all this, I say, you would have also seen in th parlour a tallow candle twinkling in the shade, and standin little greasy table. Upon the greasy table was a pewter pot, and to the left a teaspoon glittering in a glass of gin; (each of these two delicacies was a pipe of tobacco; and the pipes sat Mr. Gann and Mr. Swigby, who now ma Half-Moon and Snuffers their usual place of resort, and their married cares.

In spite of all our promises of brevity, these things have some space to describe; and the reader must also know tha short interval elapsed ere they occurred. A month at least away before Mr. Swigby had decidedly taken up his posit the little inn: all this time, Gann was staying with his l law, at the latter's most earnest request; and Mrs. Gann rei under the same roof at her own desire. Not the hints daughter, nor the broad questions of the dowager Mrs. S could induce honest Mrs. Gann to stir from her quarters. had had her lodgers' money in advance, as was the worthy w custom; she knew Margate in April was dreadfully dull, a determined to enjoy the country until the jovial town arrived. The Canterbury coachman, whom Gann knew, an passed through the village, used to take her cargo of novels fro; and the old lady made herself as happy as circums would allow. Should anything of importance occur duri mamma's absence, Caroline was to make use of the same c ance, and inform Mrs. Gann in a letter.

Miss Caroline looked at her papa and mamma, as the which was to bear them to the newly-married couple moved street; but, strange to say, she did not feel that heavin heart which she before had experienced when forbidden to the festivities of her family, but was on this occasion more than any one of them,—so happy, that the young woman fel ashamed of herself; and Becky was fain to remark ho mistress's cheek flushed, and her eye sparkled (and turne petually to the door), and her whole little frame was in a flu

"I wonder if he will come," said the little heart; and the eyes rned and looked at that well-known sofa-corner, where *he* had en placed a fortnight before. He looked exactly like Lord yron, that he did, with his pale brow, and his slim bare neck; dy not half so wicked—no, no. She was sure that her—her Ir. Br—— her Bran—— her *George*, was as good as he was autiful. Don't let us be angry with her for calling him George; he girl was bred in an humble sentimental school; she did not now enough of society to be squeamish; she never thought that he could be his really, and gave way in the silence of her fancy to he full extent of her affection for him.

She had not looked at the door above twenty-five times—that is say, her parents had not quitted the house ten minutes—when, re enough, the latch did rattle, the door opened, and with a faint ush on his cheek divine George entered. He was going to make me excuse, as on the former occasion; but he looked first into roline's face, which was beaming with joy and smiles; and the tle thing, in return, regarded him, and—made room for him on the fa. O, sweet instinct of love! Brandon had no need of excuses t sat down, and talked away as easily, happily, and confidentially, d neither took any note of time. Andrea Fitch (the sly dog!) itnessed the Gann departure with feelings of exultation, and had id some deep plans of his own with regard to Miss Caroline. So rong was his confidence in his friend on the first floor, that ndrea actually descended to those apartments, on his way to rs. Gann's parlour, in order to consult Mr. Brandon, and make own to him his plan of operations.

It would have made your heart break, or, at the very least, ur sides ache, to behold the countenance of poor Mr. Fitch, as thrust his bearded head in at the door of the parlour. There s Brandon lolling on the sofa, at his ease; Becky in full good mour; and Caroline, always absurdly inclined to blush, blushing Fitch's appearance more than ever! She could not help looking n him slily and gently into the face of Mr. Brandon. That ntleman saw the look, and did not fail to interpret it. It was confession of love—an appeal for protection. A thrill of ightful vanity shot through Brandon's frame, and made his rt throb, as he noticed this look of poor Caroline. He

answered it with one of his own that was cruelly wrong, cr triumphant, and sarcastic; and he shouted out to Mr. Fitch, a loud, disconcerted tone, which only made that young pa feel more awkward than ever he had been. Fitch made clumsy speech regarding his dinner,—whether that meal to be held, in the absence of the parents, at the usual hour then took his leave.

The poor fellow had been pleasing himself with the notic taking this daily meal *tête-à-tête* with Caroline. What pro would he make in her heart during the absence of her par Did it not seem as if the first marriage had been arrange purpose to facilitate his own? He determined thus his pl campaign. He would make, in the first place, the most beau drawing of Caroline that ever was seen. "The conversation 'ave with her during the sittings," says he, "will carry i pretty long way; the drawing itself will be so beautiful, tha can't resist that. I'll write her verses in her halbum, and i designs hallusive of my passion for her." And so our pict Alnaschar dreamed and dreamed. He had, ere long, establi himself in a house in Newman Street, with a footman to ope door. Caroline was up-stairs, his wife, and her picture the portrait of the Exhibition. With her by his side, Andrea felt he could do any thing. Half-a-dozen carriages at his —a hundred guineas for a kit-cat portrait. Lady Fitch Andrew Fitch, the President's chain,—all sorts of bright vi floated before his imagination; and as Caroline was the precious condition of his preferment, he determined forthwi begin, and realise that.

But, oh, disappointment! on coming down to dinner at o'clock to that charming *tête-à-tête*, he found no less than four c laid on the table, Miss Caroline blushing (according to cus at the head of it; Becky, the maid, grinning at the foot; Mr. Brandon sitting quietly on one side, as much at h forsooth, as if he had held that position for a year.

The fact is, that the moment after Fitch retired, Bra inspired by jealousy, had made the same request which had brought forward by the painter; nor must the ladies be too a with Caroline, if, after some scruples and struggles, she yi

to the proposal. Remember that the girl was the daughter of a boarding-house, accustomed to continual dealings with her mamma's lodgers, and up to the present moment thinking herself as safe among them as the young person who walked through Ireland with a bright gold wand, in the scene of Mr. Thomas Moore. On the point, however, of Brandon's admission, it must be confessed, for Caroline's honour, that she did hesitate. She felt that she entertained very different feelings towards him to those with which any other lodger or man had inspired her, and made a little movement of resistance at first. But the poor girl's modesty overcame this, as well as her wish. Ought she to avoid him? Ought she not to stifle any preference which she might feel towards him, and act towards him with the same indifference which she would show to any other person in a like situation? Was not Mr. Fitch to dine at table as usual, and had she refused him? So reasoned she in her heart. Silly, little, cunning heart! it knew that all these reasons were lies, and that she *should* avoid the man; but she was willing to accept of any pretext for meeting, and so made a kind of compromise with her conscience. Dine he should; but Becky should dine too, and be a protector to her. Becky laughed loudly at the idea of this, and took her place with huge delight.

It is needless to say a word about this dinner, as we have already described a former meal; suffice it to say, that the presence of Brandon caused the painter to be excessively sulky and uncomfortable; and so gave his rival, who was gay, triumphant, and at his ease, a decided advantage over him. Nor did Brandon neglect to use this to the utmost. When Fitch retired to his own apartments—not jealous as yet, for the simple fellow believed every word of Brandon's morning conversation with him—but greatly annoyed and disappointed, Brandon assailed him with all the force of ridicule; at all his manners, words, looks, he joked mercilessly; laughed at his low birth (Miss Gann, be it remembered, had been taught to pique herself upon her own family), and invented a series of stories concerning his past life which made the ladies—for Becky, being in the parlour, must be considered as such—conceive the greatest contempt and pity for the poor painter.

After this, Mr. Brandon would expatiate with much eloquence upon his own superior attractions and qualities. He talked of his cousin, Lord So-and-so, with the easiest air imaginable; told Caroline what princesses he had danced with at foreign courts; frightened her with accounts of dreadful duels he had fought; in a word, "posed" before her as a hero of the most sublime kind. How the poor little thing drank in all his tales; and how she and Becky (for they now occupied the same bedroom) talked over them at night!

Miss Caroline, as Mr. Fitch has already stated, had in her possession, like almost every young lady in England, a little square book called an album, containing prints from annuals; hideous designs of flowers; old pictures of faded fashions, cut out and pasted into the leaves; and small scraps of verses selected from Byron, Landon, or Mrs. Hemans; and written out in the girlish hand of the owner of the book. Brandon looked over this work with a good deal of curiosity—for he contended, always, that a girl's disposition might be learned from the character of this museum of hers—and found here several sketches by Mr. Fitch, for which, before that gentleman had declared his passion for her, Caroline had begged. These sketches the sentimental painter had illustrated with poetry, which, I must confess, Caroline thought charming, until now, when Mr. Brandon took occasion to point out how wretchedly poor the verses were (as indeed was the fact), and to parody them all. He was not unskilful at this kind of exercise, and at the drawing of caricatures, and had soon made a dozen of both parodies and drawings, which reflected cruelly upon the person and the talents of the painter.

What now did this wicked Mr. Brandon do? He, in the first place, drew a caricature of Fitch; and, secondly, having gone to a gardener's near the town, and purchased there a bunch of violets, he presented them to Miss Caroline, and wrote Mr. Fitch's own verses before given into her album. He signed them with his own initials, and thus declared open war with the painter.

CHAPTER VII.

[ICH BRINGS A GREAT NUMBER OF PEOPLE TO MARGATE BY THE STEAMBOAT.

[E events which this history records began in the month of uary. Time had now passed, and April had arrived, and with ıt festive season so loved by schoolboys, and called the Easter ays. Not only schoolboys, but men, profit by this period of :e,—such men, especially, as have just come into enjoyment eir own cups and saucers, and are in daily expectation of whiskers—college men, I mean,—who are persons more ıus than any others to designate themselves and each other ıe manly title.

nong other men, then, my Lord Viscount Cinqbars, of Christ ch, Oxon, received a sum of money to pay his quarter's bill, ıaving written to his papa that he was busily engaged in ng for the little-go, and must, therefore, decline the delight ıd promised himself of passing the vacation at Cinqbars Hall, d having, the day after his letter was despatched, driven to tandem with young Tom Tufthunt, of the same university, d having exhausted the pleasures of the metropolis—the ıres, the Cider-cellars, the Finish, the station-houses, and : places which need by no means be here particularised,— . Cinqbars, I say, growing tired of London at the end of ten , quitted the metropolis somewhat suddenly : nor did he pay ıotel bills at Long's before his departure; but he left that ment in possession of the landlord, as a token of his (my l Cinqbars') confidence in his host.

ɔm Tufthunt went with my lord, of course (although of an ocratic turn in politics, Tom loved and respected a lord as ı as any democrat in England). And whither do you think worthy pair of young gentlemen were bound? To no less a ɜ than Margate; for Cinqbars was filled with a longing to go

and see his old friend Brandon, and determined, to use his own elegant words, "to knock the old buck up."

There was no adventure of consequence on board the steamer which brought Lord Cinqbars and his friend from London to Margate, and very few passengers besides. A wandering Jew or two were set down at Gravesend; the Rev. Mr. Wackerbart, and six unhappy little pupils whom the reverend gentleman had pounced upon in London, and was carrying back to his academy near Herne Bay; some of those inevitable persons of dubious rank who seem to have free tickets, and always eat and drink hugely with the captain; and a lady and her party, formed the whole list of passengers.

The lady—a very fat lady—had evidently just returned from abroad. Her great green travelling chariot was on the deck, and on all her imperials were pasted fresh large bills, with the words INCE'S BRITISH HOTEL, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER; for it is the custom of that worthy gentleman to seize upon and plaster all the luggage of his guests with tickets, on which his name and residence are inscribed,—by which simple means he keeps himself perpetually in their recollection, and brings himself to the notice of all other persons who are in the habit of peering at their fellow-passengers' trunks, to find out their names. I need not say what a large class this is.

Well; this fat lady had a courier, a tall whiskered man, who spoke all languages, looked liked a field-marshal, went by the name of Donnerwetter, and rode on the box; a French maid, Mademoiselle Augustine; and a little black page, called Saladin, who rode in the rumble. Saladin's whole business was to attend a wheesy, fat, white poodle, who usually travelled inside with his mistress, and her fair *compagnon de voyage*, whose name was Miss Runt. She was evidently a person of distinction. This fat lady, during the first part of the voyage, on a windy, sunshiny April-day, paced the deck stoutly, leaning on the arm of poor little Miss Runt; and after they had passed Gravesend, when the vessel began to pitch a good deal, retired to her citadel, the travelling chariot, to and from which the steward, the stewardess, and the whiskered courier were continually running with supplies, of sandwiches first, and afterwards of very hot brandy-and-water: for the

truth must be told, it was rather a rough afternoon, and the poodle was sick; Saladin was as bad; the French maid, like all French maids, was outrageously ill; the lady herself was very unwell indeed; and poor, dear, sympathising Runt was qualmish.

"Ah, Runt!" would the fat lady say in the intervals, "what a thing this *malady de mare* is! *O mong jew!* O—O!"

"It is, indeed, dear madam," said Runt, and went O—O—in chorus.

"Ask the steward if we are near Margate, Runt." And Runt did, and asked this question every five minutes, as people do on these occasions.

"*Issy Monsieur Donnerwetter: ally dimandy ung pew d'o sho poor mwaw.*"

"*Et de l'eau de fie afec, n'est-ce-bas, Matame?*" said Mr. Donnerwetter.

"*Wee, wee, comme vous vouly.*"

And Donnerwetter knew very well what "*comme vous vouly*" meant, and brought the liquor exactly in the wished-for state.

"Ah, Runt, Runt! there's something even worse than sea-sickness. Heigh-ho!"

"Dear, dear Marianne, don't flutter yourself," cries Runt, squeezing a fat paw of her friend and patroness between her own bony fingers. "Don't agitate your nerves, dear. I know you're miserable; but haven't you got a friend in your faithful Runty?"

"You're a good creater, that you are," said the fat lady, who seemed herself to be a good-humoured old soul; "and I don't know what I should have done without you. Heigh-ho!"

"Cheer up, dear! you'll be happier when you get to Margate: you know you will," cried Runt, very knowingly.

"What do you mean, Elizabeth?"

"You know very well, dear Marianne. I mean that there's some one there will make you happy; though he's a nasty wretch, that he is, to have treated my darling, beautiful Marianne so."

"Runt, Runt, don't abuse that best of men. Don't call me beautiful—I'm not, Runt; I have been, but I ain't now: and, oh! no woman in the world is *assy bong poor lui.*"

"But an angel is; and you are, as you always was, an angel,—as good as an angel, as kind as an angel, as beautiful as one."

"*Ally dong*," said her companion, giving her a push; "you flatter me, Runt, you know you do."

"May I be struck down dead if I don't say the truth; and if he refuses you, as he did at Rome,—that is if, after all his attentions and vows, he's faithless to you, I say he's a wretch, that he is; and I *will* say he's a wretch, and he *is* a wretch—a nasty, wicked wretch!"

"Elizabeth, if you say that, you'll break my heart, you will! *Vous casserez mong pover cure.*" But Elizabeth swore, on the contrary, that she would die for her Marianne, which consoled the fat lady a little.

A great deal more of this kind of conversation took place during the voyage; but as it occurred inside a carriage, so that to hear it was very difficult, and as possibly it was not of that edifying nature which would induce the reader to relish many chapters of it, we shall give no further account of the ladies' talk: suffice it to say, that about half-past four o'clock the journey ended, by the vessel bringing up at Margate Pier. The passengers poured forth, and hied to their respective homes, or inns. My Lord Cinqbars and his companion (of whom we have said nothing, as they on their sides had scarcely spoken a word the whole way, except "deuce-ace," "quater-tray," "sizes," and so on,—being occupied ceaselessly in drinking bottled stout, and playing back-gammon), ordered their luggage to be conveyed to Wright's Hotel, whither the fat lady and suite followed them. The house was vacant, and the best rooms in it were placed, of course, at the service of the new comers. The fat lady sailed out of her bed-room towards her saloon, just as Lord Cinqbars, cigar in mouth, was swaggering out of his parlour. They met in the passage; when, to the young lord's surprise, the fat lady dropped him a low courtesy, and said,—

"*Munseer le Vecomte de Cinqbars, sharmy de vous voir. Vous vous rappelez de mwaw, n'est-ce pas? Je vous ai vew à Rome—shay l'ambassadure, vous savy.*"

Lord Cinqbars stared her in the face, and pushed by her without a word, leaving the fat lady rather disconcerted.

"Well, Runt, I'm sure," said she, "he need not be so proud. I've met him twenty times at Rome, when he was a young chap with his tutor."

"Who the devil can that fat foreigner be?" mused Lord Cinqbars. "Hang her, I've seen her somewhere; but I'm cursed if I understand a word of her jabber." And so, dismissing the subject, he walked on to Brandon's.

"Dang it, it's a strange thing!" said the landlord of the hotel; "but both my lord and the fat woman in number nine have asked their way to Mother Gann's lodging,"—for so did he dare to call that respectable woman!

It was true: as soon as number nine had eaten her dinner, she asked the question mentioned by the landlord; and, as this meal occupied a considerable time, the shades of evening had by this time fallen upon the quiet city; the silver moon lighted up the bay, and, supported by a numerous and well-appointed train of gas lamps, illuminated the streets of a town,—of autumn eves so crowded and so gay; of gusty April nights, so desolate. At this still hour (it might be half-past seven), two ladies passed the gates of Wright's Hotel, "in shrouding mantle wrapped, and velvet cap." Up the deserted High Street toiled they, by gaping rows of empty bathing-houses, by melancholy Jolly's French bazaar, by mouldy pastry-cooks, blank reading-rooms, by fishmongers who never sold a fish, mercers who vended not a yard of riband—because, as yet, the season was not come,—and Jews and Cockneys still remained in town. At High Street's corner, near to Hawley Square, they passed the house of Mr. Fincham, chemist, who doth not only healthful drugs supply, but likewise sells cigars—the worst cigars that ever mortal man gave threepence for.

Up to this point, I say, I have had a right to accompany the fat lady and Miss Runt; but whether, on arriving at Mr. Fincham's, they turned to the left, in the direction of the Royal Hotel, or to the right, by the beach, the bathing machines, and queer, rickety old row of houses, called Buenos Ayres, no power on earth shall induce me to say; suffice it, they went to Mrs. Gann's. Why should we set all the world gadding to a particular street, to know where that lady lives? They arrived before that lady's house at about eight o'clock. Every house in the street had bills on it except her's (bitter mockery, as if any body came down at all after)! and at Mrs. Gann's house there was a light in the garret, and another in the two-pair front. I believe I have not mentioned

before, that all the front windows were bow or bay-windows; but so much the reader may know.

The two ladies, who had walked so far, examined wistfully the plate on the door, stood on the steps for a short time, retreated, and conversed with one another.

"Oh, Runty!" said the stouter of the two, "he's here—I know he's here, *mong cure le dee*—my heart tells me so." And she put a large hand upon a place on her left side, where there once had been a waist.

"Do you think he looks front or back, dear?" asked Runty. "P'raps he's not at home."

"That—that's his *croisy*," said the stout person: "I know it is;" and she pointed with instinctive justice to the two-pair. "*Ecouty!*" she added, "he's coming; there's some one at the window. *O mong jew, mong jew! c'est André, c'est lui!*"

The moon was shining full on the face of the bow-windows of Mrs. Gann's house; and the two fair spies, who were watching on the other side, were, in consequence, completely in shadow. As the lady said, a dark form was seen in the two-pair front; it paced the room for a while, for no blinds were drawn. It then flung itself on a chair; its head on its hands; it then began to beat its brows wildly, and paced the room again. Ah! how the fat lady's heart throbbed as she looked at all this!

She gave a piercing shriek—almost fainted! and little Runty's knees trembled under her, as with all her might she supported, or rather pushed up, the falling figure of her stout patroness,—who saw at that instant Fitch come to the candle with an immense pistol in his hand, and give a most horrible grin as he looked at it and clasped it to his breast.

"Unhand me, Runt; he's going to kill himself! It's for me I know it is—I will go to him! Andrea, my Andrea!" And the fat lady was pushing for the opposite side of the way, when suddenly the second floor window went clattering up, and Fitch's pale head was thrust out.

He had heard a scream, and had possibly been induced to open the window in consequence; but by the time he had opened it he had forgotten every thing, and put his head vacantly out of the window, and gazed, the moon shining cold on his pale features.

"Pallid horb!" said Fitch, "shall I ever see thy light again? Will another night see me on this hearth, or view me, stark and cold, a lifeless corpse?" He took his pistol up, and slowly aimed it at a chimney-pot opposite. Fancy the fat lady's sensations, as she beheld her lover standing in the moonlight, and exercising this deadly weapon.

"Make ready—present—fire!" shouted Fitch, and did instantaneously, not fire off, but lower his weapon. "The bolt of death is sped!" continued he, clapping his hand on his side. "The poor painter's life is over! Caroline, Caroline, I die for thee!"

"Runt, Runt, I told you so!" shrieked the fat lady. "He is dying for me, and Caroline's my second name."

What the fat lady would have done more, I can't say; for Fitch disturbed out of his reverie by her talking below, looked out, frowning vacantly, and saying, "Ulloh! we've hinterlopers 'ere!" suddenly banged down the window, and pulled down the blinds.

This gave a check to the fat lady's projected rush, and discomforted her a little. But she was consoled by Miss Runt, promised to return on the morrow, and went home happy in the idea that Mr Andrea was faithful to her.

Alas, poor fat lady! little did you know the truth. It was Caroline Gann Fitch was raving about; and it was a part of his last letter to her, to be delivered after his death, that he was shooting out of the window.

Was the crazy painter going to fight a duel, or was he going to kill himself? This will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF WAR AND LOVE, AND MANY THINGS THAT ARE NOT TO BE UNDERSTOOD IN CHAP. VII.

FITCH'S verses, inserted in a previous chapter of this story (and which lines, by the way, the printer managed to make still more nonsense than the ingenious bard ever designed), had been composed many years before; and it was with no small trouble and

thought that the young painter called the greater part of them memory again, and furbished up a copy for Caroline's albu Unlike the love of most men, Andrea's passion was not char terised by jealousy and watchfulness, otherwise he would not h failed to perceive certain tokens of intelligence passing from ti to time between Caroline and Brandon, and the lady's evid coldness to himself. The fact is, the painter was in love w being in love,—entirely absorbed in the consideration of the f that he, Andrea Fitch, was at last enamoured; and he did mind his mistress much more than Don Quixote did Dulcinea Toboso.

Having rubbed up his verses, then, and designed a pretty emb matical outline which was to surround them, representing arabesque of violets, dewdrops, fairies, and other objects, he ca down one morning, drawing in hand; and having inform Caroline, who was sitting very melancholy in the parlour, p occupied, with a pale face and red eyes, and not caring twopen for the finest drawing in the world,—having informed her that was going to make in her halbum a humble hoffering of his h poor Fitch was just on the point of sticking in the drawing w gum, as painters know very well how to do, when his eye ligh upon a page of the album, in which nestled a few dried violets a —his own verses, signed with the name of George Brandon.

"Miss Caroline—Miss Gann, mam!" shrieked Fitch, in a t of voice which made the young lady start out of a profou reverie, and cry, nervously,—"What, in Heaven, is the matter

"These verses, madam—a faded violet—word for word, graci Eavens! every word!" roared Fitch, advancing with the book.

She looked at him rather vacantly, and as the violets caught eye, put out her hand, and took them. "Do you know the hawth Miss Gann, of 'The faded Violets?'"

"Author? Oh yes; they are—they are George's!" She bu into tears as she said that word; and, pulling the little fa flowers to pieces, went sobbing out of the room.

Dear, dear little Caroline! she has only been in love two mont and is already beginning to feel the woes of it!

It cannot be from want of experience—for I have felt the no passion of love many times these forty years, since I was a boy

welve (by which the reader may form a pretty good guess of my ge),—it cannot be, I say, from want of experience that I am unble to describe, step by step, the progress of a love-affair; nay, am perfectly certain that I could, if I chose, make a most stonishing and heart-rending *liber amoris;* but, nevertheless, I lways feel a vast repugnance to the following out of a subject of his kind, which I attribute to a natural diffidence and sense of hame that prevent me from enlarging on a theme that has in it omething sacred—certain arcana which an honest man, although nitiated into them, should not divulge.

If such coy scruples and blushing delicacy prevent one from assing the threshold even of an honourable love, and setting own, at so many guineas or shillings per page, the pious emotions nd tendernesses of two persons chastely and legally engaged in ighing, ogling, hand-squeezing, kissing, and so forth (for with uch outward signs I believe that the passion of love is expressed), —If a man feel, I say, squeamish about describing an innocent ove, he is doubly disinclined to describe a guilty one; and I have lways felt a kind of loathing for the skill of such geniuses as ousseau or Richardson, who could paint with such painful ccuracy all the struggles and woes of Eloise and Clarissa,—all e wicked arts and triumphs of such scoundrels as Lovelace.

We have in this history a scoundrelly Lovelace in the person ing by the name of George Brandon, and a dear, tender, innont, yielding creature on whom he is practising his infernal ill; and whether the public feel any sympathy for her or not, e writer can only say, for his part, that he heartily loves and spects poor little Caroline, and is quite unwilling to enter o any of the slow, painful, wicked details of the courtship ich passed between her and her lover.

Not that there was any wickedness on *her* side, poor girl! that she did anything but follow the natural and beautiful pulses of an honest, little female heart, that leads it to trust d love, and worship a being of the other sex, whom the r fancy invests with all sorts of attributes of superiority. re was no wild, conceited tale that Brandon told Caroline which did not believe,—no virtue which she could conceive or had d of in novels with which she did not endow him. Many long

talks had they, and many sweet, stolen interviews, during the periods in which Caroline's father and mother were away making merry at the house of their son-in-law; and while she was left under the care of her virtue and of Becky the maid. Indeed, it was a blessing that the latter was left in the joint guardianship. For Becky, who had such an absurd opinion of her young lady's merits as to fancy that she was a fit wife for any gentleman of the land, and that any gentleman might be charmed and fall in love with her, had some instinct, or possibly some experience, as to the passions and errors of youth, and warned Caroline accordingly. "If he's really in love, Miss, and I think he be, he'll marry you; if he won't marry you, he's a rascal, and you're too good for him, and must have nothing to do with him." To which Caroline replied, that she was sure Mr. Brandon was the most angelic, high-principled of human beings, and that she was sure his intentions were of the most honourable description.

We have before described what Mr. Brandon's character was. He was not a man of honourable intentions at all. But he was a gentleman of so excessively eager a temperament, that if properly resisted by a practised coquette, or by a woman of strong principles, he would sacrifice anything to obtain his ends,—nay, marry to obtain them; and, considering his disposition, it is only a wonder that he had not been married a great number of times already; for he had been in love perpetually since his seventeenth year. By which the reader may pretty well appreciate the virtue of the prudence of the ladies with whom hitherto our inflammable young gentleman had had to do.

The fruit, then, of all his stolen interviews, of all his prayers, vows, and protestations to Caroline, had been only this,—that she loved him; but loved him as an honest girl should, and was ready to go to the altar with him when he chose. He talked about his family, his peculiar circumstances, his proud father's curse. Little Caroline only sighed, and said her dearest George must wait until he could obtain his parent's consent. When pressed harder, she would burst into tears, and wonder how one so good and affectionate as he could propose to her anything unworthy of them both. It is clear to see that the young lady had read a very number of novels, and knew something of the nature of love;

hat she had a good principle and honesty of her own, which set er lover's schemes at naught: indeed, she had both these advanages,—her education, such as it was, having given her the one, nd her honest nature having endowed her with the other.

On the day when Fitch came down to Caroline with his verses, Brandon had pressed these unworthy propositions upon her. She ad torn herself violently away from him, and rushed to the door; ut the poor little thing fell before she could reach it, screaming n a fit of hysterics, which brought Becky to her aid, and caused Brandon to leave her, abashed. He went out; she watched him go, and stole up into his room, and laid on his table the first letter he had ever written to him. It was written in pencil, in a rembling, school-girl hand, and contained simply the following ords:—

"George, you have almost broken my heart. Leave me if you will, and if you dare not act like an honest man. If ever you speak to me so again as you did this morning, I declare solemnly before Heaven, I will take poison.

C."

Indeed, the poor thing had read romances to some purpose; ithout them, it is probable she never would have thought of such means of escape from a lover's persecutions: and there was omething in the girl's character that made Brandon feel sure hat she would keep her promise. How the words agitated him! He felt a violent mixture of raging disappointment and admiration, nd loved the girl ten thousand times more than ever.

Mr. Brandon had scarcely finished the reading of this document, nd was yet agitated by the various passions which the perusal of t created, when the door of his apartment was violently flung pen, and some one came in. Brandon started, and turned round, ith a kind of dread that Caroline had already executed her reat, and that a messenger was come to inform him of her death. r. Andrea Fitch was the intruder. His hat was on—his eyes re glaring; and if the beards of men did stand on end any here but in poems and romances, his, no doubt, would have med round his countenance a bristling auburn halo. As it was, h only looked astonishingly fierce, as he stalked up to the le, his hands behind his back. When he had arrived at this rier between himself and Mr. Brandon he stopped, and, peechless, stared that gentleman in the face.

"May I beg, Mr. Fitch, to know what has procured me the honour of this visit?" exclaimed Mr. Brandon, after a brief pause of wonder.

"Honour!—ha, ha, ha!" growled Mr. Fitch, in a most sardonic, discordant way—"*honour!*"

"Well, sir, honour or no honour, I can tell you, my good man, it certainly is no pleasure!" said Brandon, testily. "In plain English, then, what the devil has brought you here?"

Fitch plumped the album down on the table close to Mr. Brandon's nose, and said, "*That* has brought me, sir—that halbum, sir; or, I ask your pardon, that a—album—ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I see!" said Mr. Brandon, who could not refrain from a smile. "It was a cruel trick of mine, Fitch, to rob you of your verses; but all's fair in love."

"Fitch, sir! don't Fitch me, sir! I wish to be hintimate honly with men of h-honour, not with forgers, sir; not with 'artless miscreants! Miscreants, sir, I repeat; vipers, sir; b—b—b—blackguards, sir!"

"Blackguards, sir!" roared Mr. Brandon, bouncing up; "blackguards, you dirty Cockney mountebank! Quit the room, sir, or I'll fling you out of the window!"

"Will you, sir? try, sir; I wish you may get it, sir. I'm a hartist, sir, and as good a man as you. Miscreant, forger, traitor, come on!"

And Mr. Brandon *would* have come on, but for a circumstance that deterred him; and this was, that Mr. Fitch drew from his bosom a long, sharp, shining, waving poniard of the middle ages, that formed a part of his artistical properties, and with which he had armed himself for this encounter.

"Come on, sir!" shrieked Fitch, brandishing this fearful weapon. "Lay a finger on me, and I bury this blade in your treacherous 'art. Ha! do you tremble?"

Indeed the aristocratic Mr. Brandon turned somewhat pale.

"Well, well," said he, "what do you want? Do you suppose I am to be bullied by your absurd melo-dramatic airs! It was after all, but a joke, sir, and I am sorry that it has offended you. Can I say more?—what shall I do?"

"You shall hapologise; not only to me, sir, but you shall tell

liss Caroline, in my presence, that you stole those verses from ıe, and used them quite unauthorised by me."

"Look you, Mr. Fitch, I will make you another set of verses uite as good, if you like; but what you ask is impossible."

"I will 'asten myself, then, to Miss Caroline, and acquaint her ith your dastardly forgery, sir. I will hopen her heyes, sir!"

"You may hopen her heyes, as you call them, if you please: ut I tell you fairly, that the young lady will credit me rather han you; and if you swear ever so much that the verses are ours, I must say that——"

"Say what, sir?"

"Say that you *lie*, sir!" said Mr. Brandon, stamping on the round. "I'll make you other verses, I repeat; but this is all I an do, and now go about your business!"

"Curse your verses, sir! liar and forger yourself! Hare you a oward as well, sir? A coward! yes, I believe you are; or will ou meet me to-morrow morning like a man, and give me satisaction for this hinfamous hinsult?"

"Sir," said Mr. Brandon, with the utmost stateliness and scorn, 'if you wish to murder me as you do the king's English, I won't alk you. Although a man of my rank is not called upon to meet blackguard of your condition, I will, nevertheless, grant you ur will. But have a care; by Heavens, I won't spare you, and can hit an ace of hearts at twenty paces!"

"Two can play at that," said Mr. Fitch, calmly; "and if I n't hit a hace of 'arts at twenty paces, I can hit a man at alve, and to-morrow I'll try;" with which, giving Mr. Brandon ook of the highest contempt, the young painter left the room.

What were Mr. Brandon's thoughts, as his antagonist left n? Strange to say, rather agreeable. He had much too t a contempt for Fitch to suppose that so low a fellow should think seriously of fighting him, and reasoned with himself s:—

"This Fitch, I know, will go off to Caroline, tell her the whole ansaction, frighten her with the tale of a duel, and then she and ll have a scene. I will tell her the truth about those infernal es, menace death, blood, and danger, and then——"

Here he fell back into a charming reverie; the wily fellow knew

what power such a circumstance would give him over a poor weal girl, who would do anything rather than that her beloved shoul risk his life. And with this dastardly speculation as to the pric he should ask for refraining from meeting Fitch, he was enter taining himself; when, much to his annoyance, that gentlema again came into the room.

"Mr. Brandon," said he, "you have insulted me in the grosses and cruellest way."

"Well, sir, are you come to apologise?" said Brandon sneeringly.

"No, I'm not come to apologise, Mr. Aristocrat: it's past that I'm come to say this, sir, that I take you for a coward; and that unless you will give me your solemn word of honour not to mention a word of this quarrel to Miss Gann, which might prevent our meeting, I will never leave you till we *do* fight!"

"This is outrageous, sir! Leave the room, or by Heavens I'll not meet you at all!"

"Heasy, sir; easy, I beg your pardon, I can force you to that!"

"And how, pray sir?"

"Why, in the first place, here's a stick, and I'll 'orsewhip you and here are a pair of pistols, and we can fight now!"

"Well, sir, I give you my honour," said Mr. Brandon, in a diabolical rage; and added, "I'll meet you to-morrow, not now and you need not be afraid that I'll miss you!"

"Hadew, sir," said the chivalrous little Fitch; "bon giorno sir, as we used to say at Rome." And so, for the second time, he left Mr. Brandon, who did not like very well the extraordinary courage he had displayed.

"What the deuce has exasperated the fellow so?" thought Brandon.

Why, in the first place, he had crossed Fitch in love; and, in the second, he had sneered at his pronunciation and his gentility, and Fitch's little soul was in a fury which nothing but blood would allay: he was determined, for the sake of his hart and his lady, to bring this proud champion down.

So Brandon was at last left to his cogitations; when, confusion, about five o'clock came another knock at his door.

"Come in!" growled the owner of the lodgings.

A sallow, blear-eyed, rickety, undersized creature, tottering upon a pair of high-heeled lacquered boots, and supporting himself upon an immense gold-knobbed cane, entered the room with his hat on one side and a jaunty air. It was a white hat with a broad brim, and under it fell a great deal of greasy lank air, that shrouded the cheek-bones of the wearer. The little man had no beard to his chin, appeared about twenty years of age, and might weigh, stick and all, some seven stone. If you wish to know how this exquisite was dressed, I have the pleasure to inform you that he wore a great sky-blue embroidered satin stock, in the which figured a carbuncle that looked like a lambent gooseberry. He had a shawl-waistcoat of many colours; a pair of loose, blue trowsers, neatly strapped to show his little feet: a brown cut-away coat with brass buttons, that fitted tight round a spider waist; and over all a white or drab surtout, with a sable collar and cuffs, from which latter on each hand peeped five little fingers covered with lemon-coloured kid gloves. One of these hands he held constantly to his little chest: and, with a hoarse, thin voice, he piped out,

"George, my buck! how goes it?"

We have been thus particular in our description of the costume of this individual (whose inward man strongly corresponded with his manly and agreeable exterior), because he was the person whom Mr. Brandon most respected in the world.

"CINQBARS!" exclaimed our hero: "why, what the deuce has brought you to Margate?"

"Fwendship, my old cock!" said the Honourable Augustus Frederick Ringwood, commonly called Viscount Cinqbars, for indeed it was he! fwendship and the City of Canterbuwy steamer!" and herewith his lordship held out his right-hand fore-finger to Brandon, who enclosed it most cordially in all his. "Wathn't it good of me, now, George, to come down and conthole you in thith dwthed, thupid place—hay now?" said my lord, after these salutations.

Brandon swore he was very glad to see him, which was very true, for he had no sooner set his eyes upon his lordship, than he had determined to borrow as much money from him as ever he could induce the young nobleman to part with.

"I'll tell you how it wath, my boy; you thee I wath thopping at Longth, when I found, by Jove, that the governor wath come to town! Cuth me if I didn't meet the infarnal old family dwag, with my mother, thithterth, and all, ath I wath dwiving a hack-cab with Polly Tomkinth in the Pawk! Tho when I got home, 'Hang it!' thayth I to Tufthunt. 'Tom, my boy,' thaith I, 'I've just theen the governor, and must be off!' 'What, back to Ockthford?' thaith Tom. 'No,' thaith I, 'that *won't* do. Abroad—to Jewicho—any where. Egad, I have it! I'll go down to Margate and thee old George, that I will.' And tho off I came the very next day; and here I am, and thereth dinner waiting for uth at the hotel, and thixth bottleth of champaign in ithe, and thum thalmon: tho you mutht come."

To this proposition Mr. Brandon readily agreed, being glad enough of the prospect of a good dinner and some jovial society, for he was low and disturbed in spirits, and so promised to dine with his friend at the Sun.

The two gentlemen conversed for some time longer. Mr. Brandon was a shrewd fellow, and knew perfectly well a fact of which, no doubt, the reader has a notion—namely, that Lord Cinqbars was a ninny; but, nevertheless, Brandon esteemed him highly as a lord. We pardon stupidity in lords: nature or instinct, however sarcastic a man may be among ordinary persons, renders him towards men of quality benevolently blind: a divinity hedges not only the king, but the whole peerage.

"That's the girl, I suppose," said my lord, knowingly winking at Brandon: "that little pale girl, who let me in, I mean. A nice little filly, upon my honour, Georgy, my buck!"

"Oh—that—yes—I wrote, I think, something about her," said Brandon blushing slightly; for, indeed, he now began to wish that his friend should make no comments upon a young lady with whom he was so much in love.

"I suppose it's all up now?" continued my lord, looking still more knowing. "All over with her, hay? I saw it was by her looks, in a minute."

"Indeed you do me a great deal too much honour. Miss—Miss Gann is a very respectable young person, and I would not

or the world have you to suppose that I would do any thing that hould the least injure her character."

At this speech, Lord Cinqbars was at first much puzzled; but, n considering it, was fully convinced that Brandon was a deeper log than ever. Boiling with impatience to know the particulars f this delicate intrigue, this cunning diplomatist determined he ould pump the whole story out of Brandon by degrees; and so, n the course of half an hour's conversation that the young men ad together, Cinqbars did not make less than forty allusions to he subject that interested him. At last Brandon cut him short ather haughtily, by begging that he would make no further llusions to the subject, as it was one that was excessively disgreeable to him.

In fact, there was no mistake about it now. George Brandon as in love with Caroline. He felt that he was while he blushed t his friend's alluding to her, while he grew indignant at the young ord's coarse banter about her.

Turning the conversation to another point, he asked Cinqbars bout his voyage, and whether he had brought any companion with im to Margate; whereupon my lord related all his feats in ondon, how he had been to the watchhouse, how many bottles f champaign he had drunk, how he had "milled" a policeman, e., &c.; and he concluded by saying that he had come down with m Tufthunt, who was at the inn at that very moment smoking a gar.

This did not increase Brandon's good humour; and when Cinqa mentioned his friend's name, Brandon saluted it mentally h a hearty curse. These two gentlemen hated each other of d. Tufthunt was a small college man of no family, with a foundtion fellowship; and it used to be considered that a sporting low of a small college was a sad, raffish, disreputable character. fthunt, then, was a vulgar fellow, and Brandon a gentleman, so ey hated each other. They were both toadies of the same bleman, so they hated each other. They had had some quarrel college about a disputed bet, which Brandon knew he owed, d so they hated each other; and in their words about it Brandon d threatened to horsewhip Tufthunt, and called him a "sneaking, indling, small college-snob;" and so little Tufthunt, who had

not resented the words, hated Brandon far more than Brandon hated him. The latter only had a contempt for his rival, and voted him a profound bore and vulgarian.

So, although Mr. Tufthunt did not choose to frequent Mr. Brandon's rooms, he was very anxious that his friend, the young lord, should not fall into his old bear-leader's hands again, and came down to Margate to counteract any influence which the arts of Brandon might acquire.

"Curse the fellow!" thought Tufthunt in his heart (there was a fine reciprocity of curses between the two men); "he has drawn Cinqbars already for fifty pounds this year, and will have some half of his last remittance, if I don't keep a look-out, the swindling thief!"

And so frightened was Tufthunt at the notion of Brandon's return to power and dishonest use of it, that he was at the time on the point of writing to Lord Ringwood to tell him of his son's doings, only he wanted some money deucedly himself. Of Mr. Tufthunt's *physique* and history it is necessary merely to say, that he was the son of a country attorney who was agent to a lord; he had been sent to a foundation-school, where he distinguished himself for ten years, by fighting and being flogged more than any boy of the five hundred. From the foundation-school he went to college with an exhibition, which was succeeded by a fellowship which was to end in a living. In his person Mr. Tufthunt was short and bow-legged; he wore a sort of clerico-sporting costume, consisting of a black straight-cut coat, and light drab breeches with a vast number of buttons at the ancles; a sort of dress much affectioned by sporting gentlemen of the university in the author's time.

Well, Brandon said he had some letters to write, and promised to follow his friend, which he did; but, if the truth must be told, so infatuated was the young man become with his passion, with the resistance he had met with, and so nervous from the various occurrences of the morning, that he passed the half hour during which he was free from Cinqbar's society in kneeling, imploring, weeping at Caroline's little garret-door, which had remained piteously closed to him. He was wild with disappointment, mortification—mad, longing to see her. The cleverest coquette in

Europe could not have so inflamed him. His first act on entering the dinner-room was to drink off a large tumbler of champaign; and when Cinqbars, in his elegant way, began to rally him upon his wildness, Mr. Brandon only growled and cursed with rightful vehemency, and applied again to the bottle. His face, which had been quite white, grew a bright red; his tongue, which had been tied, began to chatter vehemently; before the fish was off the table, Mr. Brandon showed strong symptoms of intoxication; before the dessert appeared, Mr. Tufthunt, winking knowingly to Lord Cinqbars, had begun to draw him out; and Brandon, with a number of shrieks and oaths, was narrating the history of his attachment.

"Look you, Tufthunt," said he, wildly; "hang you, I hate you, but I *must* talk! I've been, for two months now, in this cursed hole; in a rickety lodging, with a vulgar family; as vulgar, by Jove, as you are yourself?"

Mr. Tufthunt did not like this style of address half so much as Lord Cinqbars, who was laughing immoderately, and to whom Tufthunt whispered rather sheepishly, "Pooh, pooh, he's drunk!"

"*Drunk!* no, sir," yelled out Brandon; "I'm mad, though, with the prudery of a little devil of fifteen, who has cost me more trouble than it would take me to seduce every one of your sisters —ha, ha! every one of the Miss Tufthunts, by Jove! Miss Biby Tufthunt, Miss Dolly Tufthunt, Miss Anna-Maria Tufthunt, and the whole bunch. Come, sir, don't sit scowling at *me*, or I'll brain you with the decanter." (Tufthunt was down again on the sofa.) "I've borne with the girl's mother, and her father, and her sisters, and a cook in the house, and a scoundrel of a painter, that I'm going to fight about her; and for what?—why, for a letter, which says, 'George, I'll kill myself! George, I'll kill myself!' —ha, ha! a little devil like that *killing* herself——ha, ha! and I —I who—who adore her, who am mad for——"

"Mad, I believe he is," said Tufthunt; and at this moment Mr. Brandon was giving the most unequivocal signs of madness; he plunged his head into the corner of the sofa, and was kicking his feet violently into the cushions.

"You don't understand him, Tufty, my boy," said Lord Cinqbars, with a very superior air. "You ain't up to these things, I

tell you; and I suspect, by Jove, that you never were in love in your life. *I* know what it is, sir. And as for Brandon, Heaven bless you! I've often seen him in that way when we were abroad. When he has an intrigue, he's mad about it. Let me see, there was the Countess Fritzch, at Baden-Baden; there was the woman at Pau; and that girl—at Paris, was it?—no, at Vienna. He went on just so about them all; but I'll tell you what, when *we* do the thing, we do it easier, my boy, hay?"

And so saying, my lord cocked up his little, sallow, beardless face, into a grin, and then fell to eyeing a glass of execrable claret across a candle. *An intrigue*, as he called it, was the little creature's delight; and until the time should arrive when he could have one himself, he loved to talk of those of his friends.

As for Tufthunt, we may fancy how that gentleman's previous affection for Brandon was increased by the latter's brutal addresses to him. Brandon continued to drink and to talk, though not always in the sentimental way in which he had spoken about his loves and injuries. Growing presently madly jocose as he had before been madly melancholy, he narrated to the two gentlemen the particulars of his quarrel with Fitch, mimicking the little painter's manner in an excessively comic way, and giving the most ludicrous account of his person, kept his companions in a roar of laughter. Cinqbars swore that he would see the fun in the morning, and agreed that if the painter wanted a second, either he or Tufthunt would act for him.

Now my Lord Cinqbars had an excessively clever servant, a merry rogue, whom he had discovered in the humble capacity of scout's assistant at Christ-church, and raised to be his valet. The chief duties of the valet were to black his lord's beautiful boots, that we have admired so much, and put his lordship to bed when overtaken with liquor. He heard every word of the young men's talk (it being his habit, much encouraged by his master, to join occasionally in the conversation); and in the course of the night, when at supper with Monsieur Donnerwetter and Mdlle. Augustine, he related every word of the talk above-stairs, mimicking Brandon quite as cleverly as the latter had mimicked Fitch. When then, after making his company laugh by describing Brandon's love-agonies, Mr. Tom informed them how that gentleman had a

l, with whom he was going to fight a duel the next morning—
rtist-fellow with an immense beard, whose name was Fitch, to
surprise Mdlle. Augustine burst into a scream of laughter, and
aimed, "*Feesh, Feesh! c'est notre homme*;—it is our man,
! Saladin, remember you Mr. Fish?"
aladin said gravely, "Missa Fis, Missa Fis! know um quite
, Missa Fis! Painter-man, big beard, gib Saladin bit injy-
oy, Missis lub Missa Fis!"
t was too true, the fat lady was the famous MRS. CARRICK-
GUS, and she had come all the way from Rome in pursuit of
adored painter.

CHAPTER IX.

HICH THREATENS DEATH, BUT CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF MARRYING.

.s the morrow was to be an eventful day in the lives of all the
oes and heroines of this history, it will be as well to state how
r passed the night previous. Brandon, like the English before
battle of Hastings, spent the evening in feasting and carousing;
Lord Cinqbars, at twelve o'clock, his usual time after his usual
ntity of drink, was carried up to bed by the servant kept by
lordship for that purpose. Mr. Tufthunt took this as a hint
rish Brandon good-night, at the same time promising that he
Cinqbars would not fail him in the morning about the duel.
hall we confess that Mr. Brandon, whose excitement now
an to wear off, and who had a dreadful headache, did not at all
sh the idea of the morrow's combat?
If," said he, "I shoot this crack-brained painter, all the world
cry out, 'Murder!' If he shoot me, all the world will laugh
ne! And yet, confound him! he seems so bent upon blood,
there is no escaping a meeting."
t any rate, Brandon thought, there will be no harm in a letter
Caroline. So, on arriving at home, he sat down and wrote a
pathetic one; saying, that he fought in her cause, and if he

died, his last breath should be for her. So having written, he jumped into bed, and did not sleep one single wink all night.

As Brandon passed his night like the English, Fitch went through his like the Normans, in fasting, and mortification, and meditation. The poor fellow likewise indited a letter to Caroline; a very long and strong one, interspersed with pieces of poetry, and containing the words we have just heard him utter out of the window. Then he thought about making his will: but he recollected, and, indeed, it was a bitter thought to the young man, that there was not one single soul in the wide world who cared for him —except, indeed, thought he, after a pause, that poor Mrs. Carrickfergus at Rome, who *did* like me, and was the only person who ever bought my drawings. So he made over all his sketches to her, regulated his little property, found that he had money enough to pay his washerwoman; and so, having disposed of his worldly concerns, Mr. Fitch also jumped into bed, and speedily fell into a deep sleep. Brandon could hear him snoring all night, and did not feel a bit the more comfortable because his antagonist took matters so unconcernedly.

Indeed, our poor painter had no guilty thoughts in his breast, nor no particular revenge against Brandon, now that the first pangs of mortified vanity were over. But, with all his vagaries, he was a man of spirit; and after what had passed in the morning, the treason that had been done him, and the insults heaped upon him, he felt that the duel was irrevocable. He had a misty notion, imbibed somewhere, that it was the part of a gentleman's duty to fight duels, and had long been seeking for an opportunity. "Suppose I do die," said he, "what's the odds? Caroline doesn't care for me. Dr. Wackerbart's boys won't have their drawing-lesson next Wednesday; and no more will be said of poor Andrea."

And now for the garret. Caroline was wrapped up in her own woes, poor little soul! and in the arms of the faithful Becky cried herself to sleep. But the slow hours passed on; and the tide, which had been out, now came in; and the lamps waxed faint and fainter; and the watchman cried six o'clock; and the sun arose and gilded the minarets of Margate; and Becky got up and scoured the steps, and the kitchen, and made ready the lodger's breakfasts; and at half-past eight there came a thundering rap at

the door, and two gentlemen, one with a mahogany case under his arm, asked for Mr. Brandon, and were shown up to his room by the astonished Becky, who was bidden by Mr. Brandon to get breakfast for three.

The thundering rap awakened Mr. Fitch, who rose and dressed himself in his best clothes, gave a twist of the curling-tongs to his beard, and conducted himself throughout with perfect coolness. Nine o'clock struck, and he wrapped his cloak round him, and put under his cloak that pair of foils which we have said he possessed, and did not know in the least how to use. However, he had heard his *camarades d'atelier*, at Paris and Rome, say that they were the best weapons for duelling; and so forth he issued.

Becky was in the passage as he passed down; she was always scrubbing there. "Becky," said Fitch, in a hollow voice, "here is a letter; if I should not return in half an hour, give it to Miss Gann, and promise on your honour that she shall not have it sooner." Becky promised. She thought the painter was at some of his mad tricks. He went out of the door saluting her gravely.

But he went only a few steps and came back again. "Becky," said he, "you—you've always been a good girl to me, and here's something for you; per'aps we shan't—we shan't see each other for some time." The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he handed her over seven shillings and fourpence halfpenny, being every farthing he possessed in the world.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Becky; and that was all she said, for she pocketed the money, and fell to scrubbing again.

Presently the three gentlemen up-stairs came clattering down. "Lock bless you, don't be in such a 'urry!" exclaimed Becky; "it's full herly yet, and the water's not biling."

"We'll come back to breakfast, my dear," said one, a little gentleman in high-heeled boots; "and, I thay, mind and have some thoda-water;" and he walked out, twirling his cane. His friend with the case followed him. Mr. Brandon came last.

He too turned back after he had gone a few paces. "Becky," said he, in a grave voice, "if I am not back in half an hour, give that to Miss Gann."

Becky was fairly flustered by this; and after turning the

letters round and round, and peeping into the sides, and looking at the seals very hard, she like a fool determined that she would not wait half an hour, but carry them up to Miss Caroline; and so up she mounted, finding pretty Caroline in the act of lacing her stays.

And the consequences of Becky's conduct was that little Carry left off lacing her stays (a sweet little figure the poor thing looked in them; but that is neither here nor there), took the letters, looked at one which she threw down directly; at the other, which she eagerly opened, and having read a line or two, gave a loud scream, and fell down dead in a fainting fit!

* * * * * *

Waft us, O Muse, to Mr. Wright's hotel, and quick narrate what chances there befel. Very early in the morning Mdlle. Augustine made her appearance in the apartment of Miss Runt, and with great glee informed that lady of the event which was about to take place. "*Figurez vous, mademoiselle, que notre homme va se battre*—oh, but it will be droll to see him sword in hand!"

"Don't plague me with your ojous servants' quarrels, Augustine; that horrid courrier is always quarrelling and tipsy."

"*Mon Dieu, qu'elle est bête!*" exclaimed Augustine: "but I tell you it is not the courier; it is he, *l'objet, le peintre dont madame s'est amourachée, Monsieur Feesh.*"

"Mr. Fitch!" cried Runt, jumping up in bed, "Mr. Fitch going to fight! Augustine, my stockings—quick, my *robe-de-chambre*—tell me when, how, where?"

And so Augustine told her that the combat was to take place at nine that morning, behind the Windmill, and that the gentleman with whom Mr. Fitch was to go out, had been dining at the hotel the night previous, in company with the little milor, who was to be his second.

Quick as lightning flew Runt to the chamber of her patroness. That lady was in a profound sleep; and I leave you to imagine what were her sensations on awaking and hearing this dreadful tale.

Such is the force of love, that although, for many years, Mrs. Carrickfergus had never left her bed before noon, although in all her wild wanderings after the painter she, nevertheless,

would have her tea and cutlet in bed, and her doze likewise, before she set forth on a journey, she now started up in an instant, forgetting her nap, mutton-chops, every thing, and began dressing with a promptitude which can only be equalled by Harlequin when disguising himself in a pantomime. She would have had an attack of nerves, only she knew there was no time for it; and I do believe that twenty minutes were scarcely over her head, as the saying is, when her bonnet and cloak were on, and with her whole suite, and an inn-waiter or two whom she pressed into her service, she was on full trot to the field of action. For twenty years before, and from that day to this, Marianne Carrickfergus never had or has walked so quickly.

* * * * * *

"Hullo, here'th a go!" exclaimed Lord Viscount Cinqbars, as they arrived on the ground behind the Windmill; "cuth me, there'th only one man!"

This was indeed the case: Mr. Fitch, in his great cloak, was pacing slowly up and down the grass, his shadow stretching far in the sunshine. Mr. Fitch was alone too; for the fact is, he had never thought about a second. This he admitted frankly, bowing with much majesty to the company as they came up. "But that, gents," said he, "will make no difference, I hope, nor prevent fair play from being done." And, flinging off his cloak, he produced the foils, from which the buttons had been taken off. He went up to Brandon, and was for offering him one of the weapons, just as they do at the theatre. Brandon stepped back, rather abashed; Cinqbars looked posed; Tufthunt delighted: "Ecod," said he, "I hope the bearded fellow will give it him."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Brandon, "as the challenged party, I demand pistols."

Mr. Fitch, with great presence of mind and gracefulness, stuck the swords into the grass.

"Oh, pithtolth of courth," lisped my lord; and presently called aside Tufthunt, to whom he whispered something in great glee; to which Tufthunt objected at first, saying, "No, d— him, let him fight." "And your fellowship and living, Tufty, my boy?" interposed my lord; and then they walked on. After a couple of minutes, during which Mr. Fitch was employed in examining

Mr. Brandon from the toe upwards to the crown of his head, or hat, just as Mr. Widdicombe does Mr. Cartlich, before those two gentlemen proceed to join in combat on the boards of Astley's Amphitheatre (indeed, poor Fitch had no other standard of chivalry)—when Fitch had concluded this examination, of which Brandon did not know what the deuce to make, Lord Cinqbars came back to the painter, and gave him a nod.

"Sir," said he, "as you have come unprovided with a second, I, with your leave, will act as one. My name is Cinqbars—Lord Cinqbars; and though I had come to the ground to act as the friend of my friend here, Mr. Tufthunt will take that duty upon him; and as it appears to me that there can be no other end to this unhappy affair, we will proceed at once."

It is a marvel how Lord Cinqbars ever made such a gentlemanly speech. When Fitch heard that he was to have a lord for a second, he laid his hand on his chest, and vowed it was the greatest h-honour of his life; and was turning round to walk towards his ground, when my lord, gracefully thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and bringing his thumb up to his nose, twiddled about his fingers for a moment, and said to Brandon, "Gammon."

Mr. Brandon smiled, and heaved a great, deep, refreshing sigh. The truth was, a load was taken off his mind, of which he was very glad to be rid; for there was something in the coolness of that crazy painter that our fashionable gentleman did not at all approve of.

"I think, Mr. Tufthunt," said Lord Cinqbars, very loud, "that considering the gravity of the case—threatening horsewhipping, you know, lie on both sides, and lady in the case—I think we must have the barrier-duel."

"What's that?" said Fitch.

"The simplest thing in the world; and," in a whisper, "let me add, the best for you. Look here. We shall put you at twenty paces, and a hat between you. You walk forward and fire when you like. When you fire, you stop; and you both have the liberty of walking up to the hat. Nothing can be more fair than that."

"Very well," said Fitch; and, with a great deal of preparation, the pistols were loaded.

"I'll tell you what," whispered Cinqbars to Fitch, "if I hadn't chosen this way you were a dead man. If he fires, he hits you dead. You must not let him fire, but have him down first."

"I'll try," said Fitch, who was a little pale, and thanked his noble friend for his counsel. The hat was placed and the men took their places.

"Are you all ready?"

"Ready," said Brandon.

"Advance when I drop my handkerchief." And presently down it fell, Lord Cinqbars crying, "Now!"

The combatants both advanced, each covering his man. When he had gone about six paces, Fitch stopped, fired, and—missed. He grasped his pistol tightly, for he was very near dropping it; and then stood biting his lips, and looking at Brandon, who grinned savagely, and walked up to the hat.

"Will you retract what you said of me yesterday, you villain?" said Brandon.

"I can't."

"Will you beg for life?"

"No."

"Then take a minute, and make your peace with God, for you are a dead man."

Fitch dropped his pistol to the ground, shut his eyes for a moment, and flinging up his chest, and clenching his fists, said, *Now I'm ready.*"

Brandon *fired*—and strange to say, Andrea Fitch, as he gasped and staggered backwards, saw, or thought he saw, Mr. Brandon's pistol flying up in the air, where it went off, and heard that gentleman yell out an immense oath in a very audible voice. When he came to himself, a thick stick was lying at Brandon's feet; Mr. Brandon was capering about the ground, and cursing and shaking a maimed elbow, and a whole posse of people were rushing upon them. The first was the great German courier, who rushed upon Brandon, and shook that gentleman, and shouting, "Schelm! spitzbube! blagard! goward!" in his ear. "If I had

not drown my stick and brogen his damt arm, he wod have murdered dat boor young man."

The German's speech contained two unfounded assertions; in the first place, Brandon would not have murdered Fitch; and, secondly, his arm was not broken—he had merely received a blow on that part which anatomists call the funny-bone; a severe blow, which sent the pistol spinning into the air, and caused the gentleman to scream with pain. Two waiters seized upon the murderer too: a baker, who had been brought from his rounds; a bellman; several boys,—were yelling round him, and shouting out, "Pole-e-eace!"

Next to these came, panting and blowing, some women. Could Finch believe his eyes?—that fat woman in red satin!—yes—no—yes—he was, he was in the arms of Mrs. Carrickfergus!

* * * * * * *

The particulars of this meeting are too delicate to relate. Suffice it to say that somehow matters were explained, Mr. Brandon was let loose, and a fly was presently seen to drive up, into which Mr. Fitch consented to enter with his new-found friend.

Brandon had some good movements in him. As Fitch was getting into the carriage, he walked up to him and held out his left hand: "I can't offer you my right hand, Mr. Fitch, for that cursed courier's stick has maimed it; but I hope you will allow me to apologise for my shameful conduct to you, and to say that I never in my life met a more gallant fellow than yourself."

"That he is, by Jove!" said my Lord Cinqbars.

Fitch blushed as red as a peony, and trembled very much. "And yet," said he, "you would have murdered me just now, Mr. Brandon. I can't take your 'and, sir."

"Why, you great flat," said my lord, wisely, "he couldn't have hurt you, nor you him. There wath no ballth in the pithtolth."

"What," said Fitch, starting back, "do you gents call that a *joke?* Oh, my lord, my lord!" And here poor Fitch actually burst into tears on the red satin bosom of Mrs. Carrickfergus: she and Miss Runt were crying as hard as they could. And so, amidst much shouting and huzzaing, the fly drove away.

"What a blubbering, abthurd donkey!" said Cinqbars, with his ual judgment; "aint he, Tufthunt?"

Tufthunt, of course, said yes; but Brandon was in a virtuous ood. "By Heavens! I think, his tears do the man honour. hen I came out with him this morning, I intended to act irly by him. And as for Mr. Tufthunt, who calls a man a oward because he cries — Mr. Tufthunt knows well what a istol is, and that some men don't care to face it, brave as hey are."

Mr. Tufthunt understood the hint, and bit his lips and walked n. And as for that worthy moralist, Mr. Brandon, I am happy to y that there was some good fortune in store for him, which, ough similar in kind to that bestowed lately upon Mr. Fitch, as superior in degree.

It was no other than this, that forgetting all maidenly decency d decorum, before Lord Viscount Cinqbars and his friend, that lly little creature, Caroline Gann, rushed out from the parlour to the passage—she had been at the window ever since she was d of her fainting fit! and, ah! what agonies of fear had that tle panting heart endured during the half-hour of her lover's sence! — Caroline Gann, I say, rushed into the passage, d leaped upon the neck of Brandon, and kissed him, and lled him her dear, dear, dear, darling George, and sobbed, d laughed, until George, taking her round the waist gently, rried her into the little dingy parlour, and closed the door hind him."

"Egad," cried Cinqbars, "this is quite a *thene!* Hullo, Becky, lly, what's your name?—bring uth up the breakfatht; and I pe you've remembered the thoda-water. Come along up thtairth, fty, my boy."

* * * * * * *

When Brandon came up-stairs and joined them, which he did a minute or two, consigning Caroline to Becky's care, his es were full of tears; and when Cinqbars began to rally him in s usual delicate way, Brandon said, gravely, "No laughing, sir, you please; for I swear that that lady before long shall be my ife."

"Your wife!—and what will your father say, and what will

your duns say, and what will Miss Goldmore say, with her hur thousand pounds?" cried Cinqbars.

"Miss Goldmore be hanged," said Brandon, "and the duns and my father may reconcile it to himself as he can." And Brandon fell into a reverie.

"It's no use thinking," he cried, after a pause. "You see a girl it is, Cinqbars. I love her—by Heavens, I'm mad with for her! She shall be mine, let what will come of it. And besi he added, in a lower tone of voice, "why need, why need my f know any thing about it?"

"O flames and furies, what a lover it is!" exclaimed his fr "But, by Jove, I like your spirit; and hang all governors s Stop—a bright thought! If you must marry, why, here's Tufthunt, the very man to do your business." Little Lord (bars was delighted with the excitement of the affair, and tho to himself, "By Jove, this *is* an intrigue!"

"What, is Tufthunt in orders?" said Brandon.

"Yes," replied that reverend gentleman: "don't you see coat? I took orders six weeks ago, on my fellowship. Cinql governor has promised me a living."

"And you shall marry George here, so you shall."

"What, without a licence?"

"Hang the licence!—we won't peach, will we, George?"

"Her family must know nothing of it," said George, "or would."

"Why should they? Why shouldn't Tom marry you in very room, without any church or stuff at all?"

Tom said: "You'll hold me out, my lord, if anything com it; and, if Brandon likes, why, I *will*. He's done for if he d muttered Tufthunt, "and I have had my revenge on him, bullying, supercilious blackleg."

* * * * * * *

And so on that very day, in Brandon's room, without a lic and by that worthy clergyman the Rev. Thomas Tufthunt, my Lord Cinqbars for the sole witness, poor Caroline Gann, knew no better, who never heard of licences, and did not k what banns meant, was married in a manner to the person ca himself George Brandon; George Brandon not being his name.

No writings at all were made, and the ceremony merely read through. Becky, Caroline's sole guardian, when the poor girl kissed her, and, blushing, showed her gold ring, thought all was in order: and the happy couple set off for Dover that day, with fifty pounds which Cinqbars lent the bridegroom."

Becky received a little letter from Caroline, which she promised to carry to her mamma at Swigby's: and it was agreed that she was to give warning, and come and live with her young lady. Next morning Lord Cinqbars and Tufthunt took the boat for London; the latter uneasy in mind, the former vowing that "he'd never spent such an exciting day in his life, and loved an intrigue of all things."

Next morning, too, the great travelling chariot of Mrs. Carrickfergus rolled away with a bearded gentleman inside. Poor Fitch had been back to his lodgings to try one more chance with Caroline, and he arrived in time—to see her get into a post-chaise alone with Brandon.

Six weeks afterwards *Galignani's Messenger* contained the following announcement:—

"Married, at the British embassy, by Bishop Luscombe, Andrew Fitch, Esq., to Marianne Caroline Matilda, widow of the late Antony Carrickfergus, of Lombard Street and Gloucester Place, Esquire. The happy pair, after a magnificent *déjeûné*, set off for the south in their splendid carriage-and-four. Miss Runt officiated as bride's-maid; and we remarked among the company Earl and Countess Crabs, General Sir Rice Curry, K.C.B., Colonel Wapshot, Sir Charles Swang, the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace and his lady, Count Hunter, and others of the *élite* of the fashionables now in Paris. The bridegroom was attended by his friend, Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esquire; and the lady was given away by the Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs. On the departure of the bride and bridegroom the festivities were resumed, and many a sparkling bumper of Meurice's champagne was quaffed to the health of the hospitable and interesting couple."

And with one more marriage this chapter shall conclude. About this time the British Auxiliary Legion came home from Spain; and Lieut.-General Swabber, a knight of San Fernando, of the order of Isabella the Catholic, of the Tower and Sword, &c., who, as plain Lieutenant Swabber, had loved Miss Isabella Macarty, as a general now actually married her. I leave you to suppose how glorious Mrs. Gann was, and how Gann got tipsy at the Bag of Nails; but as her daughters each insisted upon their

30*l.* a-year income, and Mrs. Gann had so only 60*l.* left, she was obliged still to continue the lodging-house at Margate, in which have occurred the most interesting passages of this SHABBY GENTEEL STORY.

Becky never went to her young mistress, who was not heard of after she wrote the letter to her parent, saying that she was married to Mr. Brandon; but, for *particular reasons*, her dear husband wished to keep his marriage secret, and for the present her beloved parents must be content to know she was happy. Gann missed his little Carry at first a good deal, but spent more and more of his time at the alehouse, as his house with only Mrs. Gann in it was too hot for him. Mrs. Gann talked unceasingly of her daughter the squire's lady, and her daughter the general's wife; but never once mentioned Caroline after the first burst of wonder and wrath at her departure.

God bless thee, poor Caroline! Thou art happy now, for some short space at least; and here, therefore, let us leave thee.

When the republication of these Miscellanies was announced, it was my intention to complete the little story, of which only the first part is here written. Perhaps novel-readers will understand, even from the above chapters, what was to ensue. Caroline was to be disowned and deserted by her wicked husband: that abandoned man was to marry somebody else: hence, bitter trials and grief, patience and virtue, for poor little Caroline, and a melancholy ending—as how should it have been gay? The tale was interrupted at a sad period of the writer's own life. The colours are long since dry; the artist's hand is changed. It is best to leave the sketch, as it was when first designed seventeen years ago. The memory of the past is renewed as he looks at it—

die Bilder froher Tage,
Und manche liebe Schatten steigen auf.

W. M. T.

LONDON, *April* 10*th*, 1857.

THE

HISTORY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH

AND

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

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CHAPTER I.

AN ACCOUNT OF OUR VILLAGE, AND THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE DIAMOND.

HEN I came up to town for my second year, my aunt arty made me a present of a diamond-pin; that is to say, it ot a diamond-pin then, but a large, old-fashioned locket, of in manufacture in the year 1795, which the late Mr. Hog- used to sport at the Lord Lieutenant's balls and elsewhere. vore it, he said, at the battle of Vinegar Hill, when his pigtail saved his head from being taken off,—but that is er here nor there.

the middle of the brooch was Hoggarty in the scarlet uniform e corps of Fencibles to which he belonged; around it were en locks of hair, belonging to a baker's dozen of sisters, that ld gentleman had; and, as all these little ringlets partook of mily hue of brilliant auburn, Hoggarty's portrait seemed to nciful view like a great, fat, red round of beef, surrounded by en carrots. These were dished up on a plate, blue enamel, and s from the GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND (as we called it in the y), that the collection of hairs in question seemed as it were ring.

My aunt, I need not say, is rich; and I thought I might be her heir as well as another. During my month's holiday, she was particularly pleased with me; made me drink tea with her often (though there was a certain person in the village with whom on those golden summer evenings I should have liked to have taken a stroll in the hay-fields); promised every time I drank her bohea to do something handsome for me when I went back to town,—nay, three or four times had me to dinner at three, and to whist or cribbage afterwards. I did not care for the cards; for though we always played seven hours on a stretch, and I always lost, my losings were never more than nineteen-pence a-night; but there was some infernal sour black-currant wine, that the old lady always produced at dinner, and with the tray at ten o'clock, and which I dared not refuse, though upon my word and honour it made me very unwell.

Well, I thought after all this obsequiousness on my part, and my aunt's repeated promises, that the old lady would at least make me a present of a score of guineas (of which she had a power in the drawer); and so convinced was I that some such present was intended for me, that a young lady by the name of Miss Mary Smith, with whom I had conversed on the subject, actually netted me a little green silk purse, which she gave me (behind Hicks's hay-rick, as you turn to the right up Churchyard Lane)—which she gave me, I say, wrapped up in a bit of silver paper. There was something in the purse, too, if the truth must be known. First there was a thick curl of the glossiest, blackest hair you ever saw in your life, and next there was threepence; that is to say, the half of a silver sixpence hanging by a little necklace of blue riband. Ah, but I knew where the other half of the sixpence was, and envied that happy bit of silver!

The last day of my holiday I was obliged, of course, to devote to Mrs. Hoggarty. My aunt was excessively gracious; and by way of a treat brought out a couple of bottles of the black currant, of which she made me drink the greater part. At night when all the ladies assembled at her party had gone off with their pattens and their maids, Mrs. Hoggarty, who had made a signal to me to stay, first blew out three of the wax candles in the drawing-room, and taking the fourth in her hand, went and unlocked her escritoire.

I can tell you my heart beat, though I pretended to look quite unconcerned.

"Sam, my dear," said she, as she was fumbling with her keys, "take another glass of Rosolio" (that was the name by which she baptised the cursed beverage), "it will do you good." I took it, and you might have seen my hand tremble as the bottle went click, click, against the glass. By the time I had swallowed it, the old lady had finished her operations at the bureau, and was coming towards me, the wax candle bobbing in one hand, and a large parcel in the other.

"Now's the time," thought I.

"Samuel, my dear nephew," said she, "your first name you received from your sainted uncle, my blessed husband; and of all my nephews and nieces, you are the one whose conduct in life has most pleased me."

When you consider that my aunt herself was one of seven married sisters, that all the Hoggarties were married in Ireland and mothers of numerous children, I must say that the compliment my aunt paid me was a very handsome one.

"Dear aunt," says I, in a slow, agitated voice, "I have often heard you say there were seventy-three of us in all, and believe me I do think your high opinion of me very complimentary indeed; I'm unworthy of it,—indeed I am."

"As for those odious Irish people," says my aunt, rather sharply, "don't speak of them; I hate them, and every one of their mothers" (the fact is, there had been a lawsuit about Hoggarty's property); "but of all my other kindred, you, Samuel, have been the most dutiful and affectionate to me. Your employers in London give the best accounts of your regularity and good conduct. Though you have had eighty pounds a-year (a liberal salary), you have not spent a shilling more than your income, as other young men would; and you have devoted your month's holidays to your old aunt, who, I assure you, is grateful."

"Oh, ma'am!" said I. It was all that I could utter.

"Samuel," continued she, "I promised you a present, and here it is. I first thought of giving you money; but you are a regular trump, and don't want it. You are above money, dear Samuel. I give you what I value most in life — the p,—the po,—the

portrait of my sainted Hoggarty (tears), set in the locket which contains the valuable diamond that you have often heard me speak of. Wear it, dear Sam, for my sake; and think of that angel in heaven, and of your dear aunt Susy."

She put the machine into my hands; it was about the size of the lid of a shaving-box; and I should as soon have thought of wearing it, as of wearing a cocked hat and pigtail. I was so disgusted and disappointed, that I really could not get out a single word.

When I recovered my presence of mind a little, I took the locket out of the bit of paper (the locket, indeed! it was as big as a barn-door padlock), and slowly put it into my shirt. "Thank you, aunt," said I, with admirable raillery. "I shall always value this present for the sake of you, who gave it me; and it will recall to me my uncle, and my thirteen aunts in Ireland."

"I don't want you to wear it in *that* way!" shrieked Mrs. Hoggarty, "with the hair of those odious carroty women. You must have their hair removed."

"Then the locket will be spoiled, aunt."

"Well, sir, never mind the locket, have it set afresh."

"Or suppose," said I, "I put aside the setting altogether: it is a little too large for the present fashion; and have the portrait of my uncle framed and placed over my chimney-piece, next to yours. It's a sweet miniature."

"That miniature," said Mrs. Hoggarty, solemnly, "was the great Mulcahy's *chef-d'œuvre*" (pronounced *shy dewver*, a favourite word of my aunt's, being, with the words *bongtong* and *ally mode de Parry*, the extent of her French vocabulary). You know the dreadful story of that poor, poor artist. When he had finished that wonderful likeness for the late Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty, county Mayo, she wore it in her bosom at the Lord Lieutenant's ball, where she played a game of picquet with the Commander-in-chief. What could have made her put the hair of her vulgar daughters round Mick's portrait, I can't think; but so it was, as you see it this day. 'Madam,' says the Commander-in-chief, 'if that is not my friend Mick Hoggarty, I'm a Dutchman!' Those were his lordship's very words. Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty took off the brooch and showed it to him.

"'Who is the artist?' says my lord. 'It's the most wonderful eness I ever saw in my life!'

"'Mulcahy,' says she, 'of Ormond's Quay.'

"'Begad, I patronise him!' says my lord; but presently his e darkened, and he gave back the picture with a dissatisfied . 'There is one fault in that portrait,' said his lordship, who s a rigid disciplinarian; 'and I wonder that my friend Mick, as a litary man, should have overlooked it.'

"'What's that!' says Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty.

"'Madam, he has been painted WITHOUT HIS SWORD-BELT!' d he took up the cards again in a passion, and finished the game thout saying a single word.

"The news was carried to Mr. Mulcahy the next day, and that ıfortunate artist *went mad immediately!* He had set his whole putation upon this miniature, and declared that it should be ultless. Such was the effect of the announcement upon his sus-ptible heart! When Mrs. Hoggarty died, your uncle took the ırtrait and always wore it himself. His sisters said it was for ıe sake of the diamond; whereas, ungrateful things! it was erely on account of their hair, and his love for the fine arts. As r the poor artist, my dear, some people said it was the profuse se of spirit that brought on *delirium tremens*, but I don't believe . Take another glass of Rosolio."

The telling of this story always put my aunt into great good mour, and she promised at the end of it to pay for the new tting of the diamond, desiring me to take it on my arrival in ndon to the great jeweller, Mr. Polonius, and send her the ll. "The fact is," said she, "that the goold in which the thing set is worth five guineas at the very least, and you can have the mond reset for two. However, keep the remainder, dear Sam, d buy yourself what you please with it."

With this the old lady bade me adieu. The clock was striking elve as I walked down the village, for the story of Mulcahy ays took an hour in the telling, and I went away not quite so n-hearted as when the present was first made to me. "After ," thought I, "a diamond-pin is a handsome thing, and will give a *distingué* air, though my clothes be never so shabby," and bby they were without any doubt. "Well," I said, "three

guineas, which I shall have over, will buy me a couple of pairs o what-d'ye-call-'ems," of which, *entre nous*, I was in great want having just then done growing, whereas my pantaloons were mad a good eighteen months before.

Well, I walked down the village, my hands in my breeches pocket; I had poor Mary's purse there, having removed the litt things which she gave me the day before, and placed them—neve mind where; but look you, in those days I had a heart, and warm one too: I had Mary's purse ready for my aunt's donation which never came, and with my own little stock of money beside that Mrs. Hoggarty's card-parties had lessened by a good five-an twenty shillings, I calculated that, after paying my fare, I shoul get to town with a couple of seven-shilling pieces in my pocket.

I walked down the village at a deuce of a pace; so quick tha if the thing had been possible, I should have overtaken ten o'cloc that had passed by me two hours ago, when I was listening t Mrs. H.'s long stories over her terrible Rosolio. The truth is, a ten I had an appointment under a certain person's window, wh was to have been looking at the moon at that hour, with he pretty quilled night-cap on, and her blessed hair in papers.

There was the window shut, and not so much as a candle in it; and though I hemmed, and hawed, and whistled over the garde paling, and sang a song of which Somebody was very fond, an even threw a pebble at the window, which hit it exactly at th opening of the lattice,—I woke no one except a great brute o house-dog, that yelled, and howled, and bounced so at me over th rails, that I thought every moment he would have had my n between his teeth.

So I was obliged to go off as quickly as might be; and the n morning mamma and my sisters made breakfast for me at fo and at five came the True-Blue light six-inside post-coach London, and I got up on the roof without having seen Mary Smi

As we passed the house, it *did* seem as if the window-curtain her room was drawn aside just a little bit. Certainly the wind was open, and it had been shut the night before; but away w the coach; and the village, cottage, and the churchyard, Hicks's hay-ricks were soon out of sight.

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"My hi, what a pin!" said a stable-boy who was smoking a gar, to the guard, looking at me and putting his finger to is nose.

The fact is, that I had never undressed since my aunt's party; and eing uneasy in mind and having all my clothes to pack up, and hinking of something else, had quite forgotten Mrs. Hoggarty's rooch, which I had stuck into my shirt-frill the night before.

CHAPTER II.

TELLS HOW THE DIAMOND IS BROUGHT UP TO LONDON, AND PRODUCES WONDERFUL EFFECTS BOTH IN THE CITY AND AT THE WEST END.

THE circumstances recorded in this story took place some score f years ago, when, as the reader may remember, there was a reat mania in the city of London for establishing companies of ll sorts, by which many people made pretty fortunes.

I was at this period, as the truth must be known, thirteenth rk of twenty-four young gents who did the immense business the Independent West Diddlesex Fire and Life Insurance mpany, at their splendid stone mansion in Cornhill. Mamma d sunk a sum of four hundred pounds in the purchase of an nuity at this office, which paid her no less than six-and-thirty unds a-year, when no other company in London would give her ore than twenty-four. The chairman of the directors was the reat Mr. Brough, of the house of Brough and Hoff, Crutched-iars, Turkey Merchants. It was a new house, but did a remendous business in the fig and sponge way, and more in the nte currant line than any other firm in the City.

Brough was a great man among the Dissenting connection, and ou saw his name for hundreds at the head of every charitable ociety patronised by those good people. He had nine clerks esiding at his office in Crutchedfriars; he would not take one ithout a certificate from the schoolmaster and clergyman of his ative place, strongly vouching for his morals and doctrine; and

the places were so run after, that he got a premium of four or five hundred pounds with each young gent, whom he made to slave for ten hours a-day, and to whom in compensation he taught all the mysteries of the Turkish business. He was a great man on 'Change, too; and our young chaps used to hear from the stock-brokers' clerks (we commonly dined together at the Cock and Woolpack, a respectable house, where you get a capital cut of meat, bread, vegetables, cheese, half a pint of porter, and a penny to the waiter, for a shilling)—the young stock-brokers used to tell us of immense bargains in Spanish, Greek, and Columbians, that Brough made. Hoff had nothing to do with them, but stopped at home minding exclusively the business of the house. He was a young chap, very quiet and steady, of the Quaker persuasion, and had been taken into partnership by Brough for a matter of thirty thousand pounds, and a very good bargain too. I was told in the strictest confidence that the house one year with another divided a good seven thousand pounds; of which Brough had half, Hoff two-sixths, and the other sixth went to old Tudlow, who had been Mr. Brough's clerk before the new partnership began. Tudlow always went about very shabby, and we thought him an old miser. One of our gents, Bob Swinney by name, used to say that Tudlow's share was all nonsense, and that Brough had it all; but Bob was always too knowing by half, used to wear a green cut-away coat, and had his free admission to Covent Garden theatre. He was always talking down at the shop, as we called it (it wasn't a shop, but as splendid an office as any in Cornhill)—he was always talking about Vestris and Miss Tree, and singing

"The bramble, the bramble,
The jolly, jolly bramble!"

one of Charles Kemble's famous songs in *Maid Marian*, a play that was all the rage then, taken from a famous story-book by one Peacock, a clerk in the India House, and a precious good place he has too.

When Brough heard how Master Swinney abused him, and had his admission to the theatre, he came one day down to the office where we all were, four-and-twenty of us, and made one of

he most beautiful speeches I ever heard in my life. He said hat for slander he did not care, contumely was the lot of every ublic man who had austere principles of his own, and acted by hem austerely; but what he *did* care for was the character of very single gentleman forming a part of the Independent West Diddlesex Association. The welfare of thousands was in their eeping; millions of money were daily passing through their ands; the city—the country looked upon them for order, onesty, and good example. And if he found amongst those whom he considered as his children—those whom he loved as his own flesh and blood—that that order was departed from, that that regularity was not maintained, that that good example was not kept up (Mr. B. always spoke in this emphatic way)—if he found his children departing from the wholesome rules of morality, religion, and decorum—if he found in high or low—in the head clerk at six hundred a-year down to the porter who cleaned the steps—if he found the slightest taint of dissipation, he would cast the offender from him—yea, though he were his own son, he would cast him from him!

As he spoke this Mr. Brough burst into tears; and we who didn't know what was coming, looked at each other as pale as parsnips; all except Swinney, who was twelfth clerk, and made believe to whistle. When Mr. B. had wiped his eyes and recovered himself, he turned round; and, oh, how my heart thumped as he looked me full in the face! How it was relieved, though, when he shouted out in a thundering voice,—

"Mr. ROBERT SWINNEY!"

"Sir to you," says Swinney, as cool as possible, and some of the chaps began to titter.

"Mr. SWINNEY!" roared Brough, in a voice still bigger than before, "when you came into this office—this family, sir, for such it is, as I am proud to say—you found three-and-twenty as pious and well-regulated young men as ever laboured together—as ever had confided to them the wealth of this mighty capital and famous empire. You found, sir, sobriety, regularity, and decorum; no profane songs were uttered in this place sacred to—to business; no slanders were whispered against the heads of the establishment —but over them I pass; I can afford, sir, to pass them by—no

worldly conversation or foul jesting disturbed the attention of these gentlemen, or desecrated the peaceful scene of their labours. You found Christians and gentlemen, sir!"

"I paid for my place like the rest," said Swinney. "Didn't my governor take sha——"

"Silence, sir! Your worthy father did take shares in this establishment, which will yield him one day an immense profit. He *did* take shares, sir, or you never would have been here. I glory in saying that every one of my young friends around me has a father, a brother, a dear relative or friend, who is connected in a similar way with our glorious enterprise; and that not one of them is there but has an interest in procuring, at a liberal commission, other persons to join the ranks of our association. *But*, sir, I am its chief. You will find, sir, your appointment signed by me; and in like manner I, John Brough, annul it. Go from us, sir!—leave us—quit a family that can no longer receive you in its bosom! Mr. Swinney, I have wept—I have prayed, sir, before I came to this determination; I have taken counsel sir, and am resolved. *Depart from out of us!*"

"Not without three months' salary, though. Mr. B. that cock won't fight!"

"They shall be paid to your father, sir."

"My father be hanged! I'll tell you what, Brough, I'm of age; and if you don't pay me my salary, I'll arrest you,—by Jingo, I will! I'll have you in quod, or my name's not Bob Swinney!"

"Make out a cheque, Mr. Roundhand, for the three months' salary of this perverted young man."

"Twenty-one pun five, Roundhand, and nothing for the stamp!" cried out that audacious Swinney. "There it is, sir, *re*-ceipted. You needn't cross it to my banker's. And if any of you gents like a glass of punch this evening at eight o'clock, Bob Swinney's your man, and nothing to pay. If Mr. Brough *would* do me the honour to come in and take a whack? Come, don't say no, if you'd rather not!"

We couldn't stand this impudence, and all burst out laughing like mad.

"Leave the room!" yelled Mr. Brough, whose face had turned quite blue; and so Bob took his white hat off the peg, and strolled

away with his "tile," as he called it, very much on one side. When he was gone, Mr. Brough gave us another lecture, by which we all determined to profit; and going up to Roundhand's desk put his arm round his neck, and looked over the ledger.

"What money has been paid in to-day, Roundhand?" he said, in a very kind way.

"The widow, sir, came with her money: nine hundred and four, ten and six—say 904*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* Captain Sparr, sir, paid his shares up; grumbles, though, and says he's no more: fifty shares, two instalments—three fifties, sir."

"He's always grumbling!"

"He says he has not a shilling to bless himself with until our dividend day."

"Any more?"

Mr. Roundhand went through the book, and made it up nineteen hundred pounds in all. We were doing a famous business now; though when I came into the office we used to sit and laugh, and joke, and read the newspapers all day, bustling into our seats whenever a stray customer came. Brough never cared about our laughing and singing *then*, and was hand and glove with Bob Swinney; but that was in early times, before we were well in harness.

"Nineteen hundred pounds, and a thousand pounds in shares. Bravo, Roundhand—bravo, gentlemen! Remember every share you bring in brings you five per cent. down on the nail! Look to your friends—stick to your desks—be regular—I hope none of you forget church. Who takes Mr. Swinney's place?"

"Mr. Samuel Titmarsh, sir."

"Mr. Titmarsh, I congratulate you. Give me your hand, sir; you are now twelfth clerk of this Association, and your salary is consequently increased five pounds a-year. How is your worthy mother, sir—your dear and excellent parent? In good health, I trust? And long—long, I fervently pray, may this office continue to pay her annuity! Remember, if she has more money to lay out, there is higher interest than the last for her, for she is a year older, and five per cent. for you, my boy! Why not you as well as mother? Young men will be young men, and a ten-pound note does no harm. Does it, Mr. Abednego?"

"Oh, no!" says Abednego, who was third clerk, and who the chap that informed against Swinney; and he began to la as indeed we all did whenever Mr. Brough made anything li joke; not that they *were* jokes; only we used to know i his face.

"Oh, by the by, Roundhand," says he, "a word with yo business. Mrs. Brough wants to know why the deuce you n come down to Fulham."

"Law, that 's very polite!" said Mr. Roundhand, quite ple

"Name your day, my boy! Say Saturday, and bring nightcap with you."

"You're very polite, I 'm sure. I should be delighted be anything, but——"

"But—no buts, my boy! Hark ye! the Chancellor of Exchequer does me the honour to dine with us, and I want to see him; for the truth is I have bragged about you to lordship as the best actuary in the three kingdoms."

Roundhand could not refuse such an invitation as *that*, the he had told us how Mrs. R. and he were going to pass Satu and Sunday at Putney; and we who knew what a life the fellow led, were sure that the head clerk would be prettily sco by his lady when she heard what was going on. She disl Mrs. Brough very much, that was the fact; because Mrs. B. a carriage, and said she didn't know where Pentonville was, couldn't call on Mrs. Roundhand. Though to be sure, coachman might have found out the way.

"And, oh, Roundhand!" continued our governor, "dra cheque for seven hundred, will you? Come, don't stare, n I'm not going to run away! That 's right,—seven hundred— ninety say, while you're about it! Our board meets on Satur and never fear I 'll account for it to them before I drive you d We shall take up the Chancellor at Whitehall."

So saying Mr. Brough folded up the cheque, and sha hands with Mr. Roundhand very cordially, got into his carri and-four (he always drove four horses even in the City, where so difficult), which was waiting at the office-door for him.

Bob Swinney used to say that he charged two of the horse the Company; but there was never believing half of what

Bob said, he used to laugh and joke so. I don't know how it was, but I and a gent by the name of Hoskins (eleventh clerk), who lived together with me in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, where we occupied a very genteel two-pair, found our flute duet rather tiresome that evening, and as it was a very fine night, strolled out for a walk West End way. When we arrived opposite Covent Garden Theatre we found ourselves close to the Globe Tavern, and recollected Bob Swinney's hospitable invitation. We never fancied that he had meant the invitation in earnest, but thought we might as well look in; at any rate there could be no harm in doing so.

There, to be sure, in the back drawing-room, where he said he would be, we found Bob at the head of a table, and in the midst of a great smoke of cigars, and eighteen of our gents rattling and banging away at the table with the bottoms of their glasses.

What a shout they made as we came in! "Hurray!" says Bob, "here's two more! Two more chairs, Mary, two more tumblers, two more hot waters, and two more goes of gin! Who would have thought of seeing Tit, in the name of goodness?"

"Why," said I, "we only came in by the merest chance."

At this word there was another tremendous roar: and it is a positive fact, that every man of the eighteen had said he came by chance! However, chance gave us a very jovial night; and that hospitable Bob Swinney paid every shilling of the score.

"Gentlemen!" says he, as he paid the bill, "I'll give you the health of John Brough, Esquire, and thanks to him for the present of 21*l.* 5*s.* which he made me this morning. What do I say, 21*l.* 5*s.*? That and a month's salary that I should have had to pay—forfeit—down on the nail by Jingo! for leaving the shop, as I intended to do, to-morrow morning. I've got a place—a tip-top place, I tell you. Five guineas a-week, six journeys a-year, my own horse and gig, and to travel in the West of England in oil and spermaceti. Here's confusion to gas, and the health of Messrs. Gann and Co. of Thames Street, in the city of London!"

I have been thus particular in my account of the West Middlesex Assurance Office, and of Mr. Brough, the managing director (though the real names are neither given to the office or to the chairman, as you may be sure), because the fate of me

and my diamond-pin was mysteriously bound up with both, as I am about to show.

You must know that I was rather respected among our gents at the West Diddlesex, because I came of a better family than most of them; had received a classical education; and especially because I had a rich aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty, about whom, as must be confessed, I used to boast a good deal. There is no harm in being respected in this world as I have found out: and if you don't brag a little for yourself, depend on it there is no person of your acquaintance who will tell the world of your merits, and take the trouble off your hands.

So that when I came back to the office after my visit at home, and took my seat at the old day-book opposite the dingy window that looks into Birchin Lane, I pretty soon let the fellows know that Mrs. Hoggarty, though she had not given me a large sum of money, as I expected—indeed, I had promised a dozen of them a treat down the river, should the promised riches have come to me—I let them know, I say, that though my aunt had not given me any money, she had given me a splendid diamond, worth at least thirty guineas, and that some day I would sport it at the shop.

"Oh, let's see it!" says Abednego, whose father was a mock-jewel and gold-lace merchant in Hanway Yard; and I promised that he should have a sight of it as soon as it was set. As my pocket money was run out too (by coach hire to and from home, five shillings to our maid at home, ten to my aunt's maid and man, five-and-twenty shillings lost at whist, as I said, and fifteen-and-six paid for a silver scissors for the dear little fingers of Somebody), Roundhand, who was very good-natured, asked me to dine, and advanced me 7*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*, a month's salary. It was at Roundhand's house, Myddelton Square, Pentonville, over a fillet of veal and bacon, and a glass of port, that I learned and saw how his wife ill-treated him, as I have told before. Poor fellow!—we under-clerks all thought it was a fine thing to sit at a desk by oneself, and have 50*l.* per month, as Roundhand had; but I've a notion that Hoskins and I, blowing duets on the flute together in our second floor in Salisbury Square, were a great deal more at ease than our head—and more *in harmony*, too, though we made sad work of the music, certainly.

One day Gus Hoskins and I asked leave from Roundhand to be off at three o'clock, as we had *particular business* at the West End. He knew it was about the great Hoggarty diamond, and gave us permission; so off we set. When we reached St. Martin's Lane, Gus got a cigar, to give himself as it were a *distingué* air, and puffed at it all the way up the Lane, and through the alleys into Coventry Street, where Mr. Polonius's shop is, as everybody knows.

The door was open, and a number of carriages full of ladies were drawing up and setting down. Gus kept his hands in his pockets—trousers were worn very full then, with large tucks, and pigeon-holes for your boots, or Bluchers, to come through (the fashionables wore boots, but we chaps in the City, on 80*l.* a-year, contented ourselves with Bluchers); and as Gus stretched out his pantaloons as wide as he could from his hips, and kept blowing away at his cheroot, and clamping with the iron heels of his boots, and had very large whiskers for so young a man, he really looked quite the genteel thing, and was taken by everybody to be a person of consideration.

He would not come into the shop though, but stood staring at the gold pots and kettles in the window outside. I went in; and after a little hemming and hawing, for I had never been at such a fashionable place before, asked one of the gentlemen to let me speak to Mr. Polonius.

"What can I do for you, sir?" says Mr. Polonius, who was standing close by as it happened, serving three ladies,—a very old one, and two young ones, who were examining pearl necklaces very attentively.

"Sir," said I, producing my jewel out of my coat-pocket, "this jewel has, I believe, been in your house before: it belonged to my aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty." The old lady standing near looked round as I spoke.

"I sold her a gold neck-chain and repeating-watch in the year 1795," said Mr. Polonius, who made it a point to recollect everything; "and a silver punch-ladle to the captain. How is the major—colonel—general—ay, sir?"

"The general," said I, "I am sorry to say," though I was quite proud that this man of fashion should address me so, "Mr.

Hoggarty is—no more. My aunt has made me a present, however, of this—this trinket, which as you see contains her husband's portrait, that I will thank you, sir, to preserve for me very carefully; and she wishes that you would set this diamond neatly."

"Neatly and handsomely, of course, sir."

"Neatly, in the present fashion; and send down the account to her. There is a great deal of gold about the trinket, for which, of course, you will make an allowance."

"To the last fraction of a sixpence," says Mr. Polonius, bowing, and looking at the jewel. "It's a wonderful piece of goods, certainly," said he; "though the diamond's a neat little bit, certainly. Do, my lady, look at it. The thing is of Irish manufacture, bears the stamp of '95, and will recall, perhaps, the times of your ladyship's earliest youth."

"Get ye out, Mr. Polonius!" said the old lady, a little weazen-faced old lady, with her face puckered up in a million of wrinkles: "How *dar* you, sir, to talk such nonsense to an old woman like me? Wasn't I fifty years old in '95, and a grandmother in '96?" She put out a pair of withered, trembling hands, took up the locket, examined it for a minute, and then burst out laughing, "As I live, it's the great Hoggarty diamond!"

Good Heavens! what was this talisman that had come into my possession?

"Look, girls," continued the old lady, "this is the great jew'l of all Ireland. This red-faced man in the middle is poor Mick Hoggarty, a cousin of mine, who was in love with me in the year '84, when I had just lost your poor dear grandpapa. These thirteen sthreamers of red hair represent his thirteen celebrated sisters,—Biddy, Minny, Thedy, Widdy (short for Williamina), Freddy, Izzy, Tizzy, Mysie, Grizzy, Polly, Dolly, Nell, and Bell—all mar'ied, all ugly, and all carr'ty hair. And of which are you the son, young man?—though, to do you justice, you're not like the family."

Two pretty young ladies turned two pretty pairs of black eyes at me, and waited for an answer: which they would have had, only the old lady began rattling on a hundred stories about the thirteen ladies above named, and all their lovers, all their disappointments, and all the duels of Mick Hoggarty. She was a

chronicle of fifty years old scandal. At last she was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing; at the conclusion of which Mr. Polonius very respectfully asked me where he should send the pin, and whether I would like the hair kept.

"No," says I, "never mind the hair."

"And the pin, sir?"

I had felt ashamed about telling my address: "But, hang it!" thought I, "why *should* I?—

'A king can make a belted knight,
A marquess, duke, and a' that;
An honest man's abune his might—
Gude faith, he canna fa' that.'

Why need I care about telling these ladies where I live?"

"Sir," says I, "have the goodness to send the parcel, when done, to Mr. Titmarsh, No. 3, Bell Lane, Salisbury Square, near St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. Ring, if you please, the two-pair bell."

"*What*, sir?" said Mr. Polonius.

"*Hwat!*" shrieked the old lady. "Mr. Hwat? *Mais ma chere c'est impayable.* Come along—here's the carr'age! Give me your arm, Mr. Hwat and get inside, and tell me all about your thirteen aunts."

She seized on my elbow and hobbled through the shop as fast as possible; the young ladies following her, laughing.

"Now jump in, do you hear?" said she, poking her sharp nose out of the window.

"I can't, ma'am," says I; "I have a friend."

"Pooh, pooh! send um to the juice, and jump in;" and before almost I could say a word, a great powder'd fellow in yellow-plush breeches pushed me up the steps and banged the door to.

I looked just for one minute as the barouche drove away at Hoskins, and never shall forget his figure. There stood Gus, his mouth wide open, his eyes staring, a smoking cheroot in his hand, wondering with all his might at the strange thing that had just happened to me.

"Who *is* that, Titmarsh?" says Gus: "there's a coronet on the carriage, by jingo!"

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE POSSESSOR OF THE DIAMOND IS WHISKED INTO A MAGNIFICENT CHARIOT, AND HAS YET FURTHER GOOD LUCK.

I SAT on the back seat of the carriage, near a very nice young lady, about my dear Mary's age—that is to say, seventeen and three quarters; and opposite us sat the old countess and her other granddaughter—handsome too, but ten years older. I recollect I had on that day my blue coat and brass buttons, nankeen trousers, a white sprig waistcoat, and one of Dando's silk hats, that had just come in in the year '22, and looked a great deal more glossy than the best beaver.

"And who was that hidjus manster," that was the way her ladyship pronounced,—"that ojus vulgar wretch, with the iron heels to his boots, and the big mouth, and the imitation goold neck-chain, who *steered* at us so as we got into the carr'age?"

How she should have known that Gus's chain was mosaic I can't tell; but so it was, and we had bought it for five-and-twenty and sixpence only the week before at M'Phail's, in St. Paul's Churchyard. But I did not like to hear my friend abused, and so spoke out for him,—

"Ma'am," says I, "that young gentleman's name is Augustus Hoskins. We live together; and a better or more kind-hearted fellow does not exist."

"You are quite right to stand up for your friends, sir," said the second lady, whose name, it appears, was Lady Jane, but whom the grandmamma called Lady Jene.

"Well, upon me canscience, so he is now, Lady Jene; and I like sper't in a young man. So his name is Hoskins, is it? I know, my dears, all the Hoskinses in England. There are the Lincolnshire Hoskinses, the Shropshire Hoskinses: they say the admiral's daughter, Bell, was in love with a black footman, or boatswain, or some such thing; but the world's so censorious.

here's old Doctor Hoskins of Bath, who attended poor dear rum in the quinsy. And poor, dear old Fred Hoskins, the uty general: I remember him as thin as a lath in the year '84, id as active as a harlequin, and in love with me—oh, how he was love with me!"

"You seem to have had a host of admirers in those days, andmamma?" said Lady Jane.

"Hundreds, my dear,—hundreds of thousands. I was the ast of Bath, and a great beauty, too; would you ever have ought it now, upon your conscience and without flattery, r.-a-What-d'ye-call-'em?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I never should," I answered, for the old lady as as ugly as possible; and at my saying this the two young dies began screaming with laughter, and I saw the two great-hiskered footmen grinning over the back of the carriage.

"Upon my word, you're mighty candid, Mr. What's-your-name —mighty candid, indeed; but I like candour in young people. ut a beauty I was. Just ask your friend's uncle the general. e's one of the Lincolnshire Hoskinses—I knew he was by the rong family likeness. Is he the eldest son? It's a pretty roperty, though sadly encumbered; for old Sir George was the ivvle of a man—a friend of Hanbury Williams, and Lyttleton, nd those horrid, monstrous, ojous people! How much will he ave now, mister, when the admiral dies?"

"Why, ma'am, I can't say; but the admiral is not my friend's ather."

"Not his father?—but he *is*, I tell you, and I'm never wrong. Who is his father, then?"

"Ma'am, Gus's father's a leather-seller in Skinner Street, Snow Hill,—a very respectable house, ma'am. But Gus is only third on, and so can't expect a great share in the property."

The two young ladies smiled at this—the old lady said, Hwat?"

"I like you, sir," Lady Jane said, "for not being ashamed of ur friends, whatever their rank of life may be. Shall we have pleasure of setting you down anywhere, Mr. Titmarsh?"

"Noways particular, my lady," says I. "We have a holiday our office to-day—at least, Roundhand gave me and Gus leave;

and I shall be very happy, indeed, to take a drive in the Park, if it's no offence."

"I'm sure it will give us—infinite pleasure," said Lady Jane, though rather in a grave way.

"Oh, that it will!" says Lady Fanny, clapping her hands: "won't it, grandmamma? And after we have been in the Park, we can walk in Kensington Gardens, if Mr. Titmarsh will be good enough to accompany us."

"Indeed, Fanny, we will do no such thing," says Lady Jane.

"Indeed, but we will though!" shrieked out Lady Drum. "An't I dying to know everything about his uncle and thirteen aunts? and you're all chattering so, you young women, that not a blessed syllable will you allow me or my young friend here to speak."

Lady Jane gave a shrug with her shoulders, and did not say a single word more. Lady Fanny, who was as gay as a young kitten (if I may be allowed so to speak of the aristocracy), laughed, and blushed, and giggled, and seemed quite to enjoy her sister's ill-humour. And the countess began at once, and entered into the history of the thirteen Misses Hoggarty, which was not near finished when we entered the Park.

When there, you can't think what hundreds of gents on horseback came to the carriage and talked to the ladies. They had their joke for Lady Drum, who seemed to be a character in her way; their bow for lady Jane; and, the young ones especially, their compliment for Lady Fanny.

Though she bowed and blushed, as a young lady should, Lady Fanny seemed to be thinking of something else, for she kept her head out of the carriage, looking eagerly among the horsemen, as if she expected to see somebody. Aha! my Lady Fanny, *I* knew what it meant when a young pretty lady like you was absent, and on the look-out, and only half answered the questions put to her. Let alone Sam Titmarsh—he knows what *somebody* means as well as another, I warrant. As I saw these manœuvres going on, I could not help just giving a wink to Lady Jane, as much as to say I knew what was what. "I guess the young lady is looking for Somebody," says I. It was then *her* turn to look queer, I assure you, and she blushed as red as scarlet; but, after

ıute, the good-natured little thing looked at her sister, and h the young ladies put their handkerchiefs up to their faces, l began laughing—laughing as if I had said the funniest thing the world.

'*Il est charmant, votre monsieur*," said Lady Jane to her ındmamma. And on which I bowed, and said, "*Madame, vous faits beaucoup d'honneur;*" for I know the French language, l was pleased to find that these good ladies had taken a liking me. "I'm a poor humble lad, ma'am, not used to London ciety, and do really feel it quite kind of you to take me by the nd so, and give me a drive in your fine carriage."

At this minute a gentleman on a black horse, with a pale face, d a tuft to his chin, came riding up to the carriage; and I knew a little start that Lady Fanny gave, and by her instantly oking round the other way, that *Somebody* was come at last.

"Lady Drum," said he, "your most devoted servant! I have st been riding with a gentleman who almost shot himself for ve of the beautiful Countess of Drum in the year—never mind e year."

"Was it Killblazes?" said the lady: "he's a dear old man, and 'm quite ready to go off with him this minute. Or was it that light of an old bishop? He's got a lock of my hair now—I ve it him when he was papa's chaplain; and let me tell you would be a hard matter to find another now in the same place."

"Law, my lady!" says I, "you don't say so?"

"But indeed, I do, my good sir," says she; "for, between rselves, my head's as bare as a cannon-ball—ask Fanny if it n't. Such a fright as the poor thing got when she was a bby, and came upon me suddenly in my dressing-room without y wig!"

"I hope Lady Fanny has recovered from the shock," said Somebody," looking first at her, and then at me as if he had a ind to swallow me. And, would you believe it? all that Lady nny could say was, "Pretty well, I thank you, my lord;" and e said this with as much fluttering and blushing as we used to r our Virgil at school—when we hadn't learned it.

My lord still kept on looking very fiercely at me, muttered mething about having hoped to find a seat in Lady Drum's

carriage, as he was tired of riding; on which Lady Fanny mut something, too, about "a friend of grandmamma's."

"You should say a friend of yours, Fanny," says Lady Jane am sure we should never have come to the Park if Fanny ha insisted upon bringing Mr. Titmarsh hither. Let me intr the Earl of Tiptoff to Mr. Titmarsh." But, instead of taki his hat, as I did mine, his lordship growled out that he hope another opportunity, and galloped off again on his black horse. the deuce *I* should have offended him I never could underst

But it seemed as if I was destined to offend all the mer day; for who should presently come up but the Right Edmund Preston, one of his majesty's under secretaries of (as I knew very well by the almanack in our office), an husband of Lady Jane.

The Right Hon. Edmund was riding a grey cob, and was pale-faced man, who looked as if he never went into the ope "Who the devil's that?" said he to his wife, looking surlily at me and her.

"Oh, it's a friend of grandmamma's and Jane's," said Fanny at once, looking, like a sly rogue as she was, quite a at her sister, who, in her turn, appeared quite frightened looked imploringly at her sister, and never dared to brea syllable. "Yes, indeed," continued Lady Fanny, "Mr. Titt is a cousin of grandmamma's, by the mother's side, by the garty side. Didn't you know the Hoggarties when you we Ireland, Edmund, with Lord Bagwig? Let me introduce y grandmamma's cousin, Mr. Titmarsh; Mr. Titmarsh, my bro Mr. Edmund Preston."

There was Lady Jane all the time treading upon her sis foot as hard as possible, and the little wicked thing would tak notice, and I, who had never heard of the cousinship, feeli confounded as could be. But I did not know the Count Drum near so well as that sly minx her granddaughter did the old lady, who had just before called poor Gus Hoskin cousin, had, it appeared, the mania of fancying all the related to her, and said,—

"Yes, we're cousins, and not very far removed. Mick garty's grandmother was Millicent Brady, and she and my

Towzer were related, as all the world knows; for Decimus Brady of Ballybrady, married an own cousin of Aunt Towzer's mother, Bell Swift—that was no relation of the Dean's, my love, who came but of a so-so family—and isn't *that* clear?"

"Oh, perfectly, grandmamma," said Lady Jane, laughing, while the right honourable gent still rode by us, looking sour and surly.

"And sure you knew the Hoggarties, Edmund?—the thirteen red-haired girls—the nine graces, and four over, as poor Clanboy used to call them. Poor Clan!—a cousin of yours and mine, Mr. Titmarsh, and sadly in love with me he was too. Not remember them *all* now, Edmund?—not remember?—not remember Biddy and Minny, and Thedy and Widdy, and Mysie and Grizzy, and Polly and Dolly, and the rest?"

"D— the Miss Hoggarties, ma'am," said the right honourable gent; and he said it with such energy, that his grey horse gave a sudden lash out that well-nigh sent him over his head. Lady Jane screamed; Lady Fanny laughed; old Lady Drum looked as if she did not care twopence, and said, "Serve you right for swearing, you ojous man, you!"

"Hadn't you better come into the carriage, Edmund—Mr. Preston?" cried out the lady, anxiously.

"Oh, I 'm sure I'll slip out, ma'am," says I.

"Pooh, pooh, don't stir," said Lady Drum, "its my carriage; and if Mr. Preston chooses to swear at a lady of my years in that ojous vulgar way—in that ojous vulgar way, I repeat—I don't see why my friends should be inconvenienced for him. Let him sit on the dicky if he likes, or come in and ride bodkin." It was quite clear that my Lady Drum hated her grandson-in-law heartily; and I've remarked somehow in families that this kind of hatred is by no means uncommon.

Mr. Preston, one of his majesty's secretaries of state, was, to tell the truth, in a great fright upon his horse, and was glad to get away from the kicking, plunging brute. His pale face looked still paler than before, and his hands and legs trembled as he dismounted from the cob, and gave the reins to his servant. I disliked the looks of the chap—of the master, I mean—at the first moment he came up, when he spoke rudely to that nice gentle wife of his; and I thought he was a cowardly fellow, as the adventure

of the cob showed him to be. Heaven bless you! a baby could have ridden it; and here was the man with his soul in his mouth at the very first kick.

"Oh, quick! *do* come in, Edmund," said Lady Fanny, laughing! and the carriage steps being let down, and giving me a great scowl as he came in, he was going to place himself in Lady Fanny's corner (I warrant you I wouldn't budge from mine), when the little rogue cried out, "Oh, no! by no means, Mr. Preston. Shut the door, Thomas. And oh! what fun it will be to show all the world a secretary of state riding bodkin!"

And pretty glum the secretary of state looked, I assure you!

"Take my place, Edmund, and don't mind Fanny's folly," said Lady Jane, timidly.

"Oh, no!—pray, madam, don't stir! I'm comfortable, very comfortable; and so I hope is this Mr.—this gentleman."

"Perfectly, I assure you," says I. "I was going to offer to ride your horse home for you, as you seemed to be rather frightened at it; but the fact was, I was so comfortable here that really I *couldn't* move."

Such a grin as old Lady Drum gave when I said that!—how her little eyes twinkled, and her little sly mouth puckered up! I couldn't help speaking, for, look you, my blood was up.

"We shall always be happy of your company, cousin Titmarsh," says she; and handed me a gold snuff-box, out of which I took a pinch, and sneezed with the air of a lord.

"As you have invited this gentleman into your carriage, Lady Jane Preston, hadn't you better invite him home to dinner?" says Mr. Preston, quite blue with rage.

"I invited him into *my* carr'age," says the old lady; "and as we are going to dine at your house, and you press it, I'm sure I shall he very happy to see him there."

"I'm very sorry I'm engaged," said I.

"Oh, indeed, what a pity!" says right honourable Ned, still glowring at his wife. "What a pity that this gentleman—I forget his name—that your friend, Lady Jane, is engaged! I am sure you would have had such gratification in meeting your relation in Whitehall."

Lady Drum was over fond of finding out relations, to be sure,

this speech of right honourable Ned's was rather too much. ow, Sam," says I, "be a man and show your spirit!" So I ke up at once, and said, "Why, ladies, as the right honourable t is so *very* pressing, I'll give up my engagement, and shall e sincere pleasure in cutting mutton with him. What's your r, sir?"

He didn't condescend to answer, and for me I did not care, for, ı see, I did not intend to dine with the man, but only to give ı a leason of manners. For though I am but a poor fellow, I hear people cry out how vulgar it is to eat peas with a knife, ask three times for cheese, and such like points of ceremony, re's something, I think, much more vulgar than all this, and t is, insolence to one's inferiors. I hate the chap that uses it, I scorn him of humble rank that affects to be of the fashion; I so I determined to let Mr. Preston know a piece of my mind. When the carriage drove up to his house, I handed out the ies as politely as possible, and walked into the hall, and then ing hold of Mr. Preston's button at the door, I said, before the es and the two big servants—upon my word I did—"Sir," s I, "this kind old lady asked me into her carriage, and I rode it to please her, not myself. When you came up and asked) the devil I was, I thought you might have put the question a more polite manner, but it wasn't my business to speak. ıen, by way of a joke, you invited me to dinner, I thought I ıld answer in a joke too, and here I am. But don't be htened; I'm not a-going to dine with you: only if you play same joke upon other parties—on some of the chaps in our ce, for example—I recommend you to have a care, or they will *e you at your word.*"

'Is that all, sir?" says Mr. Preston, still in a rage: "if you 'e done, will you leave this house, or shall my servants turn ı out? Turn out this fellow! do you hear me?" and he broke ay from me, and flung into his study in a rage.

'He's an ojous, horrid monsther of a man, that husband of ırs!" said Lady Drum, seizing hold of her elder granddaughter's ı, "and I hate him; and so come away, for the dinner'll be ting cold:" and she was for hurrying away Lady Jane without re ado. But that kind lady, coming forward, looking very

pale and trembling, said, "Mr. Titmarsh, I do hope you'll n angry—that is, that you'll forget what has happened, for, b me, it has given me very great——"

Very great what, I never could say, for here the poor t eyes filled with tears; and Lady Drum, crying out "Tut none of this nonsense," pulled her away by the sleeve, and up-stairs. But little Lady Fanny walked boldly up to m held me out her little hand, and gave mine such a squeez said, "Good-bye, my dear Mr. Titmarsh," so very kindly I'm blest if I did not blush up to the ears, and all the bl my body began to tingle.

So, when she was gone, I clapped my hat on my hea walked out of the hall-door, feeling as proud as a peacock a brave as a lion; and all I wished for was that one of those grinning footmen should say or do something to me that w least uncivil, so that I might have the pleasure of knockin down, with my best compliments to his master. But neit them did me any such favour; and I went away, and din home off boiled mutton and turnips with Gus Hoskins peacefully.

I did not think it was proper to tell Gus (who, be ourselves, is rather curious, and inclined to tittle-tattle) a particulars of the family quarrel of which I had been the and witness, and so just said that the old lady——("They the Drum arms," says Gus; "for I went and looked the that minute in the 'Peerage;'") that the old lady turned ou a cousin of mine, and that she had taken me to drive in the Next day, we went to the office as usual, when you may b that Hoskins told everything of what had happened, and a deal more; and somehow, though I did not pretend t sixpence about the matter, I must confess that I *was* pleased that the gents in our office should hear of a part adventure.

But fancy my surprise, on coming home in the evening, t Mrs. Stokes, the landlady; Miss Selina Stokes, her daughte Master Bob Stokes, her son (an idle young vagabond, th always playing marbles on St. Bride's steps and in Sal Square),—when I found them all bustling and tumbling u

steps before me to our rooms, on the second floor, and there, on the table, between our two flutes, on one side, my album, Gus's *Don Juan* and *Peerage* on the other, I saw as follows:—

1. A basket of great red peaches, looking like the cheeks of my dear Mary Smith.

2. A ditto of large, fat, luscious, heavy-looking grapes.

3. An enormous piece of raw mutton, as I thought it was; but Mrs. Stokes said it was the primest haunch of venison that ever she saw.

And three cards, viz.,

DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DRUM.
LADY FANNY RAKES.

MR. PRESTON.
LADY JANE PRESTON.

EARL OF TIPTOFF.

"Sich a carriage!" says Mrs. Stokes (for that was the way the poor thing spoke) "sich a carriage—all over coronites! sich liveries—two great footmen, with red whiskers and yellow-plush small-clothes; and inside, a very old lady in a white poke bonnet, and a young one with a great Leghorn hat and blue ribands, and a great, tall, pale gentleman, with a tuft on his chin.

"'Pray, madam, does Mr. Titmarsh live here?' says the young lady, with her clear voice.

"'Yes, my lady,' says I; 'but he 's at the office—the West Middlesex Fire and Life Office, Cornhill.'

"'Charles, get out the things,' says the gentleman, quite solemn.

"'Yes, my lord,' says Charles; and brings me out the haunch in a newspaper, and on the chany dish as you see it, and the two baskets of fruit besides.

"'Have the kindness, madam,' said my lord, 'to take these things to Mr. Titmarsh's rooms, with our, with Lady Jane Preston's compliments, and request his acceptance of them;' and then he pulled out the cards on your table, and this letter, sealed with his lordship's own crown."

And herewith Mrs. Stokes gave me a letter, which my wife keeps to this day by the way, and which runs thus:—

"The Earl of Tiptoff has been commissioned by Lady Jane Preston to express her sincere regret and disappointment that she was not able yesterday to enjoy the pleasure of Mr. Titmarsh's company. Lady Jane is about to leave town imediately; she will therefore be unable to receive her friends in Whitehall Place this season. But Lord Tiptoff trusts that Mr. Titmarsh will have the kindness to accept some of the produce of her ladyship's garden and park; with which, perhaps, he will entertain some of those friends in whose favour he knows so well how to speak."

Along with this was a little note, containing the words "Lady Drum at home. Friday evening, June 17." And all this came to me because my aunt Hoggarty had given me a diamond-pin!

I did not send back the venison, as why should I? Gus was for sending it at once to Brough, our director; and the grapes and peaches to my aunt in Somersetshire.

"But no," says I, "we 'll ask Bob Swinney and half-a-dozen more of our gents; and we 'll have a merry night of it on Saturday." And a merry night we had too; and as we had no wine in the cupboard, we had plenty of ale, and gin-punch afterwards. And Gus sat at the foot of the table, and I at the head; and we sang songs, both comic and sentimental, and drank toasts; and I made a speech that there is no possibility of mentioning here, because, *entre nous*, I had quite forgotten in the morning everything that had taken place after a certain period on the night before.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE HAPPY DIAMOND-WEARER DINES AT PENTONVILLE.

I DID not go to the office till half an hour after opening time on Monday. If the truth must be told, I was not sorry to let Hoskins have the start of me, and tell the chaps what had taken place,—for we all have our little vanities, and I liked to be thought well of by my companions.

When I came in, I saw my business had been done, by the way in which the chaps looked at me, especially Abednego, who offered me a pinch out of his gold snuff-box the very first thing. Roundhand shook me, too, warmly by the hand, when he came round to

look over my day-book, said I wrote a capital hand (and indeed I believe I do, without any sort of flattery), and invited me for dinner next Sunday, in Myddelton Square. "You won't have," said he, "quite such a grand turn-out as with *your friends at the West End*," he said this with a particular accent; "but Amelia and I are always happy to see a friend in our plain way,—pale sherry, old port, and cut-and-come again. Hey?"

I said I would come, and bring Hoskins too.

He answered, that I was very polite, and that he should be very happy to see Hoskins; and we went accordingly, at the appointed day and hour; but though Gus was eleventh clerk and I twelfth, I remarked that at dinner I was helped first and best. I had twice as many forced-meat balls as Hoskins in my mock-turtle, and pretty nearly all the oysters out of the sauce-boat. Once, Roundhand was going to help Gus before me; when his wife, who was seated at the head of the table, looking very big and fierce in red crape and a turban, shouted out, "ANTONY!" and poor R. dropped the plate, and blushed as red as anything. How Mrs. R. did talk to me about the West End, to be sure! She had a *Peerage*, as you may be certain, and knew everything about the Drum family in a manner that quite astonished me. She asked me how much Lord Drum had a-year; whether I thought he had twenty, thirty, forty, or a hundred and fifty thousand a-year; whether I was invited to Drum Castle: what the young ladies wore, and if they had those odious *gigot* sleeves which were just coming in then; and here Mrs. R. looked at a pair of large mottled arms that she was very proud of.

"I say, Sam, my boy!" cried, in the midst of our talk, Mr. Roundhand, who had been passing the port-wine round pretty freely, "I hope you looked to the main chance, and put in a few shares of the West Diddlesex,—hey?"

"Mr. Roundhand, have you put up the decanters down-stairs?" cries the lady, quite angry, and wishing to stop the conversation.

"No, Milly, I've *emptied* 'em," says R.

"Don't Milly me, sir! and have the goodness to go down and tell Lancy, my maid (a look at me), to make the tea in the study. We have a gentleman here who is not *used* to Pentonville ways (another look); but he won't mind the ways of *friends*." And

here Mrs. Roundhand heaved her very large chest, and gave me a third look, that was so severe, that, I declare to goodness, it made me look quite foolish. As to Gus, she never so much as spoke to him all the evening; but he consoled himself with a great lot of muffins, and sat most of the evening (it was a cruel hot summer) whistling and talking with Roundhand on the verandah. I think I should like to have been with them,—for it was very close in the room with that great, big Mrs. Roundhand squeezing close up to one on the sofa.

"Do you recollect what a jolly night we had here last summer?" I heard Hoskins say, who was leaning over the balcony, and ogling the girls coming home from church. "You and me with our coats off, plenty of cold rum-and-water, Mrs. Roundhand at Margate, and a whole box of Manillas?"

"Hush!" said Roundhand, quite eagerly; "Milly will hear."

But Milly didn't hear; for she was occupied in telling me an immense long story about her waltzing with the Count de Schloppenzollern, at the city ball to the allied sovereigns; and how the count had great, large, white moustaches; and how odd she thought it to go whirling round the room with a great man's arm round your waist. "Mr. Roundhand has never allowed it since our marriage—never; but in the year 'fourteen it was considered a proper compliment, you know, to pay the sovereigns. So twenty-nine young ladies, of the best families in the city of London, I assure you, Mr. Titmarsh—there was the Lord Mayor's own daughters; Alderman Dobbin's gals; Sir Charles Hopper's three, who have the great house in Baker Street; and your humble servant, who was rather slimmer in those days—twenty-nine of us had a dancing-master on purpose, and practised waltzing in a room over the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House. He was a splendid man, that Count Schloppenzollern!"

"I am sure, ma'am," says I, "he had a splendid partner!" and blushed up to my eyes when I said it.

"Get away, you naughty creature!" says Mrs. Roundhand, giving me a great slap; "you 're all the same, you men in the West End—all deceivers. The count was just like you. Heigho! Before you marry, it's all honey and compliments; when you win us, it's all coldness and indifference. Look at Roundhand, the

great baby, trying to beat down a butterfly with his yellow bandanna! Can a man like *that* comprehend me? can he fill the void in my heart?" (She pronounced it without the *h*; but, that there should be no mistake, laid her hand upon the place meant.) "Ah, no! Will *you* be so neglectful when *you* marry, Mr. Titmarsh?"

As she spoke, the bells were just tolling the people out of church, and I fell a-thinking of my dear, dear Mary Smith in the country, walking home to her grandmother's, in her modest grey cloak, as the bells were chiming, and the air full of the sweet smell of the hay, and the river shining in the sun, all crimson, purple, gold, and silver. There was my dear Mary a hundred and twenty miles off, in Somersetshire, walking home from church along with Mr. Snorter's family, with which she came and went; and I was listening to the talk of this great, leering, vulgar woman.

I could not help feeling for a certain half of a sixpence that you have heard me speak of; and putting my hand mechanically upon my chest, I tore my fingers with the point of my new DIAMOND-PIN. Mr. Polonius had sent it home the night before, and I sported it for the first time at Roundhand's to dinner.

"It's a beautiful diamond," said Mrs. Roundhand; "I have been looking at it all dinner-time. How rich you must be to wear such splendid things! and how can you remain in a vulgar office in the City,—you who have such great acquaintances at the West End?"

The woman had somehow put me in such a passion that I bounced off the sofa, and made for the balcony without answering a word,—ay, and half broke my head against the sash, too, as I went out to the gents in the open air. "Gus," says I, "I feel very unwell: I wish you'd come home with me." And Gus did not desire anything better; for he had ogled the last girl out of the last church, and the night was beginning to fall.

"What! already?" said Mrs. Roundhand; "there is a lobster coming up,—a trifling refreshment; not what he's accustomed to, but——"

I am sorry to say I nearly said, "D— the lobster!" as Roundhand went and whispered to her that I was ill.

"Ay," said Gus, looking very knowing. "Recollect, Mrs. R.,

that he was *at the West End* on Thursday asked to dine, ma'am, with the tip-top nobs. Chaps don't dine at the West End for nothing, do they, R.? If you play at *bowls*, you know——"

"You must look out for *rubbers*," said Roundhand, as quick as thought.

"Not in my house of a Sunday," said Mrs. R., looking very fierce and angry. "Not a card shall be touched *here*. Are we in a Protestant land, sir? in a Christian country?"

"My dear, you don't understand. We were not talking of rubbers of whist."

"There shall be *no* game at all in the house of a Sabbath eve," said Mrs. Roundhand; and out she flounced from the room, without ever so much as wishing us good night.

"Do stay," said the husband, looking very much frightened,—"do stay. She won't come back while you're here; and I do wish you'd stay so."

But we wouldn't: and when we reached Salisbury Square, I gave Gus a lecture about spending his Sundays idly; and read out one of Blair's sermons before we went to bed. As I turned over in bed, I could not help thinking about the luck the pin had brought me; and it was not over yet, as you will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE DIAMOND INTRODUCES HIM TO A STILL MORE FASHIONABLE PLACE.

To tell the truth, though, about the pin, although I mentioned it almost the last thing in the previous chapter, I assure you it was by no means the last thing in my thoughts. It had come home from Mr. Polonius's, as I said, on Saturday night; and Gus and I happened to be out enjoying ourselves, half-price, at Sadler's Wells; and perhaps we took a little refreshment on our way back; but that has nothing to do with my story.

On the table, however, was the little box from the jeweller's;

nd when I took it out,—*my*, how the diamond did twinkle and litter by the light of our one candle!

"I'm sure it would light up the room of itself;" says Gus. I've read they do in—in history."

It was in the history of Cogia Hassan Alhabbal, in the "Arabian ights," as I knew very well. But we put the candle out, never-ieless, to try.

"Well, I declare to goodness it does illuminate the whole ace!" says Gus; but the fact was, that there was a gas-lamp)posite our window, and I believe that was the reason why we)uld see pretty well. At least in my bedroom, to which I was)liged to go without a candle, and of which the window looked ıt on a dead wall, I could not see a wink, in spite of the Hog-ırty diamond, and was obliged to grope about in the dark for a ncushion which Somebody gave me (I don't mind owning it was Lary Smith), and in which I stuck it for the night. But, some-ɔw, I did not sleep much for thinking of it, and woke very early ı the morning; and, if the truth must be told, stuck it in my ight-gown, like a fool, and admired myself very much in the lass.

Gus admired it as much as I did; for since my return, and specially since my venison dinner and drive with Lady Drum, he hought I was the finest fellow in the world, and boasted about ıis "West End friend" everywhere.

As we were going to dine at Roundhand's, and I had no black satin stock to set it off, I was obliged to place it in the frill of my best shirt, which tore the muslin sadly, by the way. However, the diamond had its effect on my entertainers, as we have seen, rather too much perhaps on one of them; and next day I wore it down ıt the office, as Gus would make me do, though it did not look lear so well in the second day's shirt as on the first day, when he linen was quite clear and bright with Somersetshire washing.

The chaps at the West Diddlesex all admired it hugely, except hat snarling Scotchman M'Whirter, fourth clerk,—out of envy ecause I did not think much of a great yellow stone, named a arum-gorum, or some such thing, which he had in a snuff-mull, s he called it,—all except M'Whirter, I say, were delighted with ; and Abednego himself, who ought to know, as his father was

in the line, told me the jewel was worth at least ten poundsh, and that his governor would give me as much for it.

"That's a proof," says Roundhand, "that Tit's diamond is worth at least thirty; and we all laughed, and agreed it was.

Now, I must confess that all these praises, and the respect that was paid me, turned my head a little; and as all the chaps said I *must* have a black satin stock to set the stone off, I was fool enough to buy a stock that cost me five-and-twenty shillings, at Ludlam's in Piccadilly; for Gus said I must go to the best place, to be sure, and have none of our cheap and common East End stuff. I might have had one for sixteen and six in Cheapside, every whit as good; but when a young lad becomes vain, and wants to be fashionable, you see he can't help being extravagant.

Our director, Mr. Brough, did not fail to hear of the haunch of venison business, and my relationship with Lady Drum and the Right Hon. Edmund Preston; only Abednego, who told him, said I was her ladyship's first cousin; and this made Brough think more of me, and no worse than before.

Mr. B. was, as everybody knows, member of parliament for Rottenburgh; and being considered one of the richest men in the city of London, used to receive all the great people of the land at his villa at Fulham; and we often read in the papers of the rare doings going on there.

Well, the pin certainly worked wonders; for, not content merely with making me a present of a ride in a countess's carriage, of a haunch of venison and two baskets of fruit, and the dinner at Roundhand's above described, my diamond had other honours in store for me, and procured me the honour of an invitation to the house of our director, Mr. Brough.

Once a year, in June, that honourable gent gave a grand ball at his house at Fulham; and by the accounts of the entertainment brought back by one or two of our chaps who had been invited, it was one of the most magnificent things to be seen about London. You saw members of parliament there as thick as peas in July, lords and ladies without end. There was everything and everybody of the tip-top sort; and I have heard that Mr. Gunter, of Berkeley Square, supplied the ices, supper, and footmen,—though of the latter Brough kept a plenty, but not enough to serve the

host of people who came to him. The party, it must be remembered, was *Mrs.* Brough's party, not the gentleman's,—he being in the Dissenting way, would scarcely sanction any entertainments of the kind; but he told his City friends that his lady governed him in everything; and it was generally observed, that most of them would allow their daughters to go to the ball if asked, on account of the immense number of the nobility which our director assembled together: Mrs. Roundhand, I know, for one, would have given one of her ears to go; but, as I have said before, nothing would induce Brough to ask her.

Roundhand himself, and Gutch, nineteenth clerk, son of the brother of an East Indian director, were the only two of our gents invited, as we knew very well, for they had received their invitations many weeks before, and bragged about them not a little. But two days before the ball, and after my diamond-pin had had its due effect upon the gents at the office, Abednego, who had been in the directors' room, came to my desk with a great flourish, and said, "Tit, Mr. B. says, that he expects you will come down with Roundhand to the ball on Thursday." I thought Moses was joking,—at any rate, that Mr. B.'s message was a queer one; for people don't usually send invitations in that abrupt, peremptory sort of a way; but, sure enough, he presently came down himself, and confirmed it, saying, as he was going out of the office, "Mr. Titmarsh, you will come down on Thursday to Mrs. Brough's party, where you will see some relations of yours."

"West End again!" says that Gus Hoskins; and accordingly down I went, taking a place in a cab which Roundhand hired for himself, Gutch, and me, and for which he very generously paid eight shillings.

There is no use to describe the grand gala, nor the number of lamps in the lodge and in the garden, nor the crowd of carriages that came in the gates, nor the troops of curious people outside; nor the ices, fiddlers, wreaths of flowers, and cold supper within. The whole description was beautifully given in a fashionable paper, by a reporter who observed the same from the Yellow Lion over the way, and told it in his journal in the most accurate manner; getting an account of the dresses of the great people

from their footmen and coachmen, when they came to the ale-house for their porter. As for the names of the guests, they, you may be sure, found their way to the same newspaper; and a great laugh was had at my expense, because among the titles of the great people mentioned, my name appeared in the list of the "Honourables." Next day, Brough advertised "a hundred and fifty guineas reward for an emerald necklace lost at the party of John Brough, Esq., at Fulham." Though some of our people said that no such thing was lost at all, and that Brough only wanted to advertise the magnificence of his society; but this doubt was raised by persons not invited, and envious, no doubt.

Well, I wore my diamond, as you may imagine, and rigged myself in my best clothes, viz., my blue coat and brass buttons before mentioned, nankeen trousers and silk stockings, a white waistcoat, and a pair of white gloves bought for the occasion. But my coat was of country make, very high in the waist and short in the sleeves, and I suppose must have looked rather odd to some of the great people assembled, for they stared at me a great deal, and a whole crowd formed to see me dance, which I did to the best of my power, performing all the steps accurately, and with great agility, as I had been taught by our dancing-master in the country.

And with whom do you think I had the honour to dance? With no less a person than Lady Jane Preston, who it appears had not gone out of town, and who shook me most kindly by the hand when she saw me, and asked me to dance with her. We had my Lord Tiptoff and Lady Fanny Rakes for our *vis-à-vis*.

You should have seen how the people crowded to look at us, and admired my dancing too, for I cut the very best of capers, quite different to the rest of the gents (my lord among the number), who walked through the quadrille, as if they thought it a trouble, and stared at my activity with all their might. But when I have a dance, I like to enjoy myself; and Mary Smith often said I was the very best partner at our assemblies. While we were dancing, I told Lady Jane how Roundhand, Gutch, and I, had come down three in a cab, besides the driver; and my account of our adventures made her ladyship laugh, I warrant

you. Lucky it was for me that I didn't go back in the same vehicle; for the driver went and intoxicated himself at the Yellow Lion, threw out Gutch and our head clerk as he was driving them back, and actually fought Gutch afterwards and blacked his eye, because he said that Gutch's red velvet waistcoat frightened the horse.

Lady Jane, however, spared me such an uncomfortable ride home; for she said she had a fourth place in her carriage, and asked me if I would accept it; and positively, at two o'clock in the morning, there was I, after setting the ladies and my lord down, driven to Salisbury Square in a great thundering carriage, with flaming lamps and two tall footmen, who nearly knocked the door and the whole little street down with the noise they made at the rapper. You should have seen Gus's head peeping out of window in his white nightcap! He kept me up the whole night telling him about the ball, and the great people I had seen there; and next day he told at the office my stories, with his own usual embroideries upon them.

"Mr. Titmarsh," said Lady Fanny, laughing to me, "who is that great, fat, curious man, the master of the house? Do you know he asked me if you were not related to us? and I said, 'O yes, you were.'"

"Fanny!" says Lady Jane.

"Well," answered the other, "did not grandmamma say Mr. Titmarsh was her cousin?"

"But you know that grandmamma's memory is not very good."

"Indeed, you're wrong, Lady Jane," says my lord; "I think it's prodigious."

"Yes, but not very—not very accurate."

"No, my lady," says I; "for her ladyship, the Countess of Drum, said, if you remember, that my friend Gus Hoskins——'

"Whose cause you supported so bravely," cries Lady Fanny.

"—That my friend Gus is her ladyship's cousin too, which cannot be, for I know all his family; they live in Skinner Street and St. Mary Axe, and are not—not quite so *respectable* as *my* relatives."

At this they all began to laugh; and my lord said, rather haughtily,

"Depend upon it, Mr. Titmarsh, that Lady Drum is no more your cousin than she is the cousin of your friend, Mr. Hoskinson."

"Hoskins, my lord—and so I told Gus; but you see he is very fond of me, and *will* have it that I am related to Lady D.: and, say what I will to the contrary, tells the story everywhere. Though to be sure," added I, with a laugh, "it has gained me no small good in my time." So I described to the party our dinner at Mrs. Roundhand's, which all came from my diamond-pin, and my reputation as a connection of the aristocracy. Then I thanked Lady Jane handsomely, for her magnificent present of fruit and venison, and told her, that it had entertained a great number of kind friends of mine, who had drunk her ladyship's health with the greatest gratitude.

"*A haunch of venison!*" cried Lady Jane, quite astonished; "indeed, Mr. Titmarsh, I am quite at a loss to understand you."

As we passed a gas-lamp, I saw Lady Fanny laughing as usual, and turning her great, arch, sparkling black eyes at Lord Tiptoff.

"Why, Lady Jane," said he, "if the truth must out, the great haunch of venison trick was one of this young lady's performing. You must know, that I had received the above-named haunch from Lord Guttlebury's park; and, knowing that Preston is not averse to Guttlebury venison, was telling Lady Drum (in whose carriage I had a seat that day, as Mr. Titmarsh was not in the way), that I intended the haunch for your husband's table. Whereupon my Lady Fanny, clapping together her little hands, declared and vowed that the venison should *not* go to Preston, but should be sent to a gentleman about whose adventures on the day previous we had just been talking,—to Mr. Titmarsh, in fact, whom Preston, as Fanny vowed, had used most cruelly, and to whom, she said, a reparation was due. So my Lady Fanny insists upon our driving straight to my rooms in the Albany (you know I am only to stay in my bachelor's quarters a month longer)—"

"Nonsense!" says Lady Fanny.

"—Insists upon driving straight to my chambers in the Albany, extracting thence the above-named haunch—"

"Grandmamma was very sorry to part with it," cries Lady Fanny.

"—And then she orders us to proceed to Mr. Titmarsh's ouse in the City, where the venison was left, in company with couple of baskets of fruit bought at Grange's by Lady Fanny erself."

"And what was more," said Lady Fanny, "I made grand-amma go into Fr— into Lord Tiptoff's rooms, and dictated out f my own mouth the letter which he wrote, and pinned up the aunch of venison that his hideous old housekeeper brought us— 'm quite jealous of her—I pinned up the haunch of venison in a opy of the *John Bull* newspaper."

It had one of the Ramsbottom letters in it, I remember, which Gus and I read on Sunday at breakfast, and we nearly killed our-elves with laughing. The ladies laughed too when I told them his; and good-natured Lady Jane said she would forgive her ister, and hoped I would too; which I promised to do as often s her ladyship chose to repeat the offence.

I never had any more venison from the family; but I'll tell ou *what* I had. About a month after, came a card of "Lord and Lady Tiptoff," and a great piece of plum-cake, of which, I am orry so say, Gus ate a great deal too much.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE WEST DIDDLESEX ASSOCIATION, AND OF THE EFFECT THE DIAMOND HAD THERE.

WELL, the magic of the pin was not over yet. Very soon after Mrs. Brough's grand party, our director called me up to his room at the West Diddlesex, and after examining my accounts, and speaking awhile about business, said, "That's a very fine diamond-pin, Master Titmarsh (he spoke in a grave, patronising way), and I called you on purpose to speak to you upon the subject. I do not object to seeing the young men of this establishment well

and handsomely dressed; but I know that their salaries cannot afford ornaments like those, and I grieve to see you with a thing of such value. You have paid for it, sir—I trust you have paid for it; for, of all things, my dear—dear young friend, beware of debt."

I could not conceive why Brough was reading me this lecture about debt and my having bought the diamond-pin, as I knew that he had been asking about it already, and how I came by it—Abednego told me so. "Why, sir," says I, "Mr. Abednego told me that he had told you that I had told him——"

"Oh, ay—by the by, now I recollect, Mr. Titmarsh—I *do* recollect—yes; though I suppose, sir, you will imagine that I have other more important things to remember."

"Oh, sir, in course," says I.

"That one of the clerks *did* say something about a pin—that one of the other gentleman had it. And so your pin was given you, was it?"

"It was given me, sir, by my aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty," said I, raising my voice, for I was a little proud of Castle Hoggarty.

"She must be very rich to make such presents, Titmarsh?"

"Why, thank you, sir," says I, "she *is* pretty well off. Four hundred a-year jointure; a farm at Slopperton, sir; three houses at Squashtail; and three thousand two hundred loose cash at the banker's, as I happen to know, sir—*that's all.*"

I did happen to know this, you see, because, while I was down in Somersetshire, Mr. Mac Manus, my aunt's agent in Ireland, wrote to say that a mortgage she had on Lord Brallaghan's property had just been paid off, and that the money was lodged at Coutts's. Ireland was in a very disturbed state in those days; and my aunt wisely determined not to invest her money in that country any more, but to look out for some good security in England. However, as she had always received six per cent. in Ireland, she would not hear of a smaller interest; and had warned me, as I was a commercial man, on coming to town, to look out for some means by which she could invest her money at that rate at least.

"And how do you come to know Mrs. Hoggarty's property so accurately?" said Mr. Brough; upon which I told him.

"Good Heavens, sir! and do you mean that you, a clerk in the West Diddlesex Insurance Office, applied to by a respectable lady as to the manner in which she should invest property, never spoke to her about the Company which you have the honour to serve? Do you mean, sir, that you, knowing there was a bonus of five per cent. for yourself upon shares taken, did not press Mrs. Hoggarty to join us?"

"Sir," says I, "I'm an honest man, and would not take a bonus from my own relation."

"Honest I know you are, my boy—give me your hand! So am I honest—so is every man in this Company honest; but we must be prudent as well. We have five millions of capital on our books, as you see—five *bonâ fide* millions of *bonâ fide* sovereigns paid up, sir,—there is no dishonesty there. But why should we not have twenty millions—a hundred millions? Why should not this be the greatest commercial association in the world?—as it shall be, sir—it shall, as sure as my name is John Brough, if Heaven bless my honest endeavours to establish it! But do you suppose that it can be so, unless every man among us use his utmost exertions to forward the success of the enterprise? Never, sir,—never; and, for me, I say so everywhere. I glory in what I do. There is not a house in which I enter, but I leave a prospectus of the West Diddlesex. There is not a single tradesman I employ, but has shares in it to some amount. My servants, sir—my very servants and grooms, are bound up with it. And the first question I ask of any one who applies to me for a place is, Are you insured or a shareholder in the West Diddlesex? the second, Have you a good character? And if the first question is answered in the negative, I say to the party coming to me, Then *be* a shareholder before you ask for a place in my household. Did you not see me—me, John Brough, whose name is good for millions—step out of my coach-and-four in to this office, with four pounds nineteen, which I paid in to Mr. Roundhand as the price of half a share for the porter at my lodge-gate? Did you remark that I deducted a shilling from the five pound?"

"Yes, sir; it was the day you drew out eight hundred and seventy-three, ten and six—Thursday week," says I.

"And why did I deduct that shilling, sir? Because it was *my*

commission—John Brough's commission of five per cent.; honestly earned by him, and openly taken. Was there any disguise about it? No. Did I do it for the love of a shilling? No," says Brough, laying his hand on his heart, "I did it from *principle*—from that motive which guides every one of my actions, as I can look up to Heaven and say. I wish all my young men to see my example, and follow it—I wish—I pray that they may. Think of that example, sir. That porter of mine has a sick wife and nine young children; he is himself a sick man, and his tenure of life is feeble; he has earned money, sir, in my service—sixty pounds and more—it is all his children have to look to—all; but for that, in the event of his death, they would be houseless beggars in the street. And what have I done for that family, sir? I have put that money out of the reach of Robert Gates, and placed it so that it shall be a blessing to his family at his death. Every farthing is invested in shares in this office; and Robert Gates, my lodge-porter, is a holder of three shares in the West Diddlesex Association, and, in that capacity, your master and mine. Do you think I want to *cheat* Gates?"

"Oh, sir!" says I.

"To cheat that poor helpless man, and those tender, innocent children!—you can't think so, sir; I should be a disgrace to human nature if I did. But what boots all my energy and perseverance? What though I place my friends' money, my family's money, my own money—my hopes, wishes, desires, ambitions—all upon this enterprise? You young men will not do so. You, whom I treat with love and confidence as my children, make no return to *me*. When I toil, you remain still; when I struggle, you look on. Say the word at once,—you *doubt* me! O Heavens, that *this* should be the reward of all my care and love for you!"

Here Mr. Brough was so affected that he actually burst into tears, and I confess I saw in its true light the negligence of which I had been guilty.

"Sir," says I, "I am very—very sorry: it was a matter of delicacy, rather than otherwise, which induced me not to speak to my aunt about the West Diddlesex."

"Delicacy, my dear, dear boy—as if there can be any delicacy about making your aunt's fortune! Say indifference to me, say

ingratitude, say folly,—but don't say delicacy—no, no, not delicacy. Be honest, my boy, and call things by their right names—always do."

"It *was* folly and ingratitude, Mr. Brough," says I; "I see it all now; and I'll write to my aunt this very post."

"You had better do no such thing," says Brough, bitterly; "the stocks are at ninety, and Mrs. Hoggarty can get three per cent. for her money."

"I *will* write, sir,—upon my word and honour, I will write."

"Well, as your honour is past, you must, I suppose; for never break your word—no, not in a trifle, Titmarsh. Send me up the letter when you have done, and I'll frank it—upon my word and honour, I will," says Mr. Brough, laughing, and holding out his hand to me.

I took it, and he pressed mine very kindly,—"You may as well sit down here," says he, as he kept hold of it; "there is plenty of paper."

And so I sat down and mended a beautiful pen and began, and wrote, "Independent West Diddlesex Association, June 1822," and "My dear Aunt," in the best manner possible. Then I paused a little, thinking what I should next say; for I've always found that difficulty about letters. The date and my dear So-and-so one writes off immediately—it is the next part which is hard; and I put my pen in my mouth, flung myself back in my chair, and began to think about it.

"Bah!" said Brough, "are you going to be about that letter all day, my good fellow? Listen to me, and I'll dictate to you in a moment." So he began:—

"My dear Aunt,—Since my return from Somersetshire, I am very happy indeed to tell you, that I have so pleased the managing director of our Association and the Board, that they have been good enough to appoint me third clerk——"

"Sir!" says I.

"Write what I say. Mr. Roundhand, as has been agreed by the Board yesterday, quits the clerk's desk, and takes the title of secretary and actuary. Mr. Highmore takes his place; Mr. Abednego follows him; and I place you as third clerk—as

"third clerk (write), with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. This news will, I know, gratify my dear mother and you, who have been a second mother to me all my life.

"When I was last at home, I remember you consulted me as to the best mode of laying out a sum of money which was lying useless in your banker's hands. I have since lost no opportunity of gaining what information I could: and situated here as I am, in the very midst of affairs, I believe, although very young, I am as good a person to apply to as many others of greater age and standing.

"I frequently thought of mentioning to you our Association, but feelings of delicacy prevented me from doing so. I did not wish that any one should suppose that a shadow of self-interest could move me in any way.

"But I believe, without any sort of doubt, that the West Diddlesex Association offers the best security that you can expect for your capital, and, at the same time, the highest interest you can anywhere procure.

"The situation of the Company, as I have it from *the very best authority* (underline that,) is as follows:—

"The subscribed and *bonâ fide* capital is FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

"The body of directors you know. Suffice it to say that the managing director is John Brough, Esq., of the firm of Brough and Hoff, a member of parliament, and a man as well known as Mr. Rothschild in the city of London. His private fortune, I know for a fact, amounts to half a million, and the last dividends paid to the shareholders of the I. W. D. Association amounted to 6½ per cent. per annum."

[That I know was the dividend declared by us.]

"Although the shares in the market are at a very great premium, it is the privilege of the four first clerks to dispose of a certain number, 5000*l.* each at par; and if you, my dearest aunt, would wish for 2500*l.* worth I hope you will allow me to oblige you by offering you so much of my new privileges.

"Let me hear from you immediately upon the subject, as I have already an offer for the whole amount of my shares at market price."

"But I haven't, sir," says I.

"You have, sir. *I* will take the shares, but I want *you*. I want as many respectable persons in the Company as I can bring. I want you because I like you, and I don't mind telling you that I have views of my own as well, for I am an honest man and say openly what I mean, and I'll tell you *why* I want you. I can't, by the regulations of the Company, have more than a certain number of votes, but if your aunt takes shares, I expect—I don't mind owning it—that she will vote with me. *Now* do you understand me? My object is to be all in all with the Company; and if I be, I will make it the most glorious enterprise that ever was conducted in the city of London."

So I signed the letter and left it with Mr. B. to frank.

The next day I went and took my place at the third clerk's lesk, being led to it by Mr. B., who made a speech to the gents, nuch to the annoyance of the other chaps, who grumbled about heir services; though, as for the matter of that, our services were ery much alike; the Company was only three years old, and the ldest clerk in it had not six months more standing in it than I. Look out," said that envious M'Whirter to me. "Have you ot money, or have any of your relations money? or are any of nem going to put it into the concern?"

I did not think fit to answer him, but took a pinch out of his ull, and was always kind to him; and he, to say the truth, was lways most civil to me. As for Gus Hoskins, he began to think was a superior being; and I must say that the rest of the chaps ehaved very kindly in the matter, and said that if one man were) be put over their heads before another, they would have pitched pon me, for I had never harmed any of them, and done little indnesses to several.

"I know," says Abednego, "how you got the place. It was I 'ho got it you. I told Brough you were a cousin of Preston's, he Lord of the Treasury, had venison from him, and all that; nd depend upon it he expects that you will be able to do him ome good in that quarter."

I think there was some likelihood in what Abednego said, ecause our governor, as we called him, frequently spoke to me bout my cousin; told me to push the concern in the west end f the town, get as many noblemen as we could to insure with us, nd so on. It was in vain I said that I could do nothing with fr. Preston. "Bah! bah!" says Mr. Brough, "don't tell *me*. 'eople don't send haunches of venison to you for nothing;" and 'm convinced he thought I was a very cautious, prudent fellow or not bragging about my great family, and keeping my connection vith them a secret. To be sure he might have learned the truth rom Gus, who lived with me, but Gus would insist that I was and in glove with all the nobility, and boasted about me ten imes as much as I did myself.

The chaps used to call me the "West Ender."

See, thought I, what I have gained by aunt Hoggarty giving

me a diamond-pin! what a lucky thing it is that she did not give me the money as I hoped she would! Had I not had the pin—had I even taken it to any other person but Mr. Polonius, Lady Drum would never have noticed me; had Lady Drum never noticed me, Mr. Brough never would, and I never should have been third clerk of the West Diddlesex.

I took heart at all this, and wrote off on the very evening of my appointment to my dearest Mary Smith, giving her warning that a "certain event," for which one of us was longing very earnestly, might come off sooner than we had expected. And why not? Miss S.'s own fortune was 70*l.* a year, mine was 150*l.*, and when we had 300*l.* we always vowed we would marry. Ah! thought I, if I could but go to Somersetshire now, I might boldly walk up to old Smith's door (he was her grandfather and a half-pay lieutenant of the navy), I might knock at the knocker and see my beloved Mary in the parlour, and not be obliged to sneak behind hayricks on the look-out for her, or pelt stones at midnight at her window.

My aunt, in a few days, wrote a pretty gracious reply to my letter. She had not determined, she said, as to the manner in which she should employ her three thousand pounds, but should take my offer into consideration, begging me to keep my shares open for a little while, until her mind was made up.

What, then, does Mr. Brough do? I learned afterwards, in the year 1830, when he and the West Diddlesex Association had disappeared altogether, how he had proceeded.

"Who are the attorneys at Slopperton?" says he to me in a careless way.

"Mr. Ruck, sir," says I, "is the Tory solicitor, and Messrs. Hodge and Smithers the Liberals." I knew them very well, for the fact is, before Mary Smith came to live in our parts, I was rather partial to Miss Hodge, and her great gold-coloured ringlets; but Mary came and soon put *her* nose out of joint, as the saying is.

"And you are of what politics?"

"Why, sir, we are Liberals." I was rather ashamed of this, for Mr. Brough was an out-and-out Tory; but Hodge and Smithers is a most respectable firm. I brought up a packet from them to Hickson, Dixon, Paxton and Jackson, *our* solicitors, who are their London correspondents.

Mr. Brough only said, "Oh, indeed!" and did not talk any further on the subject, but began admiring my diamond-pin very much.

"Titmarsh, my dear boy," says he, "I have a young lady at Fulham who is worth seeing, I assure you, and who has heard so much about you from her father (for I like you, my boy, I don't care to own it), that she is rather anxious to see you, too. Suppose you come down to us for a week, Abednego will do your work?"

"Law, sir! you are very kind," says I.

"Well, you shall come down, and I hope you will like my claret. But hark ye! I don't think, my dear fellow, you are quite smart enough—quite well enough dressed. Do you understand me?"

"I've my blue coat and brass buttons at home, sir."

"What! that thing with the waist between your shoulders that you wore at Mrs. Brough's party?" (It *was* rather high-waisted, being made in the country two years before.) "No—no, that will never do. Get some new clothes, sir,—two new suits of clothes."

"Sir!" says I, "I'm already, if the truth must be told, very short of money for this quarter, and can't afford myself a new suit for a long time to come."

"Pooh, pooh! don't let that annoy you. Here's a ten-pound note. But no, on second thoughts, you may as well go to my tailor's. I'll drive you down there, and never mind the bill, my good lad!" And drive me down he actually did, in his grand coach and four, to Mr. Von Stiltz, in Clifford Street, who took my measure, and sent me home two of the finest coats ever seen, a dress coat and a frock, a velvet waistcoat, a silk ditto, and three pairs of pantaloons, of the most beautiful make. Brough told me to get some boots and pumps, and silk stockings for evenings; so that when the time came for me to go down to Fulham, I appeared as handsome as any young nobleman, and Gus said that "I looked, by jingo, like a regular tip-top swell."

In the mean time, the following letter had been sent down to Hodge and Smithers:—

"*Ram Alley, Cornhill, London,*
"DEAR SIRS, *July*, 1822.

* * * * * *

This part being on private affairs
relative to the cases of
Dixon *v.* Haggerstony,
Snodgrass *v.* Rubbidge and another,
I am not permitted
to extract.

* * * * * *

"Likewise we beg to hand you a few more prospectuses of the Independent West Diddlesex Fire and Life Assurance Company, of which we have the honour to be the solicitors in London. We wrote to you last year, requesting you to accept the Slopperton and Somerset agency for the same, and have been expecting for some time back that either shares or assurances should be effected by you.

"The capital of the Company, as you know, is five millions sterling (say 5,000,000*l.*), and we are in a situation to offer more than the usual commission to our agents of the legal profession. We shall be happy to give a premium of 6 per cent. for shares to the amount of 1000*l.*, 6½ per cent. above a thousand, to be paid immediately upon the taking of the shares.

"I am, dear Sirs, for self and partners,
"Yours most faithfully,
"SAMUEL JACKSON."

This letter, as I have said, came into my hands some time afterwards. I knew nothing of it in the year 1822, when, in my new suit of clothes, I went down to pass a week at the Rookery, Fulham, residence of John Brough, Esq., M.P.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW SAMUEL TITMARSH REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT OF PROSPERITY.

IF I had the pen of a George Robins, I might describe the Rookery properly: suffice it, however, to say, it is a very handsome country place; with handsome lawns sloping down to the river, handsome shrubberies and conservatories, fine stables, outhouses, kitchen gardens, and everything belonging to a first-rate *rus in urbe*, as the great auctioneer called it when he hammered it down some years after.

I arrived on a Saturday at half an hour before dinner; a grave gentleman out of livery showed me to my room; a man in a chocolate and gold lace, with Brough's crest on the buttons, brought me a silver shaving-pot of hot water on a silver tray; and a grand dinner was ready at six, at which I had the honour of appearing in Von Stiltz's dress-coat, and my new silk stockings and pumps.

Brough took me by the hand as I came in, and presented me to his lady, a stout, fair-haired woman, in light blue satin; then to his daughter, a tall, thin, dark-eyed girl, with beetle-brows, looking very ill-natured, and about eighteen.

"Belinda, my love," said her papa, "this young gentlemen is one of my clerks, who was at our ball."

"Oh, indeed!" says Belinda, tossing up her head.

"But not a common clerk, Miss Belinda,—so, if you please, we will have none of your aristocratic airs with him. He is a nephew of the Countess of Drum; and I hope he will soon be very high in our establishment and in the city of London."

At the name of Countess (I had a dozen times rectified the error about our relationship), Miss Belinda made a low courtesy, and stared at me very hard, and said she would try and make the Rookery pleasant to any friend of papa's. "We have not much *monde* to-day," continued Miss Brough, "and are only in *petit comité;* but I hope before you leave us, you will see some *société* that will make your *séjour* agreeable."

I saw at once that she was a fashionable girl, from her using the French language in this way.

"Isn't she a fine girl?" said Brough, whispering to me, and evidently as proud of her as a man could be. "Isn't she a fine girl—eh, you dog? Do you see breeding like that in Somersetshire."

"No, sir, upon my word!" answered I, rather slily, for I was thinking all the while how "Somebody" was a thousand times more beautiful, simple, and lady-like.

"And what has my dearest love being doing all day?" said her papa.

"Oh, pa! I have *pincéd* the harp a little to Captain Fizgig's flute. Didn't I, Captain Fizgig?"

Captain the Hon. Francis Fizgig said, "Yes, Brough, your fair daughter *pincéd* the harp, and *touchéd* the piano, and *égratignéd* the guitar, and *écorchéd* a song or two; and we had the pleasure of a *promenade à l'eau*,—of a walk upon the water."

"Law, captain!" cries Mrs. Brough, "walk on the water?"

"Hush, mamma, you don't understand French!" says Miss Belinda, with a sneer.

"It's a sad disadvantage, madam," says Fizgig, gravely; "and I recommend you and Brough here, who are coming out in the great world, to have some lessons; or at least get up a couple of dozen phrases, and introduce them into your conversation here and there. I suppose, sir, you speak it commonly at the office, or what you call it?" and Mr. Fizgig put his glass into his eye, and looked at me.

"We speak English, sir," says I, "knowing it better than French."

"Everybody has not had your opportunities, Miss Brough," continued the gentleman. "Everybody has not *voyagé* like *nous autres*, hey? *Mais que voulez-vous*, my good sir, you must stick to your cursed ledgers and things; what's the French for ledger, Miss Belinda?"

"How can you ask! *Je n'en sçais rien*, I'm sure."

"You should learn, Miss Brough," said her father. "The daughter of a British merchant need not be ashamed of the means by which her father gets his bread. *I'm* not ashamed—I'm not proud. Those who know John Brough, know that ten years ago he was a poor clerk like my friend Titmarsh here, and is now worth half a million. Is there any man in the House better listened to than John Brough? Is there any duke in the land that can give a better dinner than John Brough; or a larger fortune to his daughter than John Brough? Why, sir, the humble person now speaking to you could buy out many a German duke! But I'm not proud—no, no, not proud. There's my daughter—look at her—when I die, she will be mistress of my fortune; but am I proud? No! Let him who can win her marry her, that's what I say. Be it you, Mr. Fizgig, son of a peer of the realm; or you, Bill Tidd. Be it a duke or a shoeblack, what do I care, hey?—what do I care?"

"O-o-oh!" sighed the gent who went by the name of Bill Tidd, a very pale young man, with a black riband round his neck instead of a handkerchief, and his collars turned down like Lord Byron: He was leaning against the mantel-piece, and with a pair of great green eyes, ogling Miss Brough with all his might.

"Oh, John—my dear John!" cried Mrs. Brough, seizing her husband's hand and kissing it, "you are an angel, that you are!"

"Isabella, don't flatter me, I'm a *man*,—a plain, down-right citizen of London, without a particle of pride, except in you and my daughter here—my two Bells, as I call them! This is the way that we live, Titmarsh, my boy: ours is a happy, humble, Christian home, and that's all. Isabella, leave go my hand!"

"Mamma, you mustn't do so before company, it's odious!" shrieked Miss B.; and mamma quietly let the hand fall, and heaved from her ample bosom a great large sigh. I felt a liking for that simple woman, and a respect for Brough too. He *couldn't* be a bad man, whose wife loved him so.

Dinner was soon announced, and I had the honour of leading in Miss B., who looked back rather angrily, I thought, at Captain Fizgig, because that gentleman had offered his arm to Mrs. Brough. He sat on the right of Mrs. Brough, and Miss flounced down on the seat next to him, leaving me and Mr. Tidd to take our places at the opposite side of the table.

At dinner there was turbot and soup first, and boiled turkey afterwards, of course. How is it that at all the great dinners they have this perpetual boiled turkey? It was real turtle-soup, the first time I had ever tasted it; and I remarked how Mrs. B., who insisted on helping it, gave all the green lumps of fat to her husband, and put several slices of the breast of the bird under the body, until it came to his turn to be helped.

"I'm a plain man," says John, "and eat a plain dinner. I hate your kickshaws, though I keep a French cook for those who are not of my way of thinking. I'm no egotist, look you; I've no prejudices; and Miss there has her bechamels and fallals according to her taste. Captain, try the *volly vong*."

We had plenty of champagne and old madeira with dinner, and great silver tankards of porter, which those might take who chose. Brough made especially a boast of drinking beer; and when the

ladies retired, said "Gentlemen, Tiggins will give you an unlimited supply of wine, there's no stinting here;" and then laid himself down in his easy chair and fell asleep.

"He always does so," whispered Mr. Tidd to me.

"Get some of that yellow-sealed wine, Tiggins," says the captain. "That other claret we had yesterday is loaded, and disagrees with me infernally!"

I must say I liked the yellow seal much better than aunt Hoggarty's Rosolio.

I soon found out what Mr. Tidd was, and what he was longing for.

"Isn't she a glorious creature?" says he to me.

"Who, sir?" says I.

"Miss Belinda, to be sure!" cried Tidd. "Did mortal ever look upon eyes like hers, or view a more sylph-like figure?"

"She might have a little more flesh, Mr. Tidd," says the captain, "and a little less eyebrow. They look vicious, those scowling eyebrows, in a girl. *Qu'en dites-vous*, Mr. Titmarsh? as Miss Brough would say."

"I think it remarkably good claret, sir," says I.

"Egad, you're the right sort of fellow!" says the captain. "*Volto sciolto*, eh? You respect our sleeping host yonder?"

"That I do, sir, as the first man in the city of London, and my managing director."

"And so do I," says Tidd; "and this day fortnight, when I'm of age, I'll prove my confidence too."

"As how?" says I.

"Why, sir, you must know that I come into—ahem—a considerable property, sir, on the 14th of July, which my father made—in business."

"Say at once he was a tailor, Tidd."

"He *was* a tailor, sir,—but what of that? I've had a university education, and have the feelings of a gentleman; as much—ay, perhaps, and more, than some members of an effete aristocracy."

"Tidd, don't be severe!" says the captain, drinking a tenth glass.

"Well, Mr. Titmarsh, when of age I come into a considerable property; and Mr. Brough has been so good as to say, he can

get me twelve hundred a-year for my twenty thousand pounds, and I have promised to invest them."

"In the West Diddlesex, sir?" says I—"in our office?"

"No, in another company, of which Mr. Brough is director, and quite as good a thing. Mr. Brough is a very old friend of my family, sir, and he has taken a great liking to me; and he says that with my talents I ought to get into parliament; and then—and then! after I have laid out my patrimony, I may look to *matrimony*, you see!"

"Oh, you designing dog!" said the captain. "When I used to lick you at school, who ever would have thought that I was thrashing a sucking statesman?"

"Talk away, boys!" said Brough, waking out of his sleep; "I only sleep with half an eye, and hear you all. Yes, you shall get into parliament, Tidd, my man, or my name's not Brough! You shall have six per cent. for your money, or never believe me! But as for my daughter—ask *her*, and not me. You, or the captain, or Titmarsh, may have her, if you can get her. All I ask in a son-in-law is, that he should be, as every one of you is, an honourable and high-minded man!"

Tidd at this looked very knowing; and, as our host sank off to sleep again, pointed archly at his eyebrows, and wagged his head at the captain.

"Bah!" says the captain. "I say what I think; and you may tell Miss Brough, if you like;" and so presently this conversation ended, and we were summoned into coffee; after which the captain sang songs with Miss Brough; and Tidd looked at her and said nothing, and I looked at prints, and Mrs. Brough sat knitting stockings for the poor. The captain was sneering openly at Miss Brough, and her affected ways and talk; but in spite of his bullying, contemptuous way, I thought she seemed to have a great regard for him, and to bear his scorn very meekly.

At twelve Captain Fizgig went off to his barracks at Knightsbridge, and Tidd and I to our rooms. Next day being Sunday, a great bell woke us at eight, and at nine we all assembled in the breakfast-room, where Mr. Brough read prayers, a chapter, and made an exhortation afterwards, to us and all the members of the household, except the French cook, Monsieur Nongtongpaw,

whom I could see from my chair walking about in the shrubberies in his white night-cap, smoking a cigar.

Every morning, on week days, punctually at eight, Mr. Brough went through the same ceremony, and had his family to prayers; but though this man was a hypocrite, as I found afterwards, I'm not going to laugh at the family prayers, or say he was a hypocrite *because* he had them: there are many bad and good men who don't go through the ceremony at all; but I am sure the good men would be the better for it, and am not called upon to settle the question with respect to the bad ones; and therefore I have passed over a great deal of the religious part of Mr. Brough's behaviour: suffice it, that religion was always on his lips; that he went to church thrice every Sunday, when he had not a party; and if he did not talk religion with us when we were alone, had a great deal to say upon the subject upon occasions, as I found one day when we had a Quaker and dissenter party to dine, and when his talk was as grave as that of any minister present. Tidd was not there that day,—for nothing could make him forsake his Byron riband, or refrain from wearing his collars turned down; so he sent Tidd with the buggy to Astley's. "And hark ye, Titmarsh, my boy," said he, "leave your diamond-pin up-stairs; our friends to-day don't like such gewgaws; and though, for my part, I am no enemy to harmless ornaments, yet I would not shock the feeling of those who have sterner opinions. You will see that my wife and Miss Brough consult my wishes in this respect." And so they did,—for they both came down to dinner in black gowns and tippets; whereas, Miss B. had commonly her dress half off her shoulders.

The captain rode over several times to see us; and Miss Brough seemed always delighted to see *him*. One day I met him as I was walking out alone by the river, and we had a long talk together.

"Mr. Titmarsh," says he, "from what little I have seen of you, you seem to be an honest straight-minded young fellow; and I want some information that you can give. Tell me, in the first place, if you will—and upon my honour it shall go no farther—about this Insurance Company of yours? You are in the city, and see how affairs are going on. Is your concern a stable one?"

"Sir," said I, "frankly, then, and upon my honour too, I believe it is. It has been set up only four years, it is true; but Mr. Brough had a great name when it was established, and a vast connection. Every clerk in the office has, to be sure, in a manner, paid for his place, either by taking shares himself, or by his relations taking them. I got mine because my mother, who is very poor, devoted a small sum of money that came to us to the purchase of an annuity for herself and a provision for me. The matter was debated by the family and our attorneys, Messrs. Hodge and Smithers, who are very well known in our parts of the country; and it was agreed on all hands that my mother could not do better with her money for all of us than invest it in this way. Brough alone is worth half a million of money, and his name is a host in itself. Nay, more; I wrote the other day to an aunt of mine, who has a considerable sum of money in loose cash, and who had consulted me as to the disposal of it, to invest it in our office. Can I give you any better proof of my opinion of its solvency?"

"Did Brough persuade you in any way?"

"Yes, he certainly spoke to me; but he very honestly told me his motives, and tells them to us all as honestly. He says, 'Gentlemen, it is my object to increase the connection of the office as much as possible. I want to crush all the other offices in London. Our terms are lower than any office, and we can bear to have them lower, and a great business will come to us that way. But we must work ourselves as well. Every single shareholder and officer of the establishment must exert himself, and bring us customers,—no matter for how little they are engaged—engage them, that is the great point.' And accordingly our director makes all his friends and servants shareholders; his very lodge-porter yonder is a shareholder; and he thus endeavours to fasten upon all whom he comes near. I, for instance, have just been appointed over the heads of our gents, to a much better place than I held. I am asked down here, and entertained royally; and why? Because my aunt has three thousand pounds which Mr. Brough wants her to invest with us."

"That looks awkward, Mr. Titmarsh."

"Not a whit, sir; he makes no disguise of the matter. When

the question is settled one way or the other, I don't believe Mr. Brough will take any further notice of me. But he wants me now. This place happened to fall in just at the very moment when he had need of me; and he hopes to gain over my family through me. He told me as much as we drove down. 'You are a man of the world, Titmarsh,' said he; 'you know that I don't give you this place because you are an honest fellow, and write a good hand. If I had had a lesser bribe to offer you at the moment, I should only have given you that; but I had no choice, and gave you what was in my power.'"

"That's fair enough; but what can make Brough so eager for such a small sum as three thousand pounds?"

"If it had been ten, sir, he would have been not a bit more eager. You don't know the city of London, and the passion which our great men in the share-market have for increasing their connection. Mr. Brough, sir, would canvass and wheedle a chimney-sweep in the way of business. See here is poor Tidd and his twenty thousand pounds. Our director has taken possession of him just in the same way. He wants all the capital he can lay his hands on."

"Yes, and suppose he runs off with the capital?"

"Mr. Brough, of the firm of Brough and Hoff, sir? Suppose the Bank of England runs off! But here we are at the lodge-gate. Let's ask Gates, another of Mr. Brough's victims;" and we went in and spoke to old Gates.

"Well, Mr. Gates," says I, beginning the matter cleverly, "you are one of my masters, you know, at the West-Diddlesex yonder?"

"Yees, sure," says old Gates, grinning. He was a retired servant, with a large family come to him in his old age.

"May I ask you what your wages are, Mr. Gates, that you can lay by so much money, and purchase shares in our Company?"

Gates told us his wages; and when we inquired whether they were paid regularly, swore that his master was the kindest gentleman in the world; that he had put two of his daughters into service, two of his sons to charity-schools, made one apprentice, and narrated a hundred other benefits that he had received from the family. Lady Brough clothed half the children; master

ave them blankets and coats in winter, and soup and meat all ie year round. There never was such a generous family, sure nce the world began.

"Well, sir," said I to the captain, "does that satisfy you? Ir. Brough gives to these people fifty times as much as he gains om them; and yet he makes Mr. Gates take shares in our ompany."

"Mr. Titmarsh," says the captain, "you are an honest fellow; nd I confess your argument sounds well. Now, tell me, do you now any thing about Miss Brough and her fortune?"

"Brough will leave her every thing,—or says so." But I uppose the captain saw some particular expression in my ountenance, for he laughed and said,—

"I suppose, my dear fellow, you think she's dear at the price. Vell, I don't know that you are far wrong."

"Why, then, if I may make so bold, Captain Fizgig, are you lways at her heels?"

"Mr. Titmarsh," says the captain, "I owe twenty thousand ounds;" and he went back to the house directly, and proposed or her.

I thought this rather cruel and unprincipled conduct on the entleman's part, for he had been introduced to the family by Mr. Tidd, with whom he had been at school, and had supplanted Tidd ntirely in the great heiress's affections. Brough stormed, and ctually swore at his daughter (as the captain told me afterards), when he heard that the latter had accepted Mr. Fizgig; nd at last, seeing the captain, made him give his word that the ngagement should be kept secret for a few months. And Captain F. only made a confidant of me, and the mess, as he aid; but this was after Tidd had paid his twenty thousand pounds over to our governor, which he did punctually when he ame of age. The same day, too, he proposed for the young lady, nd I need not say was rejected. Presently the captain's engagement began to be whispered about: and all his great relations, the Duke of Doncaster, the Earl of Cinqbars, the Earl of Crabs, &c., came and visited the Brough family; the Hon. Henry Ringwood became a shareholder in our Company, and the Earl of Crabs offered to be. Our shares rose to a premium; our

director, his lady, and daughter were presented at court; and the great West Diddlesex Association bid fair to be the first assurance office in the kingdom.

A very short time after my visit to Fulham, my dear aunt wrote to me, to say that she had consulted with her attorneys, Messrs. Hodge and Smithers, who strongly recommended that she should invest the sum as I advised. She had the sum invested, too, in my name, paying me many compliments upon my honesty and talent, of which, she said, Mr. Brough had given her the most flattering account. And at the same time, my aunt informed me, that at her death the shares should be my own. This gave me a great weight in the Company, as you may imagine. At our next annual meeting, I attended in my capacity as a share-holder, and had great pleasure in hearing Mr. Brough, in a magnificent speech, declare a dividend of six per cent., that we all received over the counter.

"You lucky young scoundrel!" said Brough to me; "do you know what made me give you your place?"

"Why, my aunt's money, to be sure, sir," said I.

"No such thing. Do you fancy I cared for those paltry three thousand pounds? I was told you were nephew of Lady Drum; and Lady Drum is grandmother of Lady Jane Preston; and Mr. Preston is a man who can do us a world of good. I knew this they had sent you venison, and the deuce knows what; and when I saw Lady Jane at my party shake you by the hand, and speak to you so kindly, I took all Abednego's tales for gospel. *That* was the reason you got the place, mark you, and not on account of your miserable three thousand pounds. Well, sir, a fortnight after you was with us at Fulham, I met Preston in the House, and made a merit of having given the place to his cousin. 'Confound the insolent scoundrel!' said he; '*he* my cousin! I suppose you take all old Drum's stories for true? Why, man, it's her mania; she never is introduced to a man but she finds out a cousinship, and would not fail, of course, with that cur of a Titmarsh!' 'Well,' said I, laughing, 'that cur has got a good place in consequence, and the matter can't be mended.' So you see," continued our director, "that you were indebted for your place not to your aunt's money, but——"

"But MY AUNT'S DIAMOND PIN!"

"Lucky rascal!" said Brough, poking me in the side, and going out of the way. And lucky, in faith, I thought I was.

CHAPTER VIII.

RELATES THE HAPPIEST DAY OF SAMUEL TITMARSH'S LIFE.

I DON'T know how it was that in the course of the next six months Mr. Roundhand, the actuary, who had been such a profound admirer of Mr. Brough and the West Diddlesex Association, suddenly quarrelled with both, and taking his money out of the concern, he disposed of his 5000*l.* shares to a pretty good profit, and went away speaking everything that was evil both of the Company and the director.

Mr. Highmore now became secretary and actuary, Mr. Abednego was first clerk, and your humble servant was second in the office at a salary of 200*l.* a year. How unfounded were Mr. Roundhand's aspersions of the West Diddlesex appeared quite clearly at our meeting in January 1823, when our chief director, in one of the most brilliant speeches ever heard, declared that the half-yearly dividend was 4*l.* per cent., at the rate of 8*l.* per cent. per annum, and I sent to my aunt 120*l.* sterling as the amount of the interest of the stock in my name.

My excellent aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty, delighted beyond measure, sent me back 10*l.* for my own pocket, and asked me if she had not better sell Slopperton and Squashtail, and invest all her money in this admirable concern.

On this point I could not surely do better than ask the opinion of Mr. Brough. Mr. B. told me that shares could not be had, but at a premium; but on my representing that I knew of 5000*l.* worth, in the market at par, he said,—Well, if so, he would like a fair price for his, and would not mind disposing of 5000*l.* worth, as he had rather a glut of West Diddlesex shares, and his other concerns wanted feeding with ready money. At the end of our conversation, of which I promised to report the purport to

Mrs. Hoggarty, the director was so kind as to say that he had determined on creating a place of private secretary to the managing director, and that I should hold that office with an additional salary of 150*l.*

I had 250*l.* a-year, Miss Smith had 70*l.* per annum to her fortune. What had I said should be my line of conduct whenever I could realise 300*l.* a-year?

Gus, of course, and all the gents in our office through him, knew of my engagement with Mary Smith. Her father had been a commander in the navy and a very distinguished officer; and though Mary, as I have said, only brought me a fortune of 70*l.* a year, and I, as everybody said, in my present position in the office and the city of London, might have reasonably looked out for a lady with much more money; yet my friends agreed that the connection was very respectable, and I was content, as who would not have been with such a darling as Mary? I am sure, for my part, I would not have taken the lord mayor's own daughter in place of Mary with a plum to her fortune.

Mr. Brough, of course, was made aware of my approaching marriage, as of everything else relating to every clerk in the office; and I do believe Abednego told him what we had for dinner every day. Indeed, his knowledge of our affairs was wonderful.

He asked me how Mary's money was invested. It was in the three per cent. consols—2333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"Remember," says he, "my lad, Mrs. Sam Titmarsh that is to be may have seven per cent. for her money at the very least, and on better security than the Bank of England; for is not a Company of which John Brough is the head better than any other Company in England?" And to be sure I thought he was not far wrong, and promised to speak to Mary's guardians on the subject before our marriage. Lieutenant Smith, her grandfather, had been at the first very much averse to our union. (I must confess that one day finding me alone with her, and kissing, I believe, the tips of her little fingers, he had taken me by the collar and turned me out of doors). But Sam Titmarsh, with a salary of 250*l.* a year, a promised fortune of 150*l.* more, and the right-hand man of Mr. John Brough of London, was a very different man from Sam the poor clerk, and the poor clergyman's widow's

son; and the old gentleman wrote me a kind letter enough, and begged me to get him six pairs of lamb's-wool stockings and four ditto waistcoats from Romanis', and accepted them too as a present from me when I went down in June—in happy June of 1823—to fetch my dear Mary away.

Mr. Brough was likewise kindly anxious about my aunt's Slopperton and Squashtail property, which she had not as yet sold, as she talked of doing; and, as Mr. B. represented, it was a sin and a shame that any person in whom he took such interest, as he did in all the relatives of his dear young friend, should only have three per cent. for her money, when she could have eight elsewhere. He always called me Sam now, praised me to the other young men (who brought the praises regularly to me), said there was a cover always laid for me at Fulham, and repeatedly took me thither. There was but little company when I went; and M'Whirter used to say he only asked me on days when he had his vulgar acquaintances. But I did not care for the great people, not being born in their sphere; and, indeed, did not much care for going to the house at all. Miss Belinda was not at all to my liking. After her engagement with Captain Fizgig, and after Mr. Tidd had paid his 20,000*l.* and Fizgig's great relations had joined in some of our director's companies, Mr. Brough declared he believed that Captain Fizgig's views were mercenary, and put him to the proof at once, by saying that he must take Miss Brough without a farthing, or not have her at all. Whereupon Captain Fizgig got an appointment in the colonies, and Miss Brough became more ill-humoured than ever. But I could not help thinking she was rid of a bad bargain, and pitying poor Tidd, who came back to the charge again more love-sick than ever, and was rebuffed pitilessly by Miss Belinda. Her father plainly told Tidd, too, that his visits were disagreeable to Belinda, and though he must always love and value him, he begged him to discontinue his calls at the Rookery. Poor fellow! he had paid his 20,000*l.* away for nothing! for what was six per cent. to him compared to six per cent. and the hand of Miss Belinda Brough?

Well Mr. Brough pitied the poor love-sick swain as he called me, so much, and felt such a warm sympathy in my well-being,

that he insisted on my going down to Somersetshire with a couple of months' leave: and away I went, as happy as a lark, with a couple of bran new suits from Von Stiltz's in my trunk (I had them made, looking forward to a certain event) and inside the trunk Lieutenant's Smith's fleecy hosiery, wrapping up a parcel of our prospectuses and two letters from John Brough, Esq., to my mother, our worthy annuitant, and to Mrs. Hoggarty, our excellent shareholder. Mr. Brough said, I was all that the fondest father could wish, that he considered me as his own boy, and that he earnestly begged Mrs. Hoggarty not to delay the sale of her little landed property, as land was high now and *must fall*, as the West Diddlesex Association shares were (comparatively) low, and must inevitably, in the course of a year or two, double, treble, quadruple their present value.

In this way I was prepared, and in this way I took leave of my dear Gus. As we parted in the yard of the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, I felt that I never should go back to Salisbury Square again, and had made my little present to the landlady's family accordingly. She said I was the respectablest gentleman she had ever had in her house: nor was that saying much, for Bell Lane is in the rules of the Fleet, and her lodgers used commonly to be prisoners on rule from that place. As for Gus, the poor fellow cried and blubbered so that he could not eat a morsel of the muffins and grilled ham with which I treated him for breakfast in the Bolt-in-Tun coffee house; and when I went away was waving his hat and his handkerchief so in the archway of the coach-office, that I do believe the wheels of the True Blue went over his toes, for I heard him roaring as we passed through the arch. Ah! how different were my feelings as I sat proudly there on the box by the side of Jim Ward, the coachman, to those I had the last time I mounted that coach, parting from my dear Mary and coming to London with my DIAMOND-PIN!

When arrived near home (at Grumpley, three miles from our village, where the True Blue generally stops to take a glass of ale at the Poppleton Arms) it was as if our member, Mr. Poppleton himself, was come into the country, so great was the concourse of people assembled round the inn. And there was the landlord of the inn and all the people of the village. Then there was Tom

Wheeler, the post-boy from Mrs. Rincer's posting-hotel in our town, and he was riding on the old bay posters, and they, Heaven bless us! were drawing my aunt's yellow chariot in which she never went out but thrice in a year and in which she sat sat in her splendid cashmere shawl and a new hat and feather. She waved a white handkerchief out of the window, and Tom Wheeler shouted out huzza, as did a number of the little blackguard boys of Grumpley, who, to be sure, would huzza for anything. What a change in Tom Wheeler's part, however? I remembered only a few years before how he had whipped me from the box of the chaise, as I was hanging on for a ride behind.

Next to my aunt's carriage came the four-wheeled chaise of Lieutenant Smith, R. N., who was driving his old fat pony with his lady by his side. I looked in the back seat of the chaise, and felt a little sad at seeing that *Somebody* was not there. But, O silly fellow! there was Somebody in the yellow chariot with my aunt, blushing like a peony, I declare, and looking so happy!—O! so happy and pretty! She had a white dress, and a light blue and yellow scarf, which my aunt said were the Hoggarty colours; though what the Hoggartys had to do with light blue and yellow, I don't know to this day.

Well, the True Blue guard made a great bellowing on his horn as his four horses dashed away; the boys shouted again; I was placed bodkin between Mrs. Hoggarty and Mary; Tom Wheeler cut into his bays; the lieutenant (who had shaken me cordially by the hand, and whose big dog did not make the slightest attempt at biting me this time) beat his pony till its fat sides lathered again; and thus in this, I may say, unexampled procession, I arrived in triumph at our village.

My dear mother and the girls,—Heaven bless them!—nine of them in their nankeen spencers (I had something pretty in my trunk for each of them)—could not afford a carriage, but had posted themselves on the road near the village; and there was such a waving of hands and handkerchiefs; and though my aunt did not much notice them, except by a majestic toss of the head, which is pardonable in a woman of her property, yet Mary Smith did even more than I, and waved her hands as much as the whole nine. Ah! how my dear mother cried and blessed me when we

met, and called me her soul's comfort and her darling boy, and looked at me as if I were a paragon of virtue and genius; whereas I was only a very lucky young fellow, that by the aid of kind friends had stepped rapidly into a very pretty property.

I was not to stay with my mother,—that had been arranged before-hand; for though she and Mrs. Hoggarty were not remarkably good friends, yet mother said it was for my benefit that I should stay with my aunt, and so gave up the pleasure of having me with her; and though hers was much the humbler house of the two, I need not say I preferred it far to Mrs. Hoggarty's more splendid one, let alone the horrible Rosolio, of which I was obliged now to drink gallons.

It was to Mrs. H's then we were driven; and she had prepared a great dinner that evening, and hired an extra waiter; and on getting out of the carriage, she gave a sixpence to Tom Wheeler, saying that was for himself, and that she would settle with Mrs. Rincer for the horses afterwards. At which Tom flung the sixpence upon the ground, swore most violently, and was very justly called by my aunt an "impertinent fellow."

She had taken such a liking to me that she would hardly bear me out of her sight. We used to sit for morning after morning over her accounts, debating for hours together the propriety of selling the Slopperton property (but no arrangement was come to yet about it, for Hodge and Smithers could not get the price she wanted). And, moreover, she vowed that at her decease she would leave every shilling to me.

Hodge and Smithers, too, gave a grand party, and treated me with marked consideration, as did every single person of the village. Those who could not afford to give dinners gave teas, and all drank the health of the young couple; and many a time after dinner or supper was my Mary made to blush by the allusions to the change in her condition.

The happy day for that ceremony was now fixed, and the 24th July, 1823, saw me the happiest husband of the prettiest girl in Somersetshire. We were married from my mother's house, who would insist upon that at any rate, and the nine girls acted as bridesmaids; ay! and Gus Hoskins came from town express to be my groomsman, and had my old room at my mother's, and stayed

with her for a week, and cast a sheep's-eye upon Miss Winny Titmarsh too, my dear fourth sister, as I afterwards learned.

My aunt was very kind upon the marriage ceremony indeed. She had ordered me some weeks previous to order three magnificent dresses for Mary from the celebrated Madame Mantalini of London, and some elegant trinkets and embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs from Howell and James's. These were sent down to me, and were to be *my* present to the bride; but Mrs. Hoggarty gave me to understand that I need never trouble myself about the payment of the bill, and I thought her conduct very generous. Also she lent us her chariot for the wedding journey, and made with her own hands a beautiful crimson satin reticule for Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh, her dear niece. It contained a huswife completely furnished with needles, &c., for she hoped Mrs. Titmarsh would never neglect her needle; and a purse, containing some silver pennies; and a very curious pocket-piece. "As long as you keep these, my dear," said Mrs. Hoggarty, "you will never want; and fervently —fervently do I pray that you will keep them." In the carriage-pocket we found a paper of biscuits and a bottle of Rosolio. We laughed at this, and made it over to Tom Wheeler, who, however, did not seem to like it much better than we.

I need not say I was married in Mr. Von Stiltz's coat (the third and fourth coats, Heaven help us! in a year) and that I wore sparkling in my bosom the GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND.

CHAPTER IX.

BRINGS BACK SAM, HIS WIFE, AUNT, AND DIAMOND, TO LONDON.

We pleased ourselves during the honeymoon with forming plans for our life in London, and a pretty paradise did we build for ourselves! Well, we were but forty years old between us; and, for my part, I never found any harm come of castle-building, and a great deal of pleasure.

Before I left London I had, to say the truth, looked round me for a proper place, befitting persons of our small income; and

Gus Hoskins and I, who hunted after office-hours in couples, had fixed on a very snug little cottage in Camden Town, where there was a garden that certain *small people* might play in when they came; a horse and gig-house, if ever we kept one,—and why not in a few years?—and a fine healthy air, at a reasonable distance from 'Change; all for 30*l.* a-year. I had described this little spot to Mary as enthusiastically as Sancho describes Lizias to Gil Blas; and my dear wife was delighted with the prospect of housekeeeping there, vowed she would cook all the best dishes herself (especially jam-pudding, of which I confess I am very fond), and promised Gus that he should dine with us at Clematis Bower every Sunday, only he must not smoke those horrid cigars. As for Gus, he vowed he would have a room in the neighbourhood too, for he could not bear to go back to Bell Lane, where we two had been so happy together; and so good-natured Mary said she would ask my sister Winny to come and keep her company. At which Hoskins blushed, and said, "Pooh! nonsense now."

But all our hopes of a happy, snug Clematis Lodge were dashed to the ground on our return from our little honeymoon excursion, when Mrs. Hoggarty informed us that she was sick of the country, and was determined to go to London with her dear nephew and niece, and keep house for them, and introduce them to her friends in the metropolis.

What could we do? We wished her at—Bath certainly, not in London. But there was no help for it; and we were obliged to bring her; for, as my mother said, if we offended her, her fortune would go out of our family; and were we two young people not likely to want it?

So we came to town rather dismally in the carriage; posting the whole way, for the carriage must be brought, and a person of my aunt's rank in life could not travel by the stage. And I had to pay 14*l.* for the posters, which pretty nearly exhausted all my little hoard of cash.

First we went into lodgings,—into three sets in three weeks. We quarrelled with the first landlady, because my aunt vowed that she cut a slice off the leg of mutton which was served for our dinner; from the second lodgings we went because aunt vowed the maid would steal the candles; from the third we went because

aunt Hoggarty came down to breakfast the morning after our arrival with her face shockingly swelled and bitten by—never mind what. To cut a long tale short, I was half mad with the continual choppings and changings, and the long stories and scoldings of my aunt. As for her great acquaintances, none of them were in London; and she made it a matter of quarrel with me that I had not introduced her to John Brough, Esquire, M.P., and to Lord and Lady Tiptoff, her relatives.

Mr. Brough was at Brighton when we arrived in town; and on his return I did not care at first to tell our director that I had brought my aunt with me, or mention my embarrassments for money. He looked rather serious when perforce I spoke of the latter to him, and asked for an advance; but when he heard that my lack of money had been occasioned by the bringing of my aunt to London, his tone instantly changed. "That, my dear boy, alters the question; Mrs. Hoggarty is of an age when all things must be yielded to her. Here are a hundred pounds; and I beg you to draw upon me whenever you are in the least in want of money." This gave me breathing time until she should pay her share of the household expenses. And the very next day Mr. and Mrs. John Brough, in their splendid carriage-and-four, called upon Mrs. Hoggarty and my wife in our lodgings, in Lamb's Conduit Street.

It was on the very day when my poor aunt appeared with her face in that sad condition; and she did not fail to inform Mrs. Brough of the cause, and to state that at Castle Hoggarty, or at her country place in Somersetshire, she had never heard or thought of such vile odious things.

"Gracious heavens!" shouted John Brough, Esquire, "a lady of your rank to suffer in this way!—the excellent relative of my dear boy, Titmarsh! Never, madam—never let it be said that Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty should be subject to such horrible humiliation, while John Brough has a home to offer her, —a humble, happy, Christian home, madam though unlike, perhaps, the splendour to which you have been accustomed in the course of your distinguished career. Isabella, my love!—Belinda! speak to Mrs. Hoggarty. Tell her that John Brough's house is hers from garret to cellar. I repeat it, madam, from garret to

cellar. I desire—I insist—I order, that Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty's trunks should be placed this instant in my carriage! Have the goodness to look to them yourself, Mrs. Titmarsh, and see that your dear aunt's comforts are better provided for than they have been."

Mary went away rather wondering at this order. But, to be sure, Mr. Brough was a great man, and her Samuel's benefactor; and though the silly child absolutely began to cry as she packed and toiled at aunt's enormous valises, yet she performed the work, and came down with a smiling face to my aunt, who was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Brough with a long and particular account of the balls at the Castle, in Dublin, in Lord Charleville's time.

"I have packed the trunks, aunt, but I am not strong enough to bring them down," said Mary.

"Certainly not, certainly not," said John Brough, perhaps a little ashamed. "Hallo! George, Frederic, Augustus, come upstairs this instant, and bring down the trunks of Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty, which this young lady will show you."

Nay, so great was Mr. Brough's condescension, that when some of his fashionable servants refused to meddle with the trunks, he himself seized a pair of them with both hands, carried them to the carriage, and shouted loud enough for all Lamb's Conduit Street to hear, "John Brough is not proud—no, no; and if his footmen are too high and mighty, he'll show them a lesson of humility."

Mrs. Brough was for running down-stairs too, and taking the trunks from her husband, but they were too heavy for her; so she contented herself with sitting on one, and asking all persons who passed her, whether John Brough was not an angel of a man?

In this way it was that my aunt left us. I was not aware of her departure, for I was at the office at the time; and strolling back at five with Gus, saw my dear Mary smiling and bobbing from the window, and beckoning to us both to come up. This I thought was very strange, because Mrs. Hoggarty could not abide Hoskins, and indeed had told me repeatedly that either she or he must quit the house. Well, we went up-stairs, and there was Mary, who had dried her tears, and received us with the most smiling of faces, and laughed and clapped her hands, and danced,

and shook Gus's hand. And what do you think the little rogue proposed? I am blest if she did not say she would like to go to Vauxhall!

As dinner was laid for three persons only, Gus took his seat with fear and trembling; and then Mrs. Sam Titmarsh related the circumstances which had occurred, and how Mrs. Hoggarty had been whisked away to Fulham in Mr. Brough's splendid carriage-and-four. "Let her go," I am sorry to say, said I; and, indeed, we relished our veal cutlets and jam-pudding a great deal more than Mrs. Hoggarty did her dinner off plate at the Rookery.

We had a very merry party to Vauxhall, Gus insisting on standing treat; and you may be certain that my aunt, whose absence was prolonged for three weeks, was heartily welcome to remain away, for we were much merrier and more comfortable without her. My little Mary used to make my breakfast before I went to office of mornings; and on Sundays we had a holiday, and saw the dear little children eat their boiled beef and potatoes at the Foundling, and heard the beautiful music; but, beautiful as it is, I think the children were a more beautiful sight still, and the look of their innocent happy faces was better than the best sermon. On week days Mrs. Titmarsh would take a walk about five o'clock in the evening, on the *left* hand side of Lamb's Conduit Street (as you go to Holborn)—ay, and sometimes pursue her walk as far as Snow Hill, when two young gents from the I. W. D. Fire and Life were pretty sure to meet her; and then how happily we all trudged off to dinner! Once we came up as a monster of a man, with high heels and a gold-headed cane, and whiskers all over his face, was grinning under Mary's bonnet, and chattering to her close to Day and Martin's blacking manufactory (not near such a handsome thing then as it is now)—there was the man chattering and ogling his best, when who should come up but Gus and I? And in the twinkling of a pegpost, as Lord Duberley says, my gentleman was seized by the collar of his coat, and found himself sprawling under a stand of hackney coaches, where all the watermen were grinning at him. The best of it was, he left his *head of hair and whiskers* in my hand; but Mary said, "Don't be hard upon him, Samuel; it's only a Frenchman." And so we gave him his wig back, which one of the

grinning stable-boys put on and carried to him as he lay in the straw.

He shrieked out something about "arrêtez," and "Français," and "champ-d'honneur;" but we walked on, Gus putting his thumb to his nose, and stretching out his finger at Master Frenchman. This made every body laugh; and so the adventure ended.

About ten days after my aunt's departure came a letter from her, of which I give a copy:—

"My dear Nephew,—It was my earnest whish e'er this to have returned to London, where I am sure you and my niece Titmarsh miss me very much, and where she, poor thing, quite inexperienced in the ways of 'the great metropulus,' in aconamy, and indeed in every qualaty requasit in a good wife and the mistress of a famaly, can hardly manidge, I am sure, without me.

"Tell her *on no account* to pay more than 6½*d.* for the prime pieces, 4½*d.* for soup meat; and that the very best of London butter is to be had for 8½*d.*; of course, for pudns and the kitchin you'll employ a commoner sort. My trunks were sadly packed by Mrs. Titmarsh, and the hasp of the portmantyou-lock has gone through my yellow satn. I have darned it, and woar it already twice, at two ellygant (though quiat) evening parties given by my *hospatdble* host; and my pegreen velvet on Saturday at a grand dinner, when Lord Scaramouch handed me to table. Every thing was in the most *sumptious style.* Soup top and bottom (white and brown) removed by turbit and sammon with *immense boles of lobster-sauce.* Lobsters alone cost 15*s.* Turbit, three guineas. The hole sammon, weighing, I'm sure 15lbs., and *never seen* at table again; not a bitt of pickled sammon the hole weak afterwards. This kind of extravigance would *just suit* Mrs. Sam Titmarsh, who as I always say, burns *the candle at both ends.* Well, young people, it is lucky for you you have an old aunt who knows better, and has a long purse, without witch, I dare say, *some* folks would be glad to see her out of doors. I don't mean you, Samuel, who have, I must say, been a dutiful nephew to me. Well, I dare say I shan't live long, and some folks won't be sorry to have me in my grave.

"Indeed, on Sunday I was taken in my stomick very ill, and thought it might have been the lobster-sauce; but Doctor Blogg, who was called in said it was, he very much feared, *cumsumptive;* but gave me some pills and a draft w^h made me better. Please call upon him—he lives at Pimlico, and you can walk out there after office hours—and present him with 1*l.* 1*s.*, with my compliments. I have no money here but a 10*l.* note, the rest being locked up in my box at Lamb's Cundit Street.

"Although the flesh is not neglected in Mr. B.'s sumptious establishment, I can assure you the *sperrit* is likewise cared for. Mr. B. reads and igspounds every morning; and o but his exorcises refresh the hungry sole before breakfast! Every thing is in the handsomest style,—silver and goold plate at breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and his crest and motty, a behive, with the Latn word *Industria,* meaning industry, on *every thing*—even on the chany juggs and things in my bedd-room. On Sunday we were favoured by a special

outpouring from the Rev. Grimes Wapshot, of the Amabaptist Congrigation here, and who egshorted for 3 hours in the afternoon in Mr. B.'s private chapel. As the widow of a Hoggarty, I have always been a staunch supporter of the established Church of England and Ireland; but I must say Mr. Wapshot's stirring way was far superior to that of the Rev. Bland Blenkinsop of the Establishment, who lifted up his voice after dinner for a short discourse of two hours.

"Mrs. Brough is, between ourselves, a poor creature, and has no sperrit of her own. As for Miss B., she is so saucy that once I promised to box her years; and would have left the house, had not Mr. B. taken my part, and Miss made me a suitable apollogy.

"I don't know when I shall return to town, being made really so welcome here. Doctor Blogg says the air of Fulham is the best in the world for my simtums; and as the ladies of the house do not choose to walk out with me, the Rev. Grimes Wapshot has often been kind enough to lend me his arm, and 'tis sweet with such a guide to wander both to Putney and Wandsworth, and igsamin the wonderful works of nature. I have spoke to him about the Slopperton property, and he is not of Mr. B.'s opinion that I should sell it; but on this point I shall follow my own counsel.

"Meantime you must gett into more comfortable lodgings, and lett my bedd be warmed every night, and of rainy days have a fire in the grate; and let Mrs. Titmarsh look up my blew silk dress, and turn it against I come; and there is my purple spencer she can have for herself; and I hope she does not wear those three splendid gowns you gave her, but keep them until *better times*. I shall soon introduse her to my friend Mr. Brough, and others of my acquaintances; and am always Your loving Aunt.

"I have ordered a chest of the Rosolio to be sent from Somersetshire. When it comes, please to send half down here (paying the carriage, of course). 'Twill be an acceptable present to my kind entertainer, Mr. B."

This letter was brought to me by Mr. Brough himself at the office; who apologised to me for having broken the seal by inadvertence; for the letter had been mingled with some more of his own, and he opened it without looking at the superscription. Of course he had not read it, and I was glad of that; for I should not have liked him to see my aunt's opinion of his daughter and lady.

The next day a gentleman at Tom's Coffeehouse, Cornhill, sent me word at the office that he wanted particularly to speak to me; and I stepped thither, and found my old friend Smithers, of the house of Hodge and Smithers, just off the coach, with his carpet-bag between his legs.

"Sam, my boy," said he, "you are your aunt's heir, and I have a piece of news for you regarding her property which you ought

to know. She wrote us down a letter for a chest of that home-made wine of hers which she calls Rosolio, and which lies in our warehouse along with her furniture."

"Well," says I, smiling, "she may part with as much Rosolio as she likes for me. I cede all my right."

"Psha!" says Smithers, "it's not that, though her furniture puts us to a deuced inconvenience, to be sure—it's not that; but, in the postscript of her letter, she orders us to advertise the Slopperton and Squashtail estates for immediate sale, as she purposes placing her capital elsewhere."

I knew that the Slopperton and Squashtail property had been the source of a very pretty income to Messrs. Hodge and Smithers, for aunt was always at law with her tenants, and paid dearly for her litigious spirit; so that Mr. Smithers' concern regarding the sale of it did not seem to me to be quite disinterested.

"And did you come to London, Mr. Smithers, expressly to acquaint me with this fact? It seems to me you had much better have obeyed my aunt's instructions at once, or go to her at Fulham, and consult with her on this subject."

"'Sdeath, Mr. Titmarsh! don't you see that if she makes a sale of her property, she will hand over the money to Brough; and if Brough gets the money, he——"

"Will give her seven per cent. for it instead of three,—there's no harm in that."

"But there's such a thing as security, look you. He is a warm man, certainly—very warm—quite respectable—most undoubtedly respectable. But who knows? A panic may take place; and then these five hundred companies in which he is engaged may bring him to ruin. There's the Ginger Beer Company, of which Brough is a director; awkward reports are abroad concerning it. The Consolidated Baffin's Bay Muff and Tippet Company—the shares are down very low, and Brough is a director there. The Patent Pump Company—shares at 65, and a fresh call, which nobody will pay."

"Nonsense, Mr. Smithers! Has not Mr. Brough five hundred thousand pounds worth of shares in the INDEPENDENT WEST DIDDLESEX, and is THAT at a discount? Who recommended my

aunt to invest her money in that speculation, I should like to know?" I had him there.

"Well, well, it is a very good speculation, certainly, and has brought you three hundred a year, Sam, my boy; and you may thank us for the interest we took in you (indeed, we loved you as a son, and Miss Hodge has not recovered a certain marriage yet). You don't intend to rebuke us for making your fortune, do you?"

"No, hang it, no!" says I, and shook hands with him, and accepted a glass of sherry and biscuits, which he ordered forthwith.

Smithers returned, however, to the charge,—"Sam," he said, "mark my words, and *take your aunt away from the Rookery*. She wrote to Mrs. S. a long account of a reverend gent with whom she walks out there,—the Rev. Grimes Wapshot. That man has an eye upon her. He was tried at Lancaster in the year '14 for forgery, and narrowly escaped with his neck. Have a care of him —he has an eye to her money."

"Nay," said I, taking out Mrs. Hoggarty's letter, "read for yourself."

He read it over very carefully, seemed to be amused by it, and as he returned it to me, "Well, Sam," he said, "I have only two favours to ask of you,—one is not to mention that I am in town to any living soul, and the other is to give me a dinner in Lamb's Conduit Street with your pretty wife."

"I promise you both gladly," I said, laughing. "But if you dine with us, your arrival in town must be known, for my friend Gus Hoskins dines with us likewise; and has done so nearly every day since my aunt went."

He laughed too, and said, "We must swear Gus to secrecy over a bottle." And so we parted till dinner-time.

The indefatigable lawyer pursued his attack after dinner, and was supported by Gus and by my wife too, who certainly was disinterested in the matter—more than disinterested, for she would have given a great deal to be spared my aunt's company. But she said she saw the force of Mr. Smithers's arguments, and I admitted their justice with a sigh. However, I rode my high horse, and vowed that my aunt should do what she liked with her money; and that I was not the man who would influence her in any way in the disposal of it.

After tea, the two gents walked away together, and Gus told me that Smithers had asked him a thousand questions about the office, about Brough, about me and my wife, and everything concerning us. "You are a lucky fellow, Mr. Hoskins, and seem to be the friend of this charming young couple," said Smithers; and Gus confessed he was, and said he had dined with us fifteen times in six weeks, and that a better and more hospitable fellow than I did not exist. This I state not to trumpet my own praises,—no, no; but because these questions of Smithers's had a good deal to do with the subsequent events narrated in this little history.

Being seated at dinner the next day off the cold leg of mutton that Smithers had admired so the day before, and Gus as usual having his legs under our mahogany, a hackney-coach drove up to the door, which we did not much heed; a step was heard on the floor, which we hoped might be for the two-pair lodger, and who should burst into the room but Mrs. Hoggarty herself! Gus who was blowing the froth off a pot of porter preparatory to a delicious drink of the beverage, and had been making us die of laughing with his stories and jokes, laid down the pewter pot as Mrs. H. came in, and looked quite sick and pale. Indeed we all felt a little uneasy.

My aunt looked haughtily in Mary's face, then fiercely at Gus, and saying "It is too true—my poor boy *already!*" flung herself hysterically into my arms, and swore, almost choking, that she would never, never, leave me.

I could not understand the meaning of this extraordinary agitation on Mrs. Hoggarty's part, nor could any of us. She refused Mary's hand when the poor thing rather nervously offered it; and when Gus timidly said, "I think, Sam, I'm rather in the way here, and perhaps—had better go," Mrs. H. looked him full in the face, pointed to the door majestically with her fore-finger, and said, "I think, sir, you *had* better go."

"I hope Mr. Hoskins will stay as long as he pleases," said my wife, with spirit.

"*Of course*, you hope so, madam," answered Mrs. Hoggarty, very sarcastic. But Mary's speech and my aunt's were quite lost upon Gus; for he had instantly run to his hat, and I heard him tumbling down-stairs.

The quarrel ended, as usual, by Mary's bursting into a fit of tears, and by my aunt's repeating the assertion that it was not too late, she trusted; and from that day forth she would never, never leave me.

"What could have made aunt return and be so angry?" said I to Mary, that night as were in our own room; but my wife protested she did not know; and it was only some time after that I found out the reason of this quarrel, and of Mrs. H.'s sudden reappearance.

The horrible, fat, coarse little Smithers told me the matter as a very good joke, only the other year, when he showed me the letter of Hixon, Dixon, Paxon, and Jackson, which has before been quoted in my Memoirs.

"Sam, my boy," said he, "you were determined to leave Mrs. Hoggarty in Brough's clutches at the Rookery, and I was determined to have her away. I resolved to kill two of your mortal enemies with one stone, as it were. It was quite clear to me that the Rev. Grimes Wapshot had an eye to your aunt's fortune; and that Mr. Brough had similar predatory intentions regarding her. Predatory is a mild word, Sam; if I had said robbery at once, I should express my meaning clearer.

"Well, I took the Fulham stage, and, arriving, made straight for the lodgings of the reverend gentleman. 'Sir,' said I, on finding that worthy gent,—he was drinking warm brandy-and-water, Sam, at two o'clock in the day, or at least the room smelt very strongly of that beverage—'Sir,' says I, 'you were tried for forgery in the year '14, at Lancaster assizes.'

"'And acquitted, sir. My innocence was by Providence made clear,' said Wapshot.

"'But you were not acquitted of embezzlement in '16, sir,' says I, 'and passed two years in York gaol in consequence.' I knew the fellow's history, for I had a writ out against him when he was a preacher at Clifton. I followed up my blow. 'Mr. Wapshot,' said I, 'you are making love to an excellent lady now at the house of Mr. Brough; if you do not promise to give up all pursuit of her, I will expose you.'

"'I *have* promised,' said Wapshot, rather surprised, and looking more easy. 'I have given my solemn promise to Mr. Brough,

who was with me this very morning, storming, and scolding, and swearing. O sir, it would have frightened you to hear a Christian babe like him swear as he did.'

"'Mr. Brough been here?' says I, rather astonished.

"'Yes; I suppose you are both here on the same scent,' says Wapshot. 'You want to marry the widow with the Slopperton and Squashtail estate, do you? Well, well, have your way. I've promised not to have anything more to do with the widow, and a Wapshot's honour is sacred.'

"'I suppose, sir,' says I, 'Mr. Brough has threatened to kick you out of doors if you call again.'

"'You *have* been with him, I see,' says the reverend gent, with a shrug; and then I remembered what you had told me of the broken seal of your letter, and have not the slightest doubt that Brough opened and read every word of it.

"Well, the first bird was bagged: both I and Brough had had a shot at him. Now I had to fire at the whole Rookery; and off I went, primed and loaded, sir,—primed and loaded.

"It was past eight when I arrived, and I saw, after I passed the lodge-gates, a figure that I knew, walking in the shrubbery—that of your respected aunt, sir: but I wished to meet the amiable ladies of the house before I saw her; because, look, friend Titmarsh, I saw by Mrs. Hoggarty's letter, that she and they were at daggers drawn, and hoped to get her out of the house at once by means of a quarrel with them."

I laughed, and owned that Mr. Smithers was a very cunning fellow.

"As luck would have it," continued he, "Miss Brough was in the drawing-room twangling on a guitar, and singing most atrociously out of tune; but as I entered at the door, I cried 'Hush!' to the footman, as loud as possible, and then stood stock-still, and then walked forward on tiptoe lightly. Miss B. could see in the glass every movement that I made; she pretended not to see, however, and finished the song with a regular roulade.

"'Gracious Heaven!' said I, 'do, madam, pardon me for interrupting that delicious harmony,—for coming unaware upon it, for daring uninvited to listen to it.'

"'Do you come for mamma, sir?' said Miss Brough, with as

much graciousness as her physiognomy could command. 'I am Miss Brough, sir.'

"'I wish, madam, you would let me not breathe a word regarding my business until you have sung another charming strain.'

"She did not sing, but looked pleased, and said, 'La! sir, what is your business?'

"'My business is with a lady, your respected father's guest in this house.'

"'Oh, Mrs. Hoggarty!' says Miss Brough, flouncing towards the bell, and ringing it. 'John, send to Mrs. Hoggarty, in the shrubbery; here is a gentleman who wants to see her.'

"'I know,' continued I, 'Mrs. Hoggarty's peculiarities as well as any one, madam; and aware that those and her education are not such as to make her a fit companion for you: I know you do not like her: she has written to us in Somersetshire that you do not like her.'

"'What! she has been abusing us to her friends, has she?' cried Miss Brough (it was the very point I wished to insinuate). 'If she does not like us, why does she not leave us?'

"'She *has* made rather a long visit,' said I; 'and I am sure that her nephew and niece are longing for her return. Pray, madam, do not move, for you may aid me in the object for which I come.'

"The object for which I came, sir, was to establish a regular battle-royal between the two ladies, at the end of which I intended to appeal to Mrs. Hoggarty, and say that she ought really no longer to stay in a house with the members of which she had such unhappy differences. Well, sir, the battle-royal was fought,—Miss Belinda opening the fire, by saying she understood Mrs. Hoggarty had been calumniating her to her friends. But though at the end of it Miss rushed out of the room in a rage, and vowed she would leave her home unless that odious woman left it, your dear aunt said, 'Ha, ha! I know the minx's vile stratagems; but, thank Heaven! I have a good heart, and my religion enables me to forgive her. I shall not leave her excellent papa's house, or vex by my departure that worthy, admirable man.'

"I then tried Mrs. H. on the score of compassion. 'Your

niece,' said I, 'Mrs. Titmarsh, madam, has been of late, Sam says, rather poorly,—qualmish of mornings, madam,—a little nervous, and low in spirits,—symptoms, madam, that are scarcely to be mistaken in a young married person.'

"Mrs. Hoggarty said she had an admirable cordial that she would send Mrs. Samuel Titmarsh, and she was perfectly certain it would do her good.

"With very great unwillingness I was obliged now to bring my last reserve into the field, and may tell you what that was, Sam, my boy, now that the matter is so long passed. 'Madam,' said I, 'there's a matter about which I must speak, though indeed I scarcely dare. I dined with your nephew yesterday, and met at his table a young man—a young man of low manners, but evidently one who has blinded your nephew, and I too much fear has succeeded in making an impression upon your niece. His name is Hoskins, madam; and when I state that he who was never in the house during your presence there, has dined with your too-confiding nephew sixteen times in three weeks, I may leave you to imagine what I dare not—dare not imagine myself.'

"The shot told. Your aunt bounced up at once, and in ten minutes more was in my carriage, on our way back to London. There, sir, was not *that* generalship?"

"And you played this pretty trick off at my wife's expense, Mr. Smithers," said I.

"At your wife's expense, certainly; but for the benefit of both of you."

"It's lucky, sir, that you are an old man," I replied, "and that the affair happened ten years ago; or, by the Lord, Mr. Smithers, I would have given you such a horse-whipping as you never heard of!"

But this was the way in which Mrs. Hoggarty was brought back to her relatives; and this was the reason why we took that house in Bernard Street, the doings at which must now be described.

CHAPTER X.

OF SAM'S PRIVATE AFFAIRS, AND OF THE FIRM OF BROUGH AND HOFF.

We took a genteel house in Bernard Street, Russell Square; and my aunt sent for all her furniture from the country, which would have filled two such houses, but which came pretty cheap to us young house-keepers, as we had only to pay the carriage of the goods from Bristol.

When I brought Mrs. H. her third half-year's dividend, having not for four months touched a shilling of her money, I must say she gave me 50*l.* of the 80*l.*, and told me that was ample pay for the board and lodging of a poor old woman like her, who did not eat more than a sparrow.

I have myself, in the country, seen her eat nine sparrows in a pudding; but she was rich, and I could not complain. If she saved 600*l.* a-year, at the least, by living with us, why all the savings would one day come to me; and so Mary and I consoled ourselves, and tried to manage matters as well as we might. It was no easy task to keep a mansion in Bernard Street, and save money out of 470*l.* a-year, which was my income. But what a lucky fellow I was to have such an income!

As Mrs. Hoggarty left the Rookery in Smithers's carriage, Mr. Brough, with his four greys, was entering the lodge-gate; and I should like to have seen the looks of these two gentlemen, as the one was carrying the other's prey off, out of his own very den, under his very nose.

He came to see her the next day, and protested that he would not leave the house until she left it with him; that he had heard of his daughter's infamous conduct, and had seen her in tears—"in tears, madam, and on her knees, imploring Heaven to pardon her!" But Mr. B. was obliged to leave the house without my aunt, who had a *causa major* for staying, and hardly allowed poor Mary out of her sight,—opening every one of the letters that

came into the house directed to my wife, and suspecting hers to every body. Mary never told me of all this pain for many, many years afterwards; but had always a smiling face for her husband when he came home from his work. As for poor Gus, my aunt had so frightened him, that he never once showed his nose in the place all the time we lived there; but used to be content with news of Mary, of whom he was as fond as he was of me.

Mr. Brough, when my aunt left him, was in a furious ill-humour with me. He found fault with me ten times a day, and openly, before the gents of the office; but I let him one day know pretty smartly that I was not only a servant, but a considerable shareholder in the Company; that I defied him to find fault with my work or my regularity; and that I was not minded to receive any insolent language from him or any man. He said it was always so; that he had never cherished a young man in his bosom, but the ingrate had turned on him; that he was accustomed to wrong and undutifulness from his children, and that he would pray that the sin might be forgiven me. A moment before, he had been cursing and swearing at me, and speaking to me as if I had been his shoe-black. But, look you, I was not going to put up with any more of Madam Brough's airs, or of his. With *me* they might act as they thought fit; but I did not choose that my wife should be passed over by them as she had been in the matter of the visit to Fulham.

Brough ended by warning me of Hodge and Smithers. "Beware of these men," said he; "but for my honesty, your aunt's landed property would have been sacrificed by these cormorants; and when, for her benefit—which you, obstinate young man, will not perceive—I wished to dispose of her land, her attorneys actually had the audacity—the un-Christian avarice I may say—to ask 10 per cent. commission on the sale."

There might be some truth in this, I thought; at any rate, when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own: and now I began to suspect, I am sorry to say, that both the attorney and the director had a little of the rogue in their composition. It was especially about my wife's fortune that Mr. B. showed *his* cloven foot; for proposing, as usual, that I should purchase shares with it in our Company, I told him that my wife was a

minor, and as such her little fortune was vested out of my control altogether. He flung away in a rage at this; and I soon saw that he did not care for me any more, by Abednego's manner to me. No more holidays, no more advances of money, had I; on the contrary, the private clerkship at 50*l.* was abolished, and I found myself on my 250*l.* a-year again. Well; what then? it was always a good income, and I did my duty, and laughed at the director.

About this time, in the beginning of 1824, the Jamaica Gingeer Beer Company shut up shop—exploded, as Gus said, with a bang! The Patent Pump shares were down to 15*l.* upon a paid-up capital of 65*l.* Still ours were at a high premium; and the Independent West Diddlesex held its head up as proudly as any office in London. Roundhand's abuse had had some influence against the director, certainly; for he hinted at malversation of shares: but the Company still stood as united as the Hand-in-Hand, and as firm as the Rock.

To return to the state of affairs in Bernard Street, Russell Square: My aunt's old furniture crammed our little rooms; and my aunt's enormous old jingling grand piano, with crooked legs and half the strings broken, occupied three-fourths of the little drawing-room. Here used Mrs. H. to sit, and play us, for hours, sonatas that were in fashion in Lord Charleville's time; and sung with a cracked voice, till it was all that we could do to refrain from laughing.

And it was queer to remark the change that had taken place in Mrs. Hoggarty's character now: for whereas she was in the country among the topping persons of the village, and quite content with a tea-party at six, and a game of twopenny whist afterwards; in London she would never dine till seven; would have a fly from the mews, to drive in the park twice a week; cut and uncut, and ripped up, and twisted over and over all her old gowns, flounces, caps, and fallals, and kept my poor Mary from morning till night altering them to the present mode. Mrs. Hoggarty, moreover, appeared in a new wig; and, I am sorry to say, turned out with such a pair of red cheeks as Nature never gave her, and as made all the people in Bernard Street stare, where they are not as yet used to such fashions.

Moreover, she insisted upon our establishing a servant in livery,—a boy, that is, of about sixteen,—who was dressed in one of the old liveries that she had brought with her from Somersetshire, decorated with new cuffs and collars, and new buttons; on the latter were represented the united crests of the Titmarshes and Hoggarties, viz. a tomtit rampant and a hog in armour. I thought this livery and crest-button rather absurd, I must confess, though my family *is* very ancient. And, Heavens! what a roar of laughter was raised in the office one day, when the little servant in the big livery, with the immense cane, walked in and brought me a message from Mrs. Hoggarty of Castle Hoggarty! Furthermore, all letters were delivered on a silver tray. If we had had a baby, I believe aunt would have had it down on the tray; but there was as yet no foundation for Mr. Smithers's insinuation upon that score, any more than for his other cowardly fabrication before narrated. Aunt and Mary used to walk gravely up and down the New Road, with the boy following with his great gold-headed stick; but though there was all this ceremony and parade, and aunt still talked of her acquaintances, we did not see a single person from week's end to week's end, and a more dismal house than ours could hardly be found in London town.

On Sundays, Mrs. Hoggarty used to go to Saint Pancras Church, then just built, and as handsome as Covent Garden Theatre; and of evenings, to a meeting-house of the Anabaptists: and *that* day, at least, Mary and I had to ourselves,—for we chose to have seats at the Foundling, and heard the charming music there, and my wife used to look wistfully in the pretty children's faces,—and so, for the matter of that, did I. It was not, however, till a year after our marriage that she spoke in a way which shall be here passed over, but which filled both her and me with inexpressible joy.

I remember she had the news to give me on the very day when the Muff and Tippet Company shut up, after swallowing a capital of 300,000*l.* as some said, and nothing to show for it except a treaty with some Indians, who had afterwards tomahawked the agent of the Company. Some people said there were no Indians, and no agent to be tomahawked at all; but that the

whole had been invented in a house in Crutched Friars. Well, I pitied poor Tidd, whose 20,000*l.* were thus gone in a year, and whom I met in the City that day with a most ghastly face. He had 1000*l.* of debts, he said, and talked of shooting himself; but he was only arrested, and passed a long time in the Fleet. Mary's delightful news, however, soon put Tidd and the Muff and Tippet Company out of my head, as you may fancy.

Other circumstances now occurred in the city of London which seemed to show that our director was—what is not to be found in Johnson's "Dictionary"—rather shaky. Three of his companies had broken; four more were in a notoriously insolvent state; and even at the meetings of the directors of the West Diddlesex, some stormy words passed, which ended in the retirement of several of the board. Friends of Mr. B.'s filled up their places: Mr. Puppet, Mr. Straw, Mr. Query, and other respectable gents, coming forward and joining the concern. Brough and Hoff dissolved partnership; and Mr. B. said he had quite enough to do to manage the I. W. D., and intended gradually to retire from the other affairs. Indeed, such an association as ours was enough work for any man, let alone the parliamentary duties which Brough was called on to perform, and the seventy-two law-suits which burst upon him as principal director of the late companies.

Perhaps I should here describe the desperate attempts made by Mrs. Hoggarty to introduce herself into genteel life. Strange to say, although we had my Lord Tiptoff's word to the contrary, she insisted upon it that she and Lady Drum were intimately related; and no sooner did she read in the "Morning Post" of the arrival of her ladyship and her granddaughters in London, than she ordered the fly before mentioned, and left cards at their respective houses. Her card, that is—"Mrs. Hoggarty, of Castle Hoggarty," magnificently engraved in Gothic letters and flourishes; and ours, viz.—"Mr. and Mrs. S. Titmarsh," which she had printed for the purpose.

She would have stormed Lady Jane Preston's door, and forced her way up-stairs in spite of Mary's entreaties to the contrary, had the footman who received her card given her the least encouragement; but that functionary, no doubt struck by the oddity of her appearance, placed himself in the front of the

door, and declared that he had positive orders not to admit any strangers to his lady. On which Mrs. Hoggarty clenched her fist out of the coach-window, and promised that she would have him turned away.

Yellowplush only burst out laughing at this; and though aunt wrote a most indignant letter to Mr. Edmund Preston, complaining of the insolence of the servants of that right honourable gent, Mr. Preston did not take any notice of her letter, further than to return it, with a desire that he might not be troubled with such impertinent visits for the future. A pretty day we had of it when this letter arrived, owing to my aunt's disappointment and rage in reading the contents; for when Solomon brought up the note on the silver tea-tray as usual, my aunt seeing Mr. Preston's seal and name at the corner of the letter (which is the common way of writing adopted by those official gents)—my aunt, I say, seeing his name and seal, cried, "*Now*, Mary, who is right?" and betted my wife a sixpence that the envelope contained an invitation to dinner. She never paid the sixpence though she lost, but contented herself by abusing Mary all day, and said I was a poor-spirited sneak for not instantly horse-whipping Mr. P. A pretty joke, indeed! They would have hanged me in those days, as they did the man who shot Mr. Perceval.

And now I should be glad to enlarge upon that experience in genteel life, which I obtained through the perseverance of Mrs. Hoggarty; but it must be owned that my opportunities were but few, lasting only for the brief period of six months; and also, genteel society has been fully described already by various authors of novels, whose names need not here be set down, but who, being themselves connected with the aristocracy—viz. as members of noble families, or as footmen or hangers-on thereof, naturally understand their subject a great deal better than a poor young fellow from a fire-office can.

There was our celebrated adventure in the Opera House, whither Mrs. H. would insist upon conducting us; and where, in a room of the establishment called the crush-room, where the ladies and gents after the music and dancing await the arrival of their carriages (a pretty figure did our little Solomon cut by the way, with his big cane among the gentlemen of the shoulder-

knot assembled in the lobby!)—when, I say, in the crush-room, Mrs. H. rushed up to old Lady Drum, whom I pointed out to her, and insisted upon claiming relationship with her ladyship. But my Lady Drum had only a memory when she chose, as I may say, and had entirely on this occasion thought fit to forget her connection with the Titmarshes and Hoggarties. Far from recognising us, indeed, she called Mrs. Hoggarty an "ojus-'oman," and screamed out as loud as possible for a police-officer.

This and other rebuffs made my aunt perceive the vanities of this wicked world, as she said, and threw her more and more into really serious society. She formed several very valuable acquaintances, she said, at the Independent Chapel; and among others, lighted upon her friend of the Rookery, Mr. Grimes Wapshot. We did not know then the interview which he had had with Mr. Smithers, nor did Grimes think proper to acquaint us with the particulars of it; but though I did acquaint Mrs. H. with the fact, that her favourite preacher had been tried for forgery, *she* replied, that she considered the story an atrocious calumny; and *he* answered by saying that Mary and I were in lamentable darkness, and that we should infallibly find the way to a certain bottomless pit, of which he seemed to know a great deal. Under the reverend gentleman's guidance and advice, she, after a time, separated from Saint Pancras altogether—"*sat under him*" as the phrase is, regularly thrice a week—began to labour in the conversion of the poor of Bloomsbury and St. Giles's, and made a deal of baby-linen for distribution among those benighted people. She did not make any, however, for Mrs. Sam Titmarsh, who now showed signs that such would be speedily necessary, but set Mary (and my mother and sisters in Somersetshire) provide what was requisite for the coming event, I am not, indeed, sure that she did not say it was wrong on our parts to make any such provision, and that we ought to let the morrow provide for itself. At any rate, the Rev. Grimes Wapshot drank a deal of brandy-and-water at our house, and dined there even oftener than poor Gus used to do.

But I had little leisure to attend to him and his doings; for I must confess at this time I was growing very embarrassed in my

circumstances, and was much harassed both as a private and public character.

As regards the former, Mrs. Hoggarty had given me 50*l.*; but out of that 50*l.* I had to pay a journey post from Somersetshire, all the carriage of her goods from the country, the painting, papering, and carpeting of my house, the brandy and strong liquors drunk by the Rev. Grimes and his friends (for the reverend gent said that Rosolio did not agree with him); and finally, a thousand small bills and expenses incident to all housekeepers in the town of London.

Add to this, I received just at the time when I was most in want of cash, Madame Mantalini's bill, Messrs. Howell and James's ditto, the account of Baron von Stiltz, and the bill of Mr. Polonius for the setting of the diamond pin. All these bills arrived in a week, as they have a knack of doing; and fancy my astonishment in presenting them to Mrs. Hoggarty, when she said, "Well, my dear, you are in the receipt of a very fine income. If you choose to order dresses and jewels from first-rate shops, you must pay for them; and don't expect that *I* am to abet your extravagance, or give you a shilling more than the munificent sum I pay you for board and lodging!"

How could I tell Mary of this behaviour of Mrs. Hoggarty, and Mary in such a delicate condition? And bad as matters were at home, I am sorry to say at the office they began to look still worse.

Not only did Roundhand leave, but Highmore went away. Abednego became head clerk: and one day old Abednego came to the place, and was shown into the directors' private room; when he left it, he came trembling, chattering, and cursing down stairs; and had begun, "Shentlemen——" a speech to the very clerks in the office; when Mr. Brough, with an imploring look, and crying out, "Stop till Saturday!" at length got him into the street.

On Saturday Abednego, junior, left the office for ever, and I became head clerk with 400*l.* a-year salary. It was a fatal week for the office, too. On Monday when I arrived and took my seat at the head desk, and my first read of the newspaper, as was my right, the first thing I read was, "Frightful fire in Houndsditch!

Total destruction of Mr. Meshach's sealing-wax manufactory, and of Mr. Shadrach's adjoining, clothing depôt. In the former was 20,000*l.* worth of the finest Dutch wax, which the voracious element attacked and devoured in a twinkling. The latter estimable gentleman had just completed 40,000 suits of clothes for the cavalry of H. H. the Cacique of Poyais."

Both of these Jewish gents, who were connections of Mr. Abednego, were insured in our office to the full amount of their loss. The calamity was attributed to the drunkenness of a scoundrelly Irish watchman, who was employed on the premises, and who upset a bottle of whisky in the warehouse of Messrs. Shadrach, and incautiously looked for the liquor with a lighted candle. The man was brought to our office by his employers; and certainly, as we all could testify, was *even then* in a state of frightful intoxication.

As if this were not sufficient, in the obituary was announced the demise of Alderman Pash—Aldermany Cally-Pash we used to call him in our lighter hours, knowing his propensity to green fat; but such a moment as this was no time for joking! He was insured by our house for 5000*l.* And now I saw very well the truth of a remark of Gus's—viz., that life-insurance companies go on excellently for a year or two after their establishment, but that it is much more difficult to make them profitable when the assured parties begin to die.

The Jewish fires were the heaviest blows we had had; for though the Waddingley Cotton-mills had been burnt in 1822, at a loss to the Company of 80,000*l.*, and though the Patent Erostratus Match Manufactory had exploded in the same year at a charge of 14,000*l.*, there were those who said that the loss had not been near so heavy as was supposed—nay, that the Company had burnt the above-named establishments as advertisements for themselves. Of these facts I can't be positive, having never seen the early accounts of the concern.

Contrary to the expectation of all us gents, who were ourselves as dismal as mutes, Mr. Brough came to the office in his coach-and-four, laughing and joking with a friend as he stepped out at the door.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "you have read the papers; they

announce an event which I most deeply deplore. I mean the demise of the excellent Alderman Pash, one of our constituents. But if anything can console me for the loss of that worthy man, it is to think that his children and widow will receive, at eleven o'clock next Saturday, 5000*l.* from my friend, Mr. Titmarsh, who is now head clerk here. As for the accident which has happened to Messrs. Shadrach and Meshach,—in *that*, at least, there is nothing that can occasion any person sorrow. On Saturday next, or as soon as the particulars of their loss can be satisfactorily ascertained, my friend, Mr. Titmarsh, will pay to them across the counter a sum of forty, fifty, eighty, one hundred thousand pounds —according to the amount of their loss. *They*, at least, will be remunerated; and though to our proprietors the outlay will no doubt be considerable, yet we can afford it, gentlemen. John Brough can afford it himself, for the matter of that, and not be very much embarrassed; and we must learn to bear ill-fortune as we have hitherto borne good, and show ourselves to be men always!"

Mr. B. concluded with some allusions, which I confess I don't like to give here; for to speak of Heaven in connection with common worldly matters, has always appeared to me irreverent; and to bring it to bear witness to the lie in his mouth, as a religious hypocrite does, is such a frightful crime, that one should be careful even in alluding to it.

Mr. Brough's speech somehow found its way into the newspapers of that very evening; nor can I think who gave a report of it, for none of our gents left the office that day until the evening papers had appeared. But there was the speech—ay, and at the week's end, although Roundhand was heard on 'Change that day declaring he would bet five to one that Alderman Pash's money would never be paid,—at the week's end, the money was paid by me to Mrs. Pash's solicitor across the counter, and no doubt Roundhand lost his money.

Shall I tell how the money was procured? There can be no harm in mentioning the matter now after twenty years' lapse of time; and, moreover, it is greatly to the credit of two individuals now dead.

As I was head clerk, I had occasion to be requently in Brough's

om, and he now seemed once more disposed to take me into his nfidence.

"Titmarsh, my boy," said he one day to me, after looking me rd in the face, "did you ever hear of the fate of the great Mr. lberschmidt of London?" Of course I had. Mr. Silberschmidt, e Rothschild of his day (indeed I have heard the latter famous nt was originally a clerk in Silberschmidt's house)—Silber-hmidt, fancying he could not meet his engagements, committed icide; and had he lived till four o'clock that day, would have own that he was worth 400,000*l.* "To tell you frankly the uth," says Mr. B., "I am in Silberschmidt's case. My late rtner, Hoff, has given bills in the name of the firm to an ormous amount, and I have been obliged to meet them. have been cast in fourteen actions, brought by creditors of at infernal Ginger Beer Company; and all the debts are put on my shoulders, on account of my known wealth. Now, less I have time, I cannot pay; and the long and short of the tter is, that if I cannot procure 5000*l.* before Saturday, *our ncern is ruined!*"

"What! the West Diddlesex ruined?" says I, thinking of my or mother's annuity. "Impossible! our business is splendid!"

"We must have 5000*l.* on Saturday, and we are saved; and if u will, as you can, get it for me, I will give you 10,000*l.* for the ney!"

B. then showed me to a fraction the accounts of the concern, d his own private account; proving beyond the possibility of a ubt, that with the 5000*l.* our office must be set a-going; and thout it, that the concern must stop. No matter how he oved the thing; but there is, you know, a *dictum* of a states-an, that give him but leave to use figures, and he will prove ything.

I promised to ask Mrs. Hoggarty once more for the money, d she seemed not to be disinclined. I told him so; and that y he called upon her, his wife called upon her, his daughter lled upon her, and once more the Brough carriage-and-four was en at our house.

But Mrs. Brough was a bad manager; and instead of carrying tters with a high hand, fairly burst into tears before Mrs.

Hoggarty, and went down on her knees and besought her to save dear John. This at once aroused my aunt's suspicions; and instead of lending the money, she wrote off to Mr. Smithers instantly to come up to her, desired me to give her up the 3000*l.* scrip shares that I possessed, called me an atrocious cheat and heartless swindler, and vowed I had been the cause of her ruin.

How was Mr. Brough to get the money? I will tell you. Being in his room one day, old Gates, the Fulham porter, came and brought him from Mr. Balls, the pawnbroker, a sum of 1200*l.* Missus told him, he said, to carry the plate to Mr. Balls; and having paid the money, old Gates fumbled a great deal in his pockets, and at last pulled out a 5*l.* note, which he said his daughter Jane had just sent him from service, and begged Mr. B. would let him have another share in the Company. "He was mortal sure it would go right yet. And when he heard master crying and cursing as he and missus were walking in the scrubbery, and saying that for the want of a few pounds—a few shillings—the finest fortune in Europe was to be overthrown, why Gates and his woman thought that they should come for'ard, to be sure, with all they could, to help the kindest master and missus ever was."

"This was the substance of Gates's speech; and Mr. Brough shook his hand and—took the 5*l.* "Gates," said he, "that 5*l.* note shall be the best outlay you ever made in your life!" and I have no doubt it was,—but it was in Heaven that poor old Gates was to get the interest of his little mite.

Nor was this the only instance. Mrs. Brough's sister, Miss Dough, who had been on bad terms with the director almost ever since he had risen to be a great man, came to the office with a power of attorney, and said, "John, Isabella has been with me this morning, and says you want money, and I have brought you my 4000*l.*; it is all I have, John, and pray God it may do you good—you and my dear sister, who was the best sister in the world to me—till—till a little time ago."

And she laid down the paper, and I was called up to witness it; and Brough, with tears in his eyes, told me her words; for he could trust me, he said. And thus it was that I came to be present at Gates's interview with his master, which took place

only an hour afterwards. Brave Mrs. Brough! how she was working for her husband! Good woman, and kind! but *you* had a true heart, and merited a better fate! Though wherefore say so? The woman, to this day, thinks her husband an angel, and loves him a thousand times better for his misfortunes.

On Saturday, Alderman Pash's solicitor was paid by me across the counter, as I said, "Never mind your aunt's money, Titmarsh, my boy,—never mind her having resumed her shares; you are a true honest fellow; you have never abused me like that pack of curs down-stairs, and I'll make your fortune yet!"

* * * * *

The next week as I was sitting with my wife, with Mr. Smithers, and with Mrs. Hoggarty, taking our tea comfortably, a knock was heard at the door, and a gentleman desired to speak to me in the parlour. It was Mr. Aminadab of Chancery Lane, who arrested me as a shareholder of the Independent West Diddlesex Association, at the suit of Von Stiltz of Conduit Street, Tailor and Draper.

I called down Smithers, and told him for Heaven's sake not to tell Mary.

"Where is Brough?" says Mr. Smithers.

"Why," says Mr. Aminadab, "he's once more of the firm of Brough and Off, sir—he breakfasted at Calais this morning!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT A MAN MAY POSSESS A DIAMOND AND YET BE VERY HARD PRESSED FOR A DINNER.

On that fatal Saturday evening, in a hackney-coach, fetched from the Foundling, was I taken from my comfortable house and my dear little wife, whom Mr. Smithers was left to console as he might. He said that I was compelled to take a journey upon business connected with the office; and my poor Mary made up a little portmanteau of clothes, and tied a comforter round my

neck, and bade my companion particularly to keep the coach-windows shut, which injunction the grinning wretch promised to obey. Our journey was not long; it was only a shilling fare to Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, and there I was set down.

The house before which the coach stopped seemed to be only one of half-a-dozen in that street, which were used for the same purpose. No man, be he ever so rich, can pass by those dismal houses, I think, without a shudder. The front windows are barred, and on the dingy pillar of the door was a shining brass plate, setting forth that "Aminadab, Officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex," lived therein. A little red-haired Israelite opened the first door as our coach drove up, and received me and my baggage.

As soon as we entered the door, he barred it, and I found myself in the face of another huge door, which was strongly locked; and, at last, passing through that, we entered the lobby of the house.

There is no need to describe it. It is very like ten thousand other houses in our dark city of London. There was a dirty passage and a dirty stair, and from the passage two dirty doors let into two filthy rooms, which had strong bars at the windows, and yet withal an air of horrible finery that makes me uncomfortable to think of even yet. On the walls hung all sorts of trumpery pictures in tawdry frames (how different from those capital performances of my cousin Michael Angelo!); on the mantelpiece, huge French clocks, vases, and candlesticks; on the side-boards, enormous trays of Birmingham plated-ware; for Mr. Aminadab not only arrested those who could not pay money, but lent it to those who could; and had already, in the way of trade, sold and bought these articles many times over.

I agreed to take the back-parlour for the night, and while a Hebrew damsel was arranging a little dusky sofa-bedstead (woe betide him who has to sleep on it!) I was invited into the front parlour, where Mr. Aminadab, bidding me take heart, told me I should have a dinner for nothing with a party who had just arrived. I did not want for dinner, but I was glad not to be alone—not alone, even till Gus came, for whom I despatched a messenger to his lodgings hard by.

I found there, in the front parlour, at eight o'clock in the evening, four gentlemen, just about to sit down to dinner. Surprising! there was Mr. B., a gentleman of fashion, who had only within half-an-hour arrived in a post-chaise, with his companion Mr. Lock, an officer of Horsham gaol. Mr. B. was arrested in this wise:—He was a careless, good-humoured gentleman, and had indorsed bills to a large amount for a friend, who, a man of high family and unquestionable honour, had pledged the latter, along with a number of the most solemn oaths, for the payment of the bills in question. Having indorsed the notes, young Mr. B., with a proper thoughtlessness, forgot all about them, and so, by some chance, did the friend whom he obliged; for, instead of being in London with the money for the payment of his obligations, this latter gentleman was travelling abroad, and never hinted one word to Mr. B. that the notes would fall upon him. The young gentleman was at Brighton lying sick of a fever; was taken from his bed by a bailiff, and carried, on a rainy day, to Horsham gaol; had a relapse of his complaint, and when sufficiently recovered, was brought up to London to the house of Mr. Aminadab, where I found him—a pale, thin, good-humoured, *lost* young man; he was lying on a sofa, and had given orders for the dinner to which I was invited. The lad's face gave one pain to look at; it was impossible not to see that his hours were numbered.

Now Mr. B. has not anything to do with my humble story; but I can't help mentioning him as I saw him. He sent for his lawyer and his doctor; the former settled speedily his accounts with the bailiff, and the latter arranged all his earthly accounts; for after he went from the spunging-house he never recovered from the shock of the arrest, and in a few weeks he *died*. And though this circumstance took place many years ago, I can't forget it to my dying day, and often see the author of Mr. B.'s death,—a prosperous gentleman, riding a fine horse in the Park, lounging at the window of a club with many friends, no doubt, and a good reputation. I wonder whether the man sleeps easily and eats with a good appetite? I wonder whether he has paid Mr. B.'s heirs the sum which that gentleman paid and *died for?*

If Mr. B.'s history has nothing to do with mine, and is only

inserted here for the sake of a moral, what business have I to mention particulars of the dinner to which I was treated by that gentleman, in the spunging-house in Cursitor Street? Why for the moral too; and therefore, the public must be told of what really and truly that dinner consisted.

There were five guests, and three silver tureens of soup: viz. mock-turtle soup, ox-tail soup, and giblet-soup. Next came a great piece of salmon, likewise on a silver dish, a roast goose, a roast saddle of mutton, roast game, and all sorts of adjuncts. In this way can a gentleman live in a spunging-house if he be inclined, and over this repast (which, in truth, I could not touch, for, let alone having dined, my heart was full of care)—over this meal my friend Gus Hoskins found me, when he received the letter that I had despatched to him.

Gus, who had never been in a prison before, and whose heart failed him as the red-headed young Moses opened and shut for him the numerous iron outer doors, was struck dumb to see me behind a bottle of claret, in a room blazing with gilt lamps; the curtains were down too, and you could not see the bars at the windows; and Mr. B., Mr. Lock the Brighton officer, Mr. Aminadab, and another rich gentleman of his trade and religious persuasion, were chirping as merrily and looked as respectably as any noblemen in the land.

"Have him in," said Mr. B., "if he 's a friend of Mr. Titmarsh's; for, cuss me, I like to see a rogue: and run me through, Titmarsh, but I think you are one of the best in London. You beat Brough; you do, by Jove! for he looks like a rogue—any body would swear to him: but you! by Jove, you look the very picture of honesty!"

"A deep file," said Aminadab, winking and pointing me out to his friend Mr. Jehoshaphat.

"A good one," says Jehoshaphat.

"In for three hundred thousand pound," says Aminadab; "Brough's right-hand man, and only three-and-twenty."

"Mr. Titmarsh, sir, your 'ealth, sir," says Mr. Lock, in an ecstasy of admiration. "Your very good 'ealth, sir, and better luck to you next time."

"Pooh, pooh! *he's* all right," says Aminadab; "let *him* alone."

"In for *what?*" shouted I, quite amazed. "Why, sir, you arrested me for 90*l.*"

"Yes, but you are in for half a million,—you know you are. *Them* debts I don't count—them paltry tradesmen's accounts. I mean Brough's business. It 's an ugly one; but you 'll get through it. We all know you; and I lay my life that when you come through the court, Mrs. Titmarsh has got a handsome thing laid by."

"Mrs. Titmarsh has a small property, sir," says I. "What then?"

The three gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, said I was a "rum chap"—a "downy cove," and made other remarks which I could not understand then; but the meaning of which I have since comprehended, for they took me to be a great rascal, I am sorry to say, and supposed that I had robbed the I. W. D. Association, and, in order to make my money secure, settled it on my wife.

"It was in the midst of this conversation, that, as I said, Gus came in; and whew! when he saw what was going on, he gave *such* a whistle!

"Herr von Joel, by Jove!" says Aminadab. At which all laughed.

"Sit down," says Mr. B.,—"sit down, and wet your whistle, my piper! I say, egad! you 're the piper that played before Moses! Had you there, Dab. Dab, get a fresh bottle of Burgundy for Mr. Hoskins." And before he knew where he was, there was Gus for the first time in his life drinking Clot-Vougeot. Gus said he had never tasted Bergamy before, at which the bailiff sneered, and told him the name of the wine.

"*Old Clo!* What?" says Gus; and we laughed, but the Hebrew gents did not this time.

"Come, come, sir!" says Mr. Aminadab's friend, "ve 're all shentlemen here, and shentlemen never makish reflexunsh upon other gentlemen'sh pershuashunsh."

After this feast was concluded, Gus and I retired to my room to consult about my affairs. With regard to the responsibility incurred as a shareholder in the West Diddlesex, I was not uneasy; for though the matter might cause me a little trouble at first, I knew I was not a shareholder; that the shares were scrip

shares, making the dividend payable to the bearer; and my aunt had called back her shares, and consequently I was free. But it was very unpleasant to me to consider that I was in debt nearly a hundred pounds to tradesmen, chiefly of Mrs. Hoggarty's recommendation; and as she had promised to be answerable for their bills, I determined to send her a letter, reminding her of her promise, and begging her at the same time to relieve me from Mr. von Stiltz's debt, for which I was arrested, and which was incurred not certainly at her desire, but at Mr. Brough's; and would never have been incurred by me but at the absolute demand of that gentleman.

I wrote to her, therefore, begging her to pay all these debts, and promised myself on Monday morning again to be with my dear wife. Gus carried off the letter, and promised to deliver it in Bernard Street after church-time, taking care that Mary should know nothing at all of the painful situation in which I was placed. It was near midnight when we parted, and I tried to sleep as well as I could in the dirty little sofa-bedstead of Mr. Aminadab's back-parlour.

That morning was fine and sun-shiny, and I heard all the bells ringing cheerfully for church, and longed to be walking to the Foundling with my wife; but there were the three iron doors between me and liberty, and I had nothing for it but to read my prayers in my own room, and walk up and down afterwards in the court at the back of the house. Would you believe it? This very court was like a cage! Great iron bars covered it in from one end to another; and here it was that Mr. Aminadab's gaol-birds took the air.

They had seen me reading out of the prayer-book at the back-parlour window, and all burst into a yell of laughter when I came to walk in the cage. One of them shouted out "Amen!" when I appeared; another called me a muff (which means, in the slang language, a very silly fellow); a third wondered that I took to my prayer-book *yet*.

"When do you mean, sir?" says I to the fellow—a rough man, a horse-dealer.

"Why, when you are going *to be hanged*, you young hypocrite!" says the man. "But that is always the way with Brough's

people," continued he. "I had four greys once for him—a great bargain, but he would not go to look at them at Tattersall's, nor speak a word of business about them, because it was a Sunday."

"Because there are hypocrites, sir," says I, "religion is not to be considered a bad thing; and if Mr. Brough would not deal with you on a Sunday, he certainly did his duty."

The men only laughed the more at this rebuke, and evidently considered me a great criminal. I was glad to be released from their society, by the appearance of Gus and Mr. Smithers. Both wore very long faces. They were ushered into my room, and, without any orders of mine, a bottle of wine and biscuits were brought in by Mr. Aminadab, which I really thought was very kind of him.

"Drink a glass of wine, Mr. Titmarsh," says Smithers, "and read this letter. A pretty note was that which you sent to your aunt this morning, and here you have an answer to it."

I drank the wine, and trembled rather as I read as follows :—

Sir,

If, because you knew I had desined to leave you my proparty, you wished to murdar me, and so stepp into it, you are dissapointed. Your *villiany* and *ingratatude would* have murdard me, had I not, by Heaven's grace, been inabled to look for consalation *elsewhere*.

For nearly a year I have been a *martar* to you. I gave up everything,—my happy home in the country, where all respected the name of Hoggarty; my valuble furnitur and wines; my plate, glass, and crockry; I brought all—all to make your home happy and rispectable. I put up with the *airs and impertanencies* of Mrs. Titmarsh; I loaded her and you with presents and bennafits. I sacrafised myself; I gave up the best sociaty in the land, to witch I have been accustomed, in order to be a gardian and compannion to you, and prevent, if possable, that *waist and ixtravygance* which I *prophycied* would be your ruin. Such waist and ixtravygance never, never, never did I see. Buttar waisted as if it had been dirt, coles flung away, candles burnt *at both ends*, tea and meat the same. The butcher's bill in this house was enough to support six famalies.

And now you have the audassaty, being placed in prison justly for your crimes,—for cheating me of 3000*l.*, for robbing your mother of an insignificient summ, which to her, poor thing, was everything (though she will not feel her loss as I do, being all her life next door to a beggar), for incurring detts which you cannot pay, wherein you knew that your miserable income was quite unable to support your ixtravygance—you come upon me to pay your detts! No, sir, it is quite enough that your mother should go on the parish, and that your wife should sweep the streets, to which you have indeed brought them; *I*, at least, though cheated by you of a large summ, and

obliged to pass my days in comparitive ruin. can retire, and have some of the comforts to which my rank entitles me. The furnitur in this house is mine; and as I presume you intend *your lady* to sleep in the streets, I give you warning that I shall remove it all to-morrow.

Mr. Smithers will tell you that I had intended to leave you my intire fortune. I have this morning, in his presents, solamly toar up my will; and hereby renounce all connection with you and your beggarly family.

SUSAN HOGGARTY.

P.S. I took a viper into my bosom, *and it stung me.*

I confess that, on the first reading of this letter, I was in such a fury that I forgot almost the painful situation in which it plunged me, and the ruin hanging over me.

"What a fool you were, Titmarsh, to write that letter!" said Mr. Smithers. "You have cut your own throat, sir,—lost a fine property,—written yourself out of five hundred a-year. Mrs. Hoggarty, my client, brought the will, as she says, down-stairs, and flung it into the fire before our faces."

"It 's a blessing that your wife was from home," added Gus. "She went to church this morning with Dr. Salt's family, and sent word that she would spend the day with them. She was always glad to be away from Mrs. H., you know."

"She never knew on which side her bread was buttered," said Mr. Smithers. "You should have taken the lady when she was in the humour, sir, and have borrowed the money elsewhere. Why, sir, I had almost reconciled her to her loss in that cursed Company. I showed her how I had saved out of Brough's claws the whole of her remaining fortune, which he would have devoured in a day, the scoundrel! And if you would have left the matter to me, Mr. Titmarsh, I would have had you reconciled completely to Mrs. Hoggarty; I would have removed all your difficulties; I would have lent you the pitiful sum of money myself."

"Will you?" says Gus; "that 's a trump!" and he seized Smithers's hand, and squeezed it so that the tears came into the attorney's eyes.

"Generous fellow!" said I; "lend me money, when you know in what a situation I am in, and not able to pay!"

"Ay, my good sir, there's the rub!" says Mr. Smithers. "I said I *would* have lent the money; and so to the acknowledged

heir of Mrs. Hoggarty I would—would at this moment; for nothing delights the heart of Bob Smithers more than to do a kindness. I would have rejoiced in doing it; and a mere acknowledgment from that respected lady would have amply sufficed. But now, sir, the case is altered,—you have no security to offer, as you justly observe."

"Not a whit, certainly."

"And without security, sir, of course can expect no money—of course not. You are a man of the world, Mr. Titmarsh, and I see our notions exactly agree."

"There 's his wife's property," says Gus.

"Wife's property? Bah! Mrs. Sam Titmarsh is a minor, and can't touch a shilling of it. No, no, no meddling with minors for me! But stop!—your mother has a house and shop in our village. Get me a mortgage of that——"

"I'll do no such thing, sir," says I. "My mother has suffered quite enough on my score already, and has my sisters to provide for; and I will thank you, Mr. Smithers, not to breathe a syllable to her regarding my present situation."

"You speak like a man of honour, sir," says Mr. Smithers, "and I will obey your injunctions to the letter. I will do more, sir. I will introduce you to a respectable firm here, my worthy friends, Messrs. Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, who will do everything in their power to serve you. And so, sir, I wish you a very good morning."

And with this Mr. Smithers took his hat and left the room; and after a further consultation with my aunt, as I heard afterwards, quitted London that evening by the mail.

I sent my faithful Gus off once more to break the matter gently to my wife, fearing lest Mrs. Hoggarty should speak of it abruptly to her, as I knew in her anger she would do. But he came in an hour panting back, to say that Mrs. H. had packed and locked her trunks, and had gone off in a hackney-coach. So knowing that my poor Mary was not to return till night, Hoskins remained with me till then; and, after a dismal day, left me once more at nine, to carry the dismal tidings to her.

At ten o'clock on that night there was a great rattling and ringing at the outer door, and presently my poor girl fell into my

arms; and Gus Hoskins sat blubbering in a corner, as I tried my best to console her.

* * * * *

The next morning I was favoured with a visit from Mr. Blatherwick, who, hearing from me that I had only three guineas in my pocket, told me very plainly that lawyers only lived by fees. He recommended me to quit Cursitor Street, as living there was very expensive. And as I was sitting very sad, my wife made her appearance (it was with great difficulty that she could be brought to leave me the night previous),—

"The horrible men came at four this morning," said she, "four hours before light."

"What horrible men?" says I.

"Your aunt's men," said she, "to remove the furniture; they had it all packed before I came away. And I let them carry all," said she: "I was too sad to look what was ours and what was not. That odious Mr. Wapshot was with them; and I left him seeing the last waggon-load from the door. I have only brought away your clothes," added she, "and a few of mine; and some of the books you used to like to read, and some—some things I have been getting for the—for the baby. The servants' wages were paid up to Christmas; and I paid them the rest. And see! just as I was going away, the post came, and brought to me my half-year's income—35*l.*, dear Sam. Isn't it a blessing?"

"Will you pay my bill, Mr. Whatdyecall'em!" here cried Mr. Aminadab, flinging open the door (he had been consulting with Mr. Blatherwick, I suppose)—"I want the room for *a gentleman*. I guess it's too dear for the like of you." And here—will you believe it?—the man handed me a bill of three guineas for two days' board and lodging in his odious house.

* * * * *

There was a crowd of idlers round the door as I passed out of it; and had I been alone I should have been ashamed of seeing them; but, as it was, I was only thinking of my dear, dear wife, who was leaning trustfully on my arm, and smiling like heaven into my face—ay, and *took* heaven, too, into the Fleet prison with

me—or an angel out of heaven. Ah! I had loved her before, and happy it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; but be *un*happy, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman! I declare before Heaven, that of all the joys and happy moments it has given me, that was the crowning one—that little ride, with my wife's cheek on my shoulder, down Holborn to the prison! Do you think I cared for the bailiff that sat opposite? No, by the Lord! I kissed her, and hugged her—yes, and cried with her likewise. But before our ride was over her eyes dried up, and she stepped blushing and happy out of the coach at the prison-door, as if she were a princess going to the Queen's drawing-room.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH THE HERO'S AUNT'S DIAMOND MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE HERO'S UNCLE.

THE failure of the great Diddlesex Association speedily became the theme of all the newspapers, and every person concerned in it was soon held up to public abhorrence as a rascal and a swindler. It was said that Brough had gone off with a million of money. Even it was hinted that poor I had sent a hundred thousand pounds to America, and only waited to pass through the court in order to be a rich man for the rest of my days. This opinion had some supporters in the prison, where, strange to say, it procured me consideration—of which, as may be supposed, I was little inclined to avail myself. Mr. Aminadab, however, in his frequent visits to the Fleet, persisted in saying that I was a poor-spirited creature, a mere tool in Brough's hands, and had not saved a shilling. Opinions, however, differed; and I believe it was considered by the turnkeys that I was a fellow of exquisite dissimulation, who had put on the appearance of poverty in order more effectually to mislead the public.

Messrs. Abednego and Son were similarly held up to public odium; and, in fact, what were the exact dealings of these gentle-

men with Mr. Brough I have never been able to learn. It was proved by the books that large sums of money had been paid to Mr. Abednego by the Company; but he produced documents signed by Mr. Brough, which made the latter and the West Diddlesex Association his debtors to a still further amount. On the day I went to the Bankruptcy Court to be examined, Mr. Abednego and the two gentlemen from Houndsditch were present to swear to their debts, and made a sad noise, and uttered a vast number of oaths in attestation of their claim. But Messrs. Jackson and Paxon produced against them that very Irish porter who was said to have been the cause of the fire, and I am told hinted that they had matter for hanging the Jewish gents if they persisted in their demand. On this they disappeared altogether, and no more was ever heard of their losses. I am inclined to believe that our director had had money from Abednego—had given him shares as bonus and security—had been suddenly obliged to redeem these shares with ready money; and so had precipitated the ruin of himself and the concern. It is needless to say here in what a multiplicity of companies Brough was engaged. That in which poor Mr. Tidd invested his money, did not pay 2*d.* in the pound; and that was the largest dividend paid by any of them.

As for ours—ah! there was a pretty scene as I was brought from the Fleet to the Bankruptcy Court, to give my testimony as late head clerk and accountant of the West Diddlesex Association.

My poor wife, then very near her time, insisted upon accompanying me to Basinghall Street; and so did my friend Gus Hoskins, that true and honest fellow. If you had seen the crowd that was assembled, and the hubbub that was made as I was brought up!

"Mr. Titmarsh," says the Commissioner as I came to the table, with a peculiar sarcastic accent on the Tit—"Mr. Titmarsh, you were the confidant of Mr. Brough, the principal clerk of Mr. Brough, and a considerable shareholder in the Company?"

"Only a nominal one, sir," said I.

"Of course, only nominal," continued the Commissioner, turning to his colleague with a sneer; "and a great comfort it must

be to you, sir, to think that you had a share in all the plun—the profits of the speculation, and now can free yourself from the losses, by saying you are only a nominal shareholder."

"The infernal villain!" shouted out a voice from the crowd. It was that of the furious half-pay captain and late shareholder, Captain Sparr.

"Silence in the court there!" the Commissioner continued: and all this while Mary was anxiously looking in his face, and then in mine, as pale as death; while Gus, on the contrary, was as red as vermilion. "Mr. Titmarsh, I have had the good fortune to see a list of your debts from the Insolvent Court, and find that you are indebted to Mr. Stiltz, the great tailor, in a handsome sum; to Mr. Polonius, the celebrated jeweller, likewise; to fashionable milliners and dress-makers, moreover;—and all this upon a salary of 200*l.* per annum. For so young a gentleman, it must be confessed you have employed your time well."

"Has this anything to do with the question, sir?" says I. "Am I here to give an account of my private debts, or to speak as to what I know regarding the affairs of the Company? As for my share in it, I have a mother, sir, and many sisters."

"The d—d scoundrel!" shouts the captain.

"Silence that there fellow!" shouts Gus, as bold as brass; at which the court burst out laughing, and this gave me courage to proceed.

"My mother, sir, four years since, having a legacy of £400 left to her, advised with her solicitor, Mr. Smithers, how she should dispose of this sum; and as the Independent West Diddlesex was just then established, the money was placed in an annuity in that office, where I procured a clerkship. You may suppose me a very hardened criminal, because I have ordered clothes of Mr. von Stiltz; but you will hardly fancy that I, a lad of nineteen, knew anything of the concerns of the Company into whose service I entered as twentieth clerk, my own mother's money paying, as it were, for my place. Well, sir, the interest offered by the Company was so tempting, that a rich relative of mine was induced to purchase a number of shares."

"*Who* induced your relative, if I may make so bold as to inquire?"

"I can't help owning, sir," says I, blushing, "that I wrote a letter myself. But consider, my relative was sixty years old, and I was twenty-one. My relative took several months to consider, and had the advice of her lawyers before she acceded to my request. And I made it at the instigation of Mr. Brough, who dictated the letter which I wrote, and who I really thought then was as rich as Mr. Rothschild himself."

"Your friend placed her money, in your name; and you, if I mistake not, Mr. Titmarsh, were suddenly placed over the heads of twelve of your fellow-clerks as a reward for your service in obtaining it?"

"It is very true, sir,"—and, as I confessed it, poor Mary began to wipe her eyes, and Gus's ears (I could not see his face) looked like two red-hot muffins—"it 's quite true, sir; and, as matters have turned out, I am heartily sorry for what I did. But at the time I thought I could serve my aunt as well as myself; and you must remember, then, how high our shares were."

"Well, sir, having procured this sum of money, you were straightway taken into Mr. Brough's confidence. You were received into his house, and from third clerk speedily became head clerk; in which post you were found at the disappearance of your worthy patron?"

"Sir, you have no right to question me, to be sure; but here are a hundred of our shareholders, and I 'm not unwilling to make a clean breast of it," said I, pressing Mary's hand. "I certainly *was* the head clerk. And why? Because the other gents left the office. I certainly was received into Mr. Brough's house. And why? Because, sir, *my aunt had more money to lay out.* I see it all clearly now, though I could not understand it then; and the proof that Mr. Brough wanted my aunt's money, and not me, is that, when she came to town, our director carried her by force out of my house to Fulham, and never so much as thought of asking me or my wife thither. Ay, sir, and he would have had her remaining money, had not her lawyer from the country prevented her disposing of it. Before the concern finally broke, and as soon as she heard there was doubt concerning it, she took back her shares—scrip shares they were, sir, as you know—and has disposed of them as she thought fit. Here, sir, and gents," says I,

"you have the whole of the history as far as regards me. In order to get her only son a means of livelihood, my mother placed her little money with the Company—it is lost. My aunt invested larger sums with it, which were to have been mine one day, and they are lost too; and here am I, at the end of four years, a disgraced and ruined man. Is there any one present, however much he has suffered by the failure of the Company, that has had worse fortune through it than I?"

"Mr. Titmarsh," says Mr. Commissioner, in a much more friendly way, and at the same time casting a glance at a newspaper reporter that was sitting hard by, "your story is not likely to get into the newspapers; for, as you say, it is a private affair, which you had no need to speak of unless you thought proper, and may be considered as a confidential conversation between us and the other gentlemen here. But if it *could* be made public, it might do some good, and warn people, if they *will* be warned, against the folly of such enterprises as that in which you have been engaged. It is quite clear from your story, that you have been deceived as grossly as any one of the persons present. But look you, sir, if you had not been so eager after gain, I think you would not have allowed yourself to be deceived, and would have kept your relative's money, and inherited it, according to your story, one day or other. Directly people expect to make a large interest, their judgment seems to desert them; and because they wish for profit, they think they are sure of it, and disregard all warnings and all prudence. Besides the hundreds of honest families who have been ruined by merely placing confidence in this Association of yours, and who deserve the heartiest pity, there are hundreds more who have embarked in it, like yourself, not for investment, but for speculation; and these, upon my word, deserve the fate they have met with. As long as dividends are paid, no questions are asked; and Mr. Brough might have taken the money for his shareholders on the highroad, and they would have pocketed it, and not been too curious. But what's the use of talking?" says Mr. Commissioner, in a passion: "here is one rogue detected, and a thousand dupes made; and if another swindler starts to-morrow, there will be a thousand more of his victims round this table a year hence; and so, I suppose, to the

end. And now let's go to business, gentlemen, and excuse this sermon."

After giving an account of all I knew, which was very little, other gents who were employed in the concern, were examined; and I went back to prison, with my poor little wife on my arm. We had to pass through the crowd in the rooms, and my heart bled as I saw, amongst a score of others, poor Gates, Brough's porter, who had advanced every shilling to his master, and was now, with ten children, houseless and penniless in his old age. Captain Sparr was in this neighbourhood, but by no means so friendly disposed; for while Gates touched his hat, as if I had been a lord, the little captain came forward threatening with his bamboo-cane, and swearing with great oaths that I was an accomplice of Brough. "Curse you for a smooth-faced scoundrel!" says he. "What business have you to ruin an English gentleman, as you have me?" And again he advanced with his stick. But this time, officer as he was, Gus took him by the collar, and shoved him back, and said, "Look at the lady, you brute, and hold your tongue!" And when he looked at my wife's situation, Captain Sparr became redder for shame than he had before been for anger. "I 'm sorry she 's married to such a good-for-nothing," muttered he, and fell back; and my poor wife and I walked out of the court, and back to our dismal room in the prison.

It was a hard place for a gentle creature like her to be confined in; and I longed to have some of my relatives with her when her time should come. But her grandmother could not leave the old lieutenant; and my mother had written to say that, as Mrs. Hoggarty was with us, she was quite as well at home with her children. "What a blessing it is for you, under your misfortunes," continued the good soul, "to have the generous purse of your aunt for succour!" Generous purse of my aunt, indeed! Where could Mrs. Hoggarty be? It was evident that she had not written to any of her friends in the country, nor gone thither, as she threatened.

But as my mother had already lost so much money through my unfortunate luck, and as she had enough to do with her little pittance to keep my sisters at home, and as, on hearing of my condition, she would infallibly have sold her last gown to bring

me aid, Mary and I agreed that we would not let her know what our real condition was—bad enough! Heaven knows, and sad and cheerless. Old Lieutenant Smith had likewise nothing but his half-pay and his rheumatism; so we were, in fact, quite friendless.

That period of my life, and that horrible prison, seem to me like recollections of some fever. What an awful place!—not for the sadness, strangely enough, as I thought, but for the gaiety of it; for the long prison galleries were, I remember, full of life and a sort of grave bustle. All day and all night doors were clapping to and fro; and you heard loud voices, oaths, footsteps, and laughter. Next door to our room was one where a man sold gin, under the name of *tape*; and here, from morning till night, the people kept up a horrible revelry; and sang—sad songs some of them,—but my dear little girl was, thank God! unable to understand the most part of their ribaldry. She never used to go out till nightfall; and all day she sat working at a little store of caps and dresses for the expected stranger—and not, she says to this day, unhappy. But the confinement sickened her who had been used to happy country air, and she grew daily paler and paler.

The Fives Court was opposite our window; and here I used, very unwillingly at first, but afterwards, I do confess, with much eagerness, to take a couple of hours daily sport. Ah! it was a strange place. There was an aristocracy there as elsewhere,—amongst other gents, a son of my Lord Deuceace; and many of the men in the prison were as eager to walk with him, and talked of his family as knowingly, as if they were Bond-Street bucks. Poor Tidd, especially, was one of these. Of all his fortune he had nothing left but a dressing-case and a flowered dressing-gown; and to these possessions he added a fine pair of moustaches, with which the poor creature strutted about; and though cursing his ill-fortune, was, I do believe, as happy whenever his friends brought him a guinea, as he had been during his brief career as a gentleman on town. I have seen sauntering dandies in watering-places ogling the women, watching eagerly for steamboats and stage-coaches as if their lives depended upon them, and strutting all day in jackets up and down the public walks. Well, there are such fellows in prisons, quite as dandified and

foolish, only a little more shabby—dandies with dirty beards and holes at their elbows.

I did not go near what is called the poor side of the prison—I *dared* not, that was the fact. But our little stock of money was running low; and my heart sickened to think what might be my dear wife's fate, and on what sort of a couch our child might be born. But Heaven spared me that pang,—Heaven, and my dear, good friend, Gus Hoskins.

The attorneys to whom Mr. Smithers recommended me, told me that I could get leave to live in the rules of the Fleet, could I procure sureties to the marshal of the prison for the amount of the detainer lodged against me; but though I looked Mr. Blatherwick hard in the face, he never offered to give the bail for me, and I knew no housekeeper in London who would procure it. There was, however, one whom I did not know,—and that was old Mr. Hoskins, the leather-seller of Skinner Street, a kind, fat gentleman, who brought his fat wife to see Mrs. Titmarsh; and though the lady gave herself rather patronising airs (her husband being free of the Skinners' Company, and bidding fair to be alderman, nay, lord-mayor of the first city in the world), she seemed heartily to sympathise with us; and her husband stirred and bustled about until the requisite leave was obtained, and I was allowed comparative liberty.

As for lodgings, they were soon had. My old landlady, Mrs. Stokes, sent her Jemima to say, that her first floor was at our service; and when we had taken possession of it, and I offered at the end of the week to pay her bill, the good soul, with tears in her eyes, told me that she did not want for money now, and that she knew I had enough to do with what I had. I did not refuse her kindness; for, indeed, I had but five guineas left, and ought not by rights to have thought of such expensive apartments as hers: but my wife's time was very near, and I could not bear to think that she should want for any comfort in her lying-in.

That admirable woman, with whom the Misses Hoskins came every day to keep company—and very nice, kind ladies they are—recovered her health a good deal, now she was out of the odious prison, and was enabled to take exercise. How gaily did we pace up and down Bridge Street and Chatham Place, to be sure!

and yet, in truth, I was a beggar, and felt sometimes ashamed of being so happy.

With regard to the liabilities of the Company my mind was now made quite easy; for the creditors could only come upon our directors, and these it was rather difficult to find. Mr. Brough was across the water; and I must say, to the credit of that gentleman, that while every body thought he had run away with hundreds of thousands of pounds, he was in a garret at Boulogne, with scarce a shilling in his pocket, and his fortune to make afresh. Mrs. Brough, like a good, brave woman, remained faithful to him, and only left Fulham with the gown on her back; and Miss Belinda, though grumbling and sadly out of temper, was no better off. For the other directors,—when they came to inquire at Edinburgh for Mr. Mull, W.S., it appeared there *was* a gentleman of that name, who had practised in Edinbugh with good reputation until 1800, since when he had retired to the Isle of Sky; and on being applied to, knew no more of the West Diddlesex Association than Queen Anne did. General Sir Dionysius O'Halloran had abruptly quitted Dublin, and returned to the republic of Guatemala. Mr. Shirk went into the *Gazette*. Mr. Macraw, M.P. and king's counsel, had not a single guinea in the world but what he received for attending our board; and the only man seizable was Mr. Manstraw, a wealthy navy contractor, as we understood, at Chatham. He turned out to be a small dealer in marine stores, and his whole stock in trade was not worth 10*l*. Mr. Abednego was the other director, and we have already seen what became of *him*.

"Why, as there is no danger from the West Diddlesex," suggested Mr. Hoskins, senior, "should you not now endeavour to make an arrangement with your creditors; and who can make a better bargain with them then pretty Mrs. Titmarsh here, whose sweet eyes would soften the hardest-hearted tailor or milliner that ever lived?"

Accordingly, my dear girl, one bright day in February, shook me by the hand, and, bidding me be of good cheer, set off with Gus in a coach, to pay a visit to those persons. Little did I think a year before, that the daughter of the gallant Smith should ever be compelled to be a suppliant to tailors and haberdashers; but *she*,

Heaven bless her! felt none of the shame which oppressed me, or *said* she felt none, and went away, nothing doubting, on her errand.

In the evening she came back, and my heart thumped to know the news. I saw it was bad by her face. For some time she did not speak, but looked as pale as death, and wept as she kissed me. "*You* speak, Mr. Augustus," at last said she, sobbing; and so Gus told me the circumstances of that dismal day.

"What do you think, Sam?" says he; "that infernal aunt of yours, at whose command you had the things, has written to the tradesmen to say that you are a swindler and impostor; that you give out that *she* ordered the goods; that she is ready to drop down dead, and to take her bible-oath she never did any such thing, and that they must look to you alone for payment. Not one of them would hear of letting you out; and as for Mantalini, the scoundrel was so insolent that I gave him a box on the ear, and would have half-killed him, only poor Mary—Mrs. Titmarsh, I mean—screamed and fainted; and I brought her away, and here she is, as ill as can be."

That night, the indefatigable Gus was obliged to run post-haste for Doctor Salts, and next morning a little boy was born. I did not know whether to be sad or happy, as they showed me the little weakly thing; but Mary was the happiest woman, she declared, in the world, and forgot all her sorrows in nursing the poor baby; and went bravely through her time, and vowed that it was the loveliest child in the world; and that though Lady Tiptoff, whose confinement we read of as having taken place the same day, might have a silk bed and a fine house in Grosvenor Square, she never, never could have such a beautiful child as our dear little Gus; for after whom should we have named the boy, if not after our good, kind friend? We had a little party at the christening, and, I assure you, were very merry over our tea.

The mother, thank Heaven! was very well, and it did one's heart good to see her in that attitude in which I think every woman, be she ever so plain, looks beautiful—with her baby at her bosom. The child was sickly, but she did not see it; we were very poor, but what cared she? She had no leisure to be sorrowful as I was; and I had my last guinea now in my pocket;

and when *that* was gone—ah! my heart sickened to think of what was to come, and I prayed for strength and guidance, and in the midst of my perplexities felt yet thankful that the danger of the confinement was over; and that for the worse fortune which was to befal us, my dear wife was at least strong, and prepared in health.

I told Mrs. Stokes that she must let us have a cheaper room—a garret that should cost but a few shillings; and though the good woman bade me remain in the apartments we occupied, yet, now that my wife was well, I felt it would be a crime to deprive my kind landlady of her chief means of livelihood; and at length she promised to get me a garret as I wanted, and to make it as comfortable as might be; and little Jemima declared that she would be glad beyond measure to wait on the mother and the child.

The room, then, was made ready; and though I took some pains not to speak of the arrangement too suddenly to Mary, yet there was no need of disguise or hesitation; for when at last I told her—"Is that all?" said she, and took my hand with one of her blessed smiles, and vowed that she and Jemima would keep the room as pretty and neat as possible. "And I will cook your dinners," added she; "for you know you said I make the best rolly-polly puddings in the world. God bless her! I do think some women almost love poverty; but I did not tell Mary how poor I was, nor had she any idea how lawyers', and prisons', and doctors' fees had diminished the sum of money which she brought me when we came to the Fleet.

It was not, however, destined that she and her child should inhabit that little garret. We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it; but it pleased God to take the innocent infant from us, and on Sunday, at midnight, it lay a corpse in its mother's bosom. Amen. We have other children, happy and well, now round about us; and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe, that every day of her life, the mother thinks of the firstborn that was with her for so short a while; and many and many a time has she taken her daughters

to the grave, in Saint Bride's, where he lies buried, and wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birth-day, but to her never; and often, in the midst of common talk, comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still,—some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting.

I shall not try to describe her grief, for such things are sacred and secret; and a man has no business to place them on paper for all the world to read. Nor should I have mentioned the child's loss at all, but that even that loss was the means of a great worldly blessing to us, as my wife has often with tears and thanks acknowledged.

While my wife was weeping over her child, I am ashamed to say I was distracted with other feelings besides those of grief for its loss; and I have often since thought what a master—nay, destroyer—of the affections want is, and have learned from experience to be thankful for *daily bread.* That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation, is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away.

The child lay there in its wicker cradle, with its sweet fixed smile in its face (I think the angels in heaven must have been glad to welcome that pretty innocent smile); and it was only the next day, after my wife had gone to lie down, and I sat keeping watch by it, that I remembered the condition of its parents, and thought, I can't tell with what a pang, that I had not money left to bury the little thing, and wept bitter tears of despair. Now, at last, I thought I must apply to my poor mother, for this was a sacred necessity; and I took paper, and wrote her a letter at the baby's side, and told her of our condition. But, thank Heaven! I never sent the letter; for as I went to the desk to get sealing-wax, and seal that dismal letter, my eyes fell upon the diamond-pin that I had quite forgotten, and that was lying in the drawer of the desk.

I looked into the bedroom,—my poor wife was asleep; she had been watching for three nights and days, and had fallen

asleep from sheer fatigue; and I ran out to a pawnbroker's with the diamond, and received seven guineas for it, and coming back put the money into the landlady's hand, and told her to get what was needful. My wife was still asleep when I came back; and when she woke, we persuaded her to go down-stairs to the landlady's parlour, and meanwhile the necessary preparations were made, and the poor child consigned to its coffin.

The next day, after all was over, Mrs. Stokes gave me back three out of the seven guineas; and then I could not help sobbing out to her my doubts and wretchedness, telling her that this was the last money I had; and when that was gone, I knew not what was to become of the best wife that ever a man was blest with.

My wife was down-stairs with the woman. Poor Gus, who was with me, and quite as much affected as any of the party, took me by the arm, and led me down-stairs; and we quite forgot all about the prison and the rules, and walked a long, long way across Blackfriars Bridge, the kind fellow striving as much as possible to console me.

When we came back, it was in the evening. The first person who met me in the house was my kind mother, who fell into my arms with many tears, and who rebuked me tenderly for not having told her of my necessities. She never should have known of them, she said; but she had not heard from me since I wrote announcing the birth of the child, and she felt uneasy about my silence; and meeting Mr. Smithers in the street, asked from him news concerning me: whereupon, that gentleman, with some little show of alarm, told her that he thought her daughter-in-law was confined in an uncomfortable place; that Mrs. Hoggarty had left us; finally, that I was in prison. This news at once despatched my poor mother on her travels, and she had only just come from the prison, where she learned my address.

I asked her whether she had seen my wife, and how she found her. Rather to my amaze, she said that Mary was out with the landlady when she arrived; and eight—nine o'clock came, and she was absent still.

At ten o'clock returned—not my wife, but Mrs. Stokes, and with her a gentleman, who shook hands with me on coming into the room, and said, "Mr. Titmarsh, I don't know whether you

will remember me: my name is Tiptoff. I have brought you a note from Mrs. Titmarsh, and a message from my wife, who sincerely commiserates your loss, and begs you will not be uneasy at Mrs. Titmarsh's absence. She has been good enough to promise to pass the night with Lady Tiptoff; and I am sure you will not object to her being away from you, while she is giving happiness to a sick mother and a sick child." After a few more words, my lord left us. My wife's note only said that Mrs. Stokes would tell me all.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT A GOOD WIFE IS THE BEST DIAMOND A MAN CAN WEAR IN HIS BOSOM.

"MRS. TITMARSH, ma'am," says Mrs. Stokes, "before I gratify your curiosity, ma'am, permit me to observe that angels is scarce; and it's rare to have one, much more two, in a family. Both your son and your daughter-in-law, ma'am, are of that uncommon sort; they are, now, reely, ma'am."

My mother said she thanked God for both of us; and Mrs. Stokes proceeded:—

"When the fu— when the seminary, ma'am, was concluded this morning, your poor daughter-in-law was glad to take shelter in my humble parlour, ma'am, where she wept, and told a thousand stories of the little cherub that's gone. Heaven bless us! it was here but a month, and no one could have thought it could have done such a many things in that time. But a mother's eyes are clear, ma'am; and I had just such another angel, my dear little Antony, that was born before Jemima, and would have been twenty-three now were he in this wicked world, ma'am. However, I won't speak of him, ma'am, but of what took place.

"You must know, ma'am, that Mrs. Titmarsh remained downstairs while Mr. Samuel was talking with his friend, Mr. Hoskins; and the poor thing would not touch a bit of dinner, though we had it made comfortable; and after dinner, it was with difficulty I could get her to sup a little drop of wine-and-water, and dip a

oast in it. It was the first morsel that had passed her lips for many a long hour, ma'am.

"Well, she would not speak, and I thought it best not to nterrupt her; but she sat and looked at my two youngest that were playing on the rug; and just as Mr. Titmarsh and his friend Gus went out, the boy brought the newspaper, ma'am,—it always comes from three to four, and I began a-reading of it. But I couldn't read much, for thinking of poor Mr. Sam's sad face, as he went out, and the sad story he told me about his money being so low, and every now and then I stopped reading, and bade Mrs. T. not to take on so; and told her some stories about my dear little Antony.

"'Ah!' says she, sobbing, and looking at the young ones, 'you have other children, Mrs. Stokes; but that—that was my only one;' and she flung back in her chair, and cried fit to break her heart; and I knew that the cry would do her good, and so went back to my paper—the 'Morning Post,' ma'am; I always read it, for I like to know what's a-going on in the West End.

"The very first thing that my eyes lighted upon was this: 'Wanted immediately, a respectable person as wet-nurse. Apply at No. —— Grosvenor Square.' 'Bless us and save us!' says I, 'here's poor Lady Tiptoff ill;' for I knew her ladyship's address, and how she was confined in the very same day with Mrs. T.; and, for the matter of that, her ladyship knows *my* address, having visited here.

"A sudden thought came over me. 'My dear Mrs. Titmarsh,' said I, 'You know how poor and how good your husband is.'

"'Yes,' says she, rather surprised.

"'Well, my dear,' says I, looking her hard in the face, 'Lady Tiptoff, who knows him, wants a nurse for her son, Lord Poynings. Will you be a brave woman, and look for the place, and mayhap replace the little one that God has taken from you?'

"She began to tremble and blush; and then I told her what you, Mr. Sam, had told me the other day about your money matters; and no sooner did she hear it, than she sprung to her bonnet, and said, 'Come, come:' and in five minutes she had me by the arm, and we walked together to Grosvenor Square. The air did her no harm, Mr. Sam, and during the whole of the walk

she never cried but once, and then it was at seeing a nursery-maid in the Square.

"A great fellow in livery opens the door, and says, 'You're the forty-fifth as come about this 'ere place; but, fust, let me ask you a preliminary question. Are you a Hirishwoman?'

"'No, sir,' says Mrs. T.

"'That suffishnt, mem,' says the gentleman in plush; 'I see your not by your axnt. Step this way, ladies, if you please. You 'll find some more candidix for the place up-stairs; but I sent away fourty-four happlicants, because they *was* Hirish.'

"We were taken up-stairs over very soft carpets, and brought into a room, and told by an old lady who was there to speak very softly, for my lady was only two rooms off. And when I asked how the baby and her ladyship were, the old lady told me both were pretty well; only the doctor said Lady Tiptoff was too delicate to nurse any longer; and so it was considered necessary to have a wet-nurse.

"There was another young woman in the room—a tall, fine woman as ever you saw—that looked very angry and contempshious at Mrs. T. and me, and said, 'I 've brought a letter from the duchess whose daughter I nust; and I think, Mrs. Blenkinsop, mem, my Lady Tiptoff may look far before she finds such another nuss as me. Five feet six high, had the small-pox, married to a corporal in the Lifeguards, perfectly healthy, best of charactiers, only drink water; and as for the child, ma'am, if her ladyship had six, I've a plenty for them all.'

As the woman was making this speech, a little gentleman in black came in from the next room, treading as if on velvet. The woman got up, and made him a low curtsey, and folding her arms on her great broad chest, repeated the speech she had made before. Mrs. T. did not get up from her chair, but only made a sort of a bow; which, to be sure, I thought was ill manners, as this gentleman was evidently the apothecary. He looked hard at her, and said, 'Well, my good woman, and are you come about the place, too?'

"'Yes, sir,' says she, blushing.

"'You seem very delicate. How old is your child? How many have you had? What character have you?'

"Your wife did'nt answer a word; so I stepped up, and said, 'Sir,' says I, 'this lady has just lost her first child, and isn't used to look for places, being the daughter of a captain in the navy; so you 'll excuse her want of manners in not getting up when you came in.'

"The doctor at this sat down and began taking very kindly to her; he said he was afraid that her application would be unsuccessful, as Mrs. Horner came very strongly recommended from the Duchess of Doncaster, whose relative Lady Tiptoff was; and presently my lady appeared, looking very pretty, ma'am, in an elegant lace-cap, and a sweet muslin *robe-de-sham.*

"A nurse came out of her ladyship's room with her; and while my lady was talking to us, walked up and down in the next room with something in her arms.

"First my lady spoke to Mrs. Horner, and then to Mrs. T.; but all the while she was talking, Mrs. Titmarsh, rather rudely as I thought, ma'am, was looking into the next room; looking—looking at the baby there with all her might. My lady asked her her name, and if she had any character; and as she did not speak, I spoke up for her, and said she was the wife of one of the best men in the world; that her ladyship knew the gentleman, too, and had brought him a haunch of venison. Then lady Tiptoff looked up quite astonished, and I told the whole story, how you had been head clerk, and that rascal, Brough, had brought you to ruin. 'Poor thing!' said my lady; Mrs. Titmarsh did not speak, but still kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Horner looked angrily at her.

"'Poor thing!' says my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand very kind, 'she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?'

"'Five weeks and two days!' says your wife, sobbing.

"Mrs. Horner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was a-thinking of.

"'Silence, woman!' says she angrily to the great grenadier-woman, and at this moment the child in the next room began crying.

"As soon as your wife heard the noise, she sprung from her chair and made a step forward, and put both her hands to her

breast and said, 'The child—the child—give it me!' and then began to cry again.

"My lady looked at her for a moment, and then ran into the next room and brought her the baby; and the baby clung to her as if he knew her; and a pretty sight it was to see that dear woman with the child at her bosom.

"When my lady saw it, what do you think she did? After looking on it for a bit, she put her arms round your wife's neck and kissed her.

"'My dear,' said she, 'I am sure you are as good as you are pretty, and you shall keep the child; and I thank God for sending you to me!'

"These were her very words; and Dr. Bland, who was standing by, says, 'It's a second judgment of Solomon!'

"'I suppose, my lady, you don't want *me?*' says the big woman, with another curtsey.

"'Not in the least!' answers my lady, haughtily, and the grenadier left the room; and then I told all your story at full length, and Mrs. Blenkinsop kept me to tea, and I saw the beautiful room that Mrs. Titmarsh is to have next to Lady Tiptoff's; and when my lord came home, what does he do but insist upon coming back with me here in a hackney-coach, as he said he must apologise to you for keeping your wife away."

I could not help, in my own mind, connecting this strange event which, in the midst of our sorrow, came to console us, and in our poverty to give us bread,—I could not help connecting it with the *diamond-pin*, and fancying that the disappearance of that ornament had somehow brought a different and a better sort of luck into my family. And though some gents who read this, may call me a poor-spirited fellow for allowing my wife to go out to service, who was bred a lady and ought to have servants herself; yet, for my part, I confess I did not feel one minute's scruple or mortification on the subject. If you love a person, is it not a pleasure to feel obliged to him? And this, in consequence, I felt. I was proud and happy at being able to think that my dear wife should be able to labour and earn bread for me, now misfortune had put it out of my power to support me and her. And now, instead of making any reflections of my own upon prison-discipline, I will

recommend the reader to consult that admirable chapter in the life of Mr. Pickwick, in which the same theme is handled, and which shows how silly it is to deprive honest men of the means of labour just at the moment when they most want it. What could I do? There were one or two gents in the prison who could work (literary gents,—one wrote his "Travels in Mesopotamia," and the other his "Sketches at Almacks," in the place); but all the occupation I could find was walking down Bridge Street, and then up Bridge Street, and staring at Alderman Waithman's windows, and then at the black man who swept the crossing. I never gave him anything; but I envied him his trade and his broom, and the money that continually fell into his old hat. But I was not allowed even to carry a broom.

Twice or thrice—for Lady Tiptoff did not wish her little boy often to breathe the air of such a close place as Salisbury Square —my dear Mary came in the thundering carriage to see me. They were merry meetings; and—if the truth must be told—twice, when nobody was by, I jumped into the carriage and had a drive with her; and when I had seen her home, jumped into another hackney-coach, and drove back. But this was only twice, for the system was dangerous, and it might bring me into trouble, and it cost three shillings from Grosvenor Square to Ludgate Hill.

Here, meanwhile, my good mother kept me company; and what should we read of one day but the marriage of Mrs. Hoggarty and the Rev. Grimes Wapshot! My mother, who never loved Mrs. H., now said that she should repent all her life having allowed me to spend so much of my time with that odious, ungrateful woman; and added, that she and I too were justly punished for worshipping the Mammon of unrighteousness, and forgetting our natural feelings for the sake of my aunt's paltry lucre. Well, "Amen!" said I, "this is the end of all our fine schemes! My aunt's money and my aunt's diamond were the causes of my ruin, and now they are clear gone, thank Heaven! and I hope the old lady will be happy, and I must say I don't envy the Rev. Grimes Wapshot." So we put Mrs. Hoggarty out of our thoughts, and made ourselves as comfortable as might be.

Rich and great people are slower in making Christians of their

children than we poor ones, and little Lord Poynings was not christened until the month of June. A duke was one godfather, and Mr. Edward Preston, the state secretary, another; and that kind Lady Jane Preston, whom I have before spoken of, was the godmother to her nephew. She had not long been made acquainted with my wife's history; and both she and her sister loved her heartily, and were very kind to her. Indeed, there was not a single soul in the house, high or low, but was fond of that good, sweet creature; and the very footmen were as ready to serve her as they were their own mistress.

"I tell you what, sir," says one of them, "you see, Tit, my boy, I'm a connyshure, and up to snough; and if ever I see a lady in my life, Mrs. Titmarsh is one. I can't be fimiliar with her—I've tried——"

"Have you, sir?" said I.

"Don't look so indignant! I can't, I say, be fimiliar with her as I am with you. There's a somethink in her, a jennysquaw, that haws me, sir! and even my lord's own man, that 'as 'ad as much success as any gentleman in Europe—he says, that cuss him——"

"Mr. Charles," says I, "tell my lord's own man that, if he wants to keep his place and his whole skin, he will never address a single word to that lady, but such as a servant should utter in the presence of his mistress; and take notice that I am a gentleman, though a poor one, and will murder the first man who does her wrong!"

Mr. Charles only said "Gammin!" to this; but, pshaw! in bragging about my own spirit, I forgot to say what great good fortune my dear wife's conduct procured for me.

On the christening day, Mr. Preston offered her first a five and then a twenty-pound note, but she declined either; but she did not decline a present that the two ladies made her together, and this was no other than *my release from the Fleet.* Lord Tiptoff's lawyer paid every one of the bills against me, and that happy christening day made me a free man. Ah! who shall tell the pleasure of that day, or the merry dinner we had in Mary's room at Lord Tiptoff's house, when my lord and my lady came up-stairs to shake hands with me?

"I have been speaking to Mr. Preston," says my lord, "the gentleman with whom you had the memorable quarrel, and he has forgiven it, although he was in the wrong, and promises to do something for you. We are going down, meanwhile, to his house at Richmond; and be sure, Mr. Titmarsh, I will not fail to keep you in his mind."

"*Mrs.* Titmarsh will do that," says my lady; "for Edmund is woefully smitten with her!" and Mary blushed and I laughed, and we were all very happy; and sure enough there came from Richmond a letter to me, stating that I was appointed fourth clerk in the Tape and Sealing-wax Office, with a salary of 80*l.* per annum.

Here, perhaps, my story ought to stop, for I was happy at last, and have never since, thank Heaven! known want; but Gus insists that I should add how I gave up the place in the Tape and Sealing-wax Office, and for what reason. That excellent Lady Jane Preston is long gone, and so is Mr. P—— off in an apoplexy, and there is no harm now in telling the story.

The fact was, that Mr. Preston had fallen in love with Mary in a much more serious way than any of us imagined; for I do believe he invited his brother-in-law to Richmond for no other purpose than to pay court to his son's nurse. And one day, as I was coming post-haste to thank him for the place he had procured for me, being directed by Mr. Charles to the scrubbery, as he called it, which led down to the river,—there, sure enough, I found Mr. Preston on his knees too on the gravel-walk, and before him Mary, holding the little lord.

"Dearest creature!" says Mr. Preston, "do but listen to me, and I'll make your husband consul at Timbuctoo! He shall *never* know of it, I tell you; he *can* never know of it. I pledge you my word as a cabinet minister! Oh, don't look at me in that arch way! by Heavens, your eyes kill me!"

Mary, when she saw me, burst out laughing, and ran down the lawn; my lord making a huge crowing, too, and holding out his little fat hands. Mr. Preston who was a heavy man, was slowly getting up, when, catching a sight of me, looking as fierce as the crater of Mount Etna,—he gave a start back and lost his footing, and rolled over and over, walloping into the water at the garden's

edge. It was not deep, and he came bubbling and snorting out again in as much fright as fury.

"You d—d ungrateful villain!" says he, "what do you stand there laughing for?"

"I'm waiting your orders for Timbuctoo, sir," says I, and laughed fit to die, and so did my Lord Tiptoff and his party, who joined us on the lawn; and Jeames the footman came forward and helped Mr. Preston out of the water.

"O you old sinner!" says my lord, as his brother-in-law came up the slope. "Will that heart of yours be always so susceptible, you romantic, apoplectic, immoral man?"

Mr. Preston went away, looking blue with rage, and ill-treated his wife for a whole month afterwards.

'At any rate," says my lord, "Titmarsh here has got a place through our friend's unhappy attachment; and Mrs. Titmarsh has only laughed at him, so there is no harm there. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know."

"Such a wind as that, my lord, with due respect to you, shall never do good to me. I have learned in the past few years what it is to make friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness; and that out of such friendship no good comes in the end to honest men. It shall never be said that Sam Titmarsh got a place, because a great man was in love with his wife; and were the situation ten times as valuable, I should blush every day I entered the office-doors, in thinking of the base means by which my fortune was made. You have made me free, my lord; and thank God! I am willing to work. I can easily get a clerkship with the assistance of my friends; and with that and my wife's income, we can manage honestly to face the world."

This rather long speech I made with some animation; for, look you, I was not over well pleased that his lordship should think me capable of speculating in any way on my wife's beauty.

My lord at first turned red, and looked rather angry; but at last he held out his hand and said, "You are right, Titmarsh, and I am wrong; and let me tell you in confidence, that I think you are a very honest fellow. You sha'n't lose by your honesty, I promise you."

Nor did I; for I am at this present moment Lord Tiptoff's steward and right-hand man; and am I not a happy father? and is not my wife loved and respected by all the country? and is not Gus Hoskins my brother-in-law, partner with his excellent father in the leather way, and the delight of all his nephews and nieces for his tricks and fun?

As for Mr. Brough, that gentleman's history would fill a volume of itself. Since he vanished from the London world, he has become celebrated on the Continent, where he has acted a thousand parts, and met all sorts of changes of high and low fortune. One thing we may at least admire in the man, and that is, his undaunted courage; and I can't help thinking, as I have said before, that there must be some good in him, seeing the way in which his family are faithful to him. With respect to Roundhand, I had best also speak tenderly. The case of Roundhand *v.* Tidd is still in the memory of the public; nor can I ever understand how Bill Tidd, so poetic as he was, could ever take on with such a fat, odious, vulgar woman as Mrs. R., who was old enough to be his mother.

As soon as we were in prosperity, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes Wapshot made overtures to be reconciled to us; and Mr. Wapshot laid bare to me all the baseness of Mr. Smithers's conduct in the Brough transaction. Smithers had also endeavoured to pay his court to me, once when I went down to Somersetshire; but I cut his pretensions short, as I have shown. "He it was," said Mr. Wapshot, "who induced Mrs. Grimes (Mrs. Hoggarty she was then) to purchase the West Diddlesex shares; receiving, of course, a large bonus for himself. But directly he found that Mrs. Hoggarty had fallen into the hands of Mr. Brough, and that he should lose the income he made from the lawsuits with her tenants and from the management of her landed property, he determined to rescue her from that villain Brough, and came to town for the purpose. He also," added Mr. Wapshot, "vented his malignant slander against me, but Heaven was pleased to frustrate his base schemes. In the proceedings consequent on Brough's bankruptcy, Mr. Smithers could not appear; for his own share in the transactions of the Company would have been most certainly shown up. During his absence from London, I became

the husband—the happy husband of your aunt. But though, my dear sir, I have been the means of bringing her to grace, I cannot disguise from you that Mrs. W. has faults which all my pastoral care has not enabled me to eradicate. She is close of her money, sir—very close; nor can I make that charitable use of her property which, as a clergyman, I ought to do; for she has tied up every shilling of it, and only allows me half-a-crown a week for pocket-money. In temper, too, she is very violent. During the first years of our union, I strove with her; yea, I chastised her; but her perseverance, I must confess, got the better of me. I make no more remonstrances, but am as a lamb in her hands, and she leads me whithersoever she pleases."

Mr. Wapshot concluded his tale by borrowing half-a-crown from me (it was at the Somerset Coffee-house in the Strand, where he came, in the year 1832, to wait upon me), and I saw him go from thence into the gin-shop opposite, and come out of the gin-shop half an hour afterwards, reeling across the streets, and perfectly intoxicated.

He died next year: when his widow, who called herself Mrs. Hoggarty-Grimes-Wapshot, of Castle Hoggarty, said that over the grave of her saint all earthly resentments were forgotten, and proposed to come and live with us; paying us, of course, a handsome remuneration. But this offer my wife and I respectfully declined; and once more she altered her will, which once more she had made in our favour; called us ungrateful wretches and pampered menials, and left all her property to the Irish Hoggarties. But seeing my wife one day in a carriage with Lady Tiptoff, and hearing that we had been at the great ball at Tiptoff Castle, and that I had grown to be a rich man, she changed her mind again, sent for me on her death-bed, and left me the farms of Slopperton and Squashtail, with all her savings for fifteen years. Peace be to her soul! for certainly she left me a very pretty property.

Though I am no literary man myself, my cousin Michael (who generally, when he is short of coin, comes down and passes a few months with us) says that my memoirs may be of some use to the public (meaning, I suspect, to himself); and if so, I am glad to serve him and them, and hereby take farewell, bidding all gents

who peruse this, to be cautious of their money, if they have it; to be still more cautious of their friends' money; to remember that great profits imply great risks; and that the great shrewd capitalists of this country would not be content with four per cent for their money, if they could securely get more; above all, I entreat them never to embark in any speculation, of which the conduct is not perfectly clear to them, and of which the agents are not perfectly open and loyal.

THE END.

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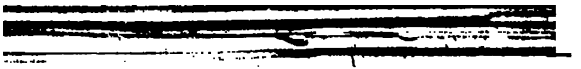

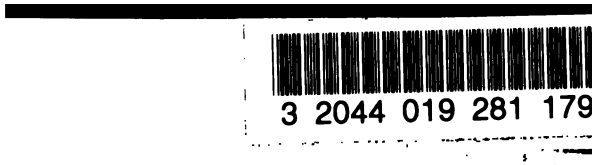
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